THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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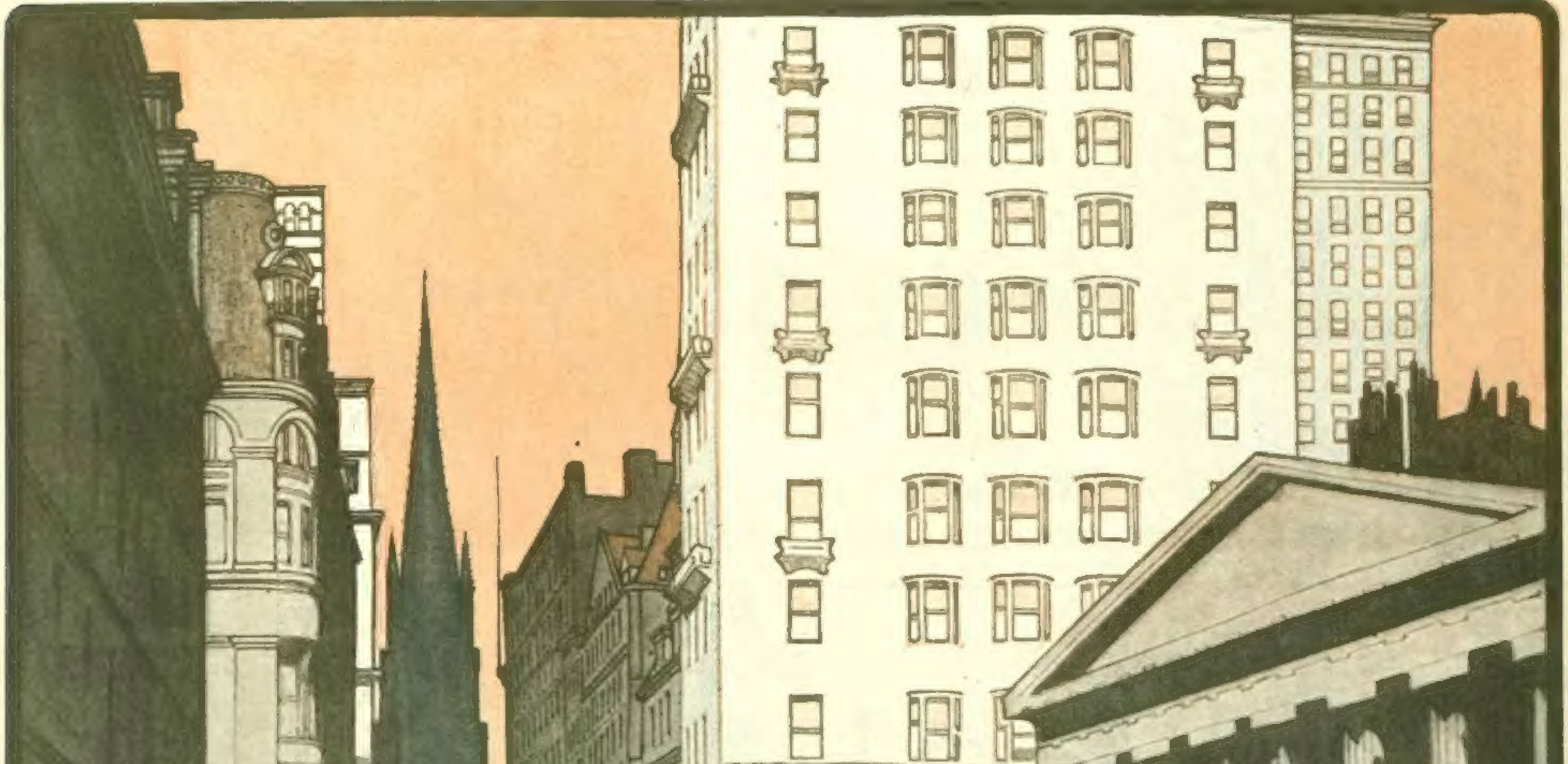
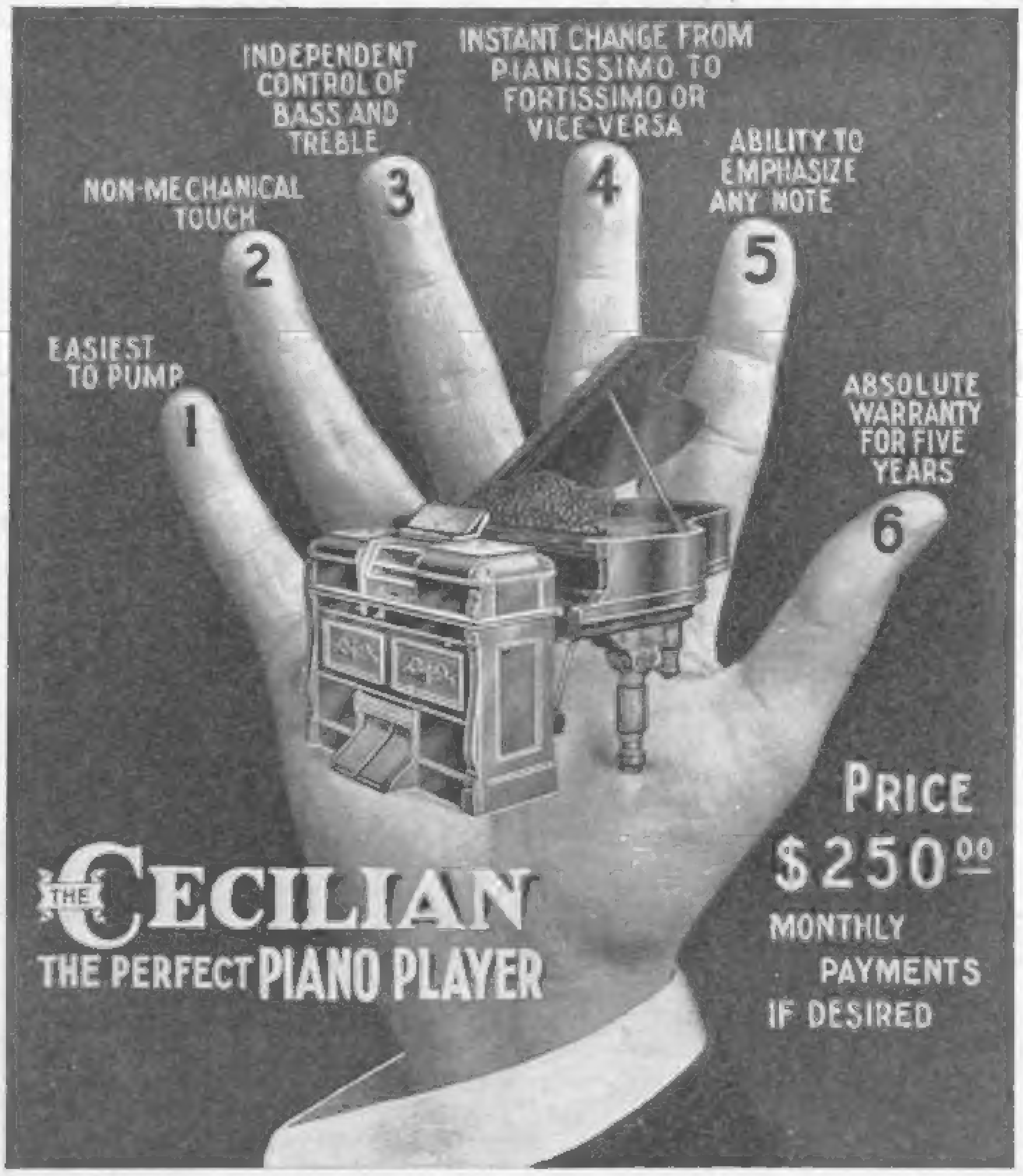


Beginning Edwin Lefèvre's Series Wall Street and Prosperity

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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W. M. OSTRANDER
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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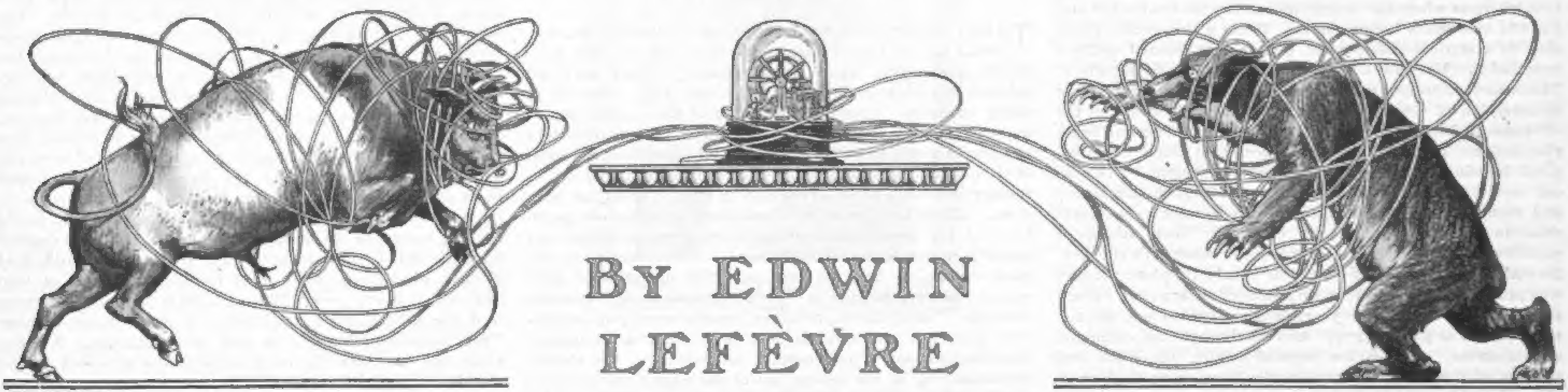
Modern Wonder Workers



BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

WALL STREET has made financial history with a vengeance these past few years. The great boom in business caused not a greater but a more spectacular boom in stock, and with the latter came certain tendencies which culminated in "epoch-making" deals, the full import of which is not yet realized. The country has beheld the wholesale creation of trusts, from the Chewing-gum "combine" to the United States Steel Corporation, some of them obeying the manifest economic tendency of the times and others merely the manifest stock-market necessities of great gamblers. Wonderful days these have been and wonderful men. The thoughts of the nation have been colored by the wonderful prosperity and the lives of thousands influenced or governed by the vagaries of the ticker. A magic name—Wall Street!—and it conjures visions of sudden fortunes, plunging, reckless exploits, golden successes of men who have in superabundance the money that means comforts and power these days; or the brains and constructive abilities that have made the name of American respected by the less strenuous nations. But to understand these financial generals, and the thrilling romances of their lives fully, one must realize their opportunities. They came from the boom. It is well to consider in turn what the boom came from and what it meant.

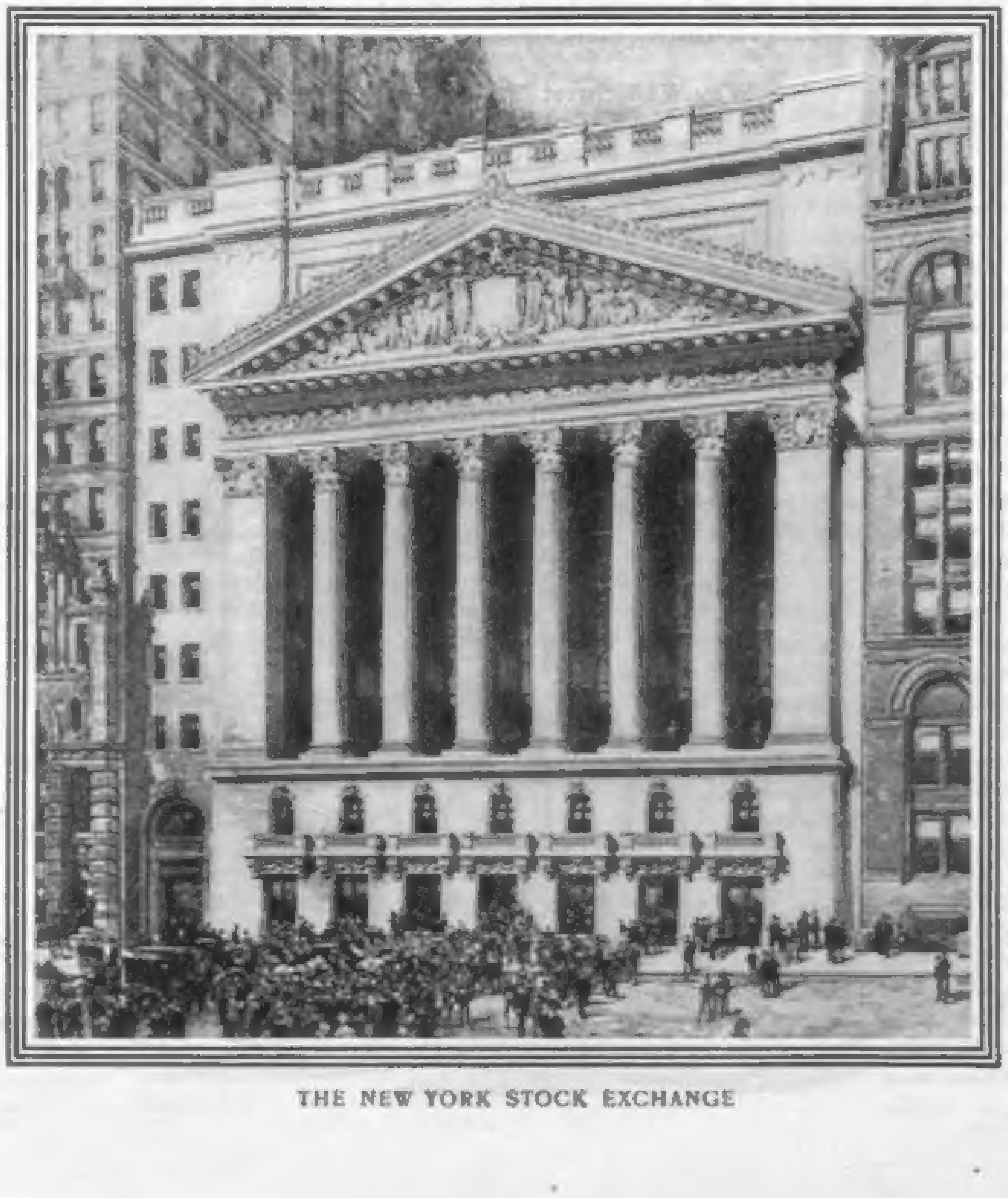
In times of abundance wise men prepare for scarcity. In times of scarcity wise men wait for abundance. Joseph saw, in Pharaoh's dream, the "signs of the times"—seven fat years to be followed by the seven lean. He cornered wheat when fat crops made the quotation low, and waited to sell till the crop failures that followed made the staple scarce and valuable. Probably before Joseph's time—certainly after—there has been this logical alternation of "good" times and "hard," and financial students have been struck with the regularity of these changes. In this country we have had a boom every twenty years, with corresponding depression periods, when men sink into extremes of pessimism, and there come panics, unnecessary losses, broken confidence, hopelessness. Memory being short with most of us, when good times come again men rise to extreme heights of optimism, the sun of prosperity tips every cloud with gold, and long after the sun has ceased to shine the eyes remain dazzled; so that even when they are closed the gold glitters on. Thus, till darkness comes.

Humanity has never witnessed so remarkable a period of prosperity as has blessed this country since 1896, remarkable not only for magnitude but for duration. That it has stamped itself deeply on our people's habit of thought, engendered recklessness, created new social, financial and industrial conditions, is natural. When we are prosperous we are apt to be extravagant. But that the development of certain new tendencies—to mention but one, the wholesale formation of trusts—must exert lasting influence upon the national life, is far more important. The extravagant simply pay for their extravagance and there's an end to it. Individual extravagance is punished with individual ruin and corporate extravagance with receiverships. But none can foretell whither the concentration of vast power in few hands may lead. Trusts will not produce hard times; they dislike nothing so much; and yet the danger that a financial oligarchy may dominate the republic does not seem imaginary to some observers. At the moment, combined labor is doing its utmost to divert the public's attention from combined capital. But the sense of danger will awaken again when hunger pinches the workingmen. Trusts may stifle competition and increase prices, but if their employees are kept busy enough and fairly paid, the grievances against them in good times are mostly academic. It is when the pendulum swings downward that the mob will blame the trusts. Economic problems, financial precedents, the history of the nation's commerce and the fluctuations of trade are not understood by the many; but the desire for scapegoats is one of the universal traits. Yet economy of energy being the keynote of modern life, the development of the trust is as logical as the development of the specialization of knowledge. What struggles may arise before the place and functions of the trust are definitely fixed in the economy of the nation, what abuses may inflame prejudice against them all and lead to hostile developments, that is what none may say.

The country itself with its stupendous wealth has created the prosperity in which we have been living these past six or seven years. Heretofore this wealth was largely potential; of late it has become actual. For a hundred years this nation grew with the help of Europe. From Germany, from France, from Great Britain, skilled labor came because there were better opportunities in a free country, unfettered by precedent and possessing unparalleled natural resources. The irresistible attraction toward America gave us what we lacked. There were no caste bounds to hamper. Any man could become as good as the better if he had it in him in like measure. It was the country of fair play.

But it was not the rapid growth of mere population alone; it was the amazing growth of a *productive* population that made us great. We took good men from Europe and we borrowed Europe's money. Uncle Sam, a young man embarking in business, asked for financial assistance, giving as collateral mortgages on his railroads, on his farms, on his factories, till his business grew so that he paid off his debts. For a hundred years he worked hard, and now having a better and bigger property than his cousins, he feels richer than all of them, which he is.

The last period of depression, ending in 1896, was accompanied by the usual phenomena: sluggish commerce, semi-paralyzed industry; money was coming out from strong boxes, if at all, fearfully; men would not venture in new enterprises. Timidity is contagious and in those dark years it seemed wisdom to the many. We suffered from nervous prostration and were taking the rest cure, while Nature, the handmaid of Providence, was working for us. The country was growing, becoming greater, richer, stronger in every respect. When it awoke it was incredibly rich. It resumed work in earnest; with its tremendous pent-up energy, repressed for years, it was able to accomplish more than had ever been dreamed possible. The traffic from the more populous territories, the demand from the increased population which had consumed so little during the



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lefevre on Wall Street and Prosperity.

lean years, the carrying out of cherished projects, long delayed, all meant stupendous business. It was not because the country had been idle that it became busy. It was primarily because there were bounteous crops here, short harvests elsewhere. In the year ending June 30, 1897, we sold to Europe $267,271,000 more than Europe sold to us. Bear in mind that it was an accession of wealth from out the wheat fields of the Northwest, the corn fields of the Middle West, the cotton fields of the South. It was not old wealth changing hands; it was new wealth plucked from the ground, the transmutation of sunlight, rain and the sweat of men's brows into gold by the alchemist, Nature. The first year of the good times was remarkable; the second was a wonder. The goddess, Fortune, was paying America a real visit; she had taken off her street wraps, sat down and refused to budge. We sold the world much at profitable prices. We fed Europe. There was a great strike of mechanics in Great Britain when her industrial activity was curtailed and her old customers became ours. There was a great expansion in electrical enterprises; copper was needed and we supplied it. We sold copper to help run Europe's trolleys. The American copper producer was making money out of the illumination of Great Britain's streets as well as out of the darkness of Boer farms in the shape of copper wire and brass rifle-shells. These are only instances that could be multiplied indefinitely. For example, we had begun by buying our steel in England; then we bought English machinery and manufactured our own rails—much more expensively than in England. Then we built our own improved machinery, and having greater resources, made rails cheaper. So with other things. In 1890 our yearly tin-plate product was practically nil. In 1898 we produced 18,071 tons, valued at $1,162,930; three boom years later we turned out 399,291 tons, valued at $35,776,474! And so through the catalogue of industries. Always the natural wealth, the push and activity of the American people, the blossoming of the tree of freedom.

The Distribution of Prosperity

THERE was a third wonderful year, and a fourth, and a fifth; we are upon the seventh. There were ups and downs; the downs for years were pygmean and the ups gigantic. Lately the downs have been ominous. In the five fiscal years of the United States Treasury Department from June, 1896, to June, 1901, we bought from the world $3,750,542,752; we sold to the world during the same five years $6,277,196,032. The balance in our favor was $2,526,653,280. It was more than all the present gold mines of the entire world at the current rate of output could produce in twenty-five years! There wasn't enough cash available to pay for Europe's purchases of American products; so Europe began to send back the old American I. O. U's—the mortgages on our railroads, on our farms, on our factories. American securities came back to America.

For the first time in history industrial America found itself free of foreign debt. Optimists grew doubtful at this unexampled and continued prosperity. Three years ago the shrewdest men, thinking the upward swing of the pendulum had gone far enough, looked for the downward stroke. To-day many do not think it has begun.

Prosperity has not been equally distributed—it never is; but the entire nation has lived well, and a few have grown stupendously rich. Five years ago a prominent newspaper of the metropolis had a standing rule that the death of a man who left a million dollars behind him was to be chronicled on the first page. To-day, nobody having less than fifteen millions of dollars is entitled to that exquisite posthumous distinction. Ordinary one-millionaires are so common that you bump against them in the street, and as a friend of mine, telling of a dinner at which he had been, said, you could not throw a toothpick around the table without hitting a millionaire. A man died in a New York hotel a few months ago. Nobody knew him. When his will was probated it was discovered that he had left a fortune greater than was possessed twenty years ago by any American, excepting possibly Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Astor. A quiet old man named Smith, of whom nobody had ever heard, died at a ripe old age. Yet the State received in fees from the inheritance tax something like $2,000,000, of itself a vast fortune as fortunes went a dozen years ago. It was mostly in St. Paul stock. A man named Jones died in Florida. But he was from Pittsburg; he made iron. He left $60,000,000. Thus, while the poor have not grown poorer, the rich have grown flamboyantly richer. They say in Wall Street slang *flim-flam-boyantly* richer. The old-time fortunes, begotten of the fulfilled dreams of a realty-mad family like the Astors, or of the building and development of railways, like the Vanderbilts, or of fortunate bonanza-strikers, like the Mackays, are relegated to the second rank by the bank accounts of the latest American type, the Stock Market Millionaire. Where the Fisks and the Drews and other Wall Street freebooters of a by-gone generation operated in one or another stock involving fifty or seventy-five thousand shares, the financier of to-day deals in whole railway systems involving fifty or seventy-five millions of dollars, or combines an entire industry into a single corporation having a capitalization greater than the national debt of the United States.

The Turning of the Tide

THESE men are the wonder workers of modern finance. Some belong to old finance; the majority are new men whose prominence dates from yesterday. New and old achieve miracles, and revolutionize our very methods of doing business. That the magnitude of their operations is unprecedented is certain; but it is the development of certain tendencies along new lines which need cause deep concern. Modern financial practice has indeed been carried on in strange and not altogether reassuring ways. Good has been done. There has been the elimination of vexatious problems, of the demoralization attendant upon senseless and wasteful trade fights or rate wars. There has been the more economical because more scientific operation of railways and manufactures, the suppression of expensive methods of distribution, rendered unnecessary by consolidation; there has been an expansion in the fields of usefulness, the establishment of commercial independence, the clearer understanding of the necessities of the export trade, and a certain independence of thought, a confidence which has, for example, sent an American to build, and what is more, to control, an electrical street railway in London, like Mr. Yerkes, or has made an American buy and control the most important lines of British and German, as well as American steamships, like Mr. Morgan, or has made Americans, representing other Americans, determined to supply Paris with better gas, like Mr. Brady and Mr. Billings, otherwise famous as the owner of Lou Dillon. Foreign economists write seriously of the "American peril."

If the United States has become a world-power it is largely because of its captains of industry. It is a fact that no bond issue could have been floated exclusively in this country ten short years ago, either by the Federal Government or by the strongest railroads. European help was absolutely indispensable.

Since the present boom began Great Britain "allotted" a part of its war loan to America. Imperial German and Austrian bonds, and German and Swiss and Swedish municipal bonds were and are offered for sale in New York by various firms; the Russian Government "listed" on the New York Stock Exchange 2,310,000,000 rubles of its four per cent. bonds for American investors. The Mexican national debt was "converted" by New York bankers. All this before the boom made bonds difficult to sell by making bond manufacturers overgreedy.

Why Wall Street Thinks Well of Itself

WALL STREET allows itself to think at times that it is America. This is because it is American intensely and typically, and because in it dwell the men who have done the most to harness the upbuilding, wealth-making forces of the country, who have planned and carried out the "deals" which have brought on the new conditions. Apart from the stock speculating end of the existing condition of affairs, one must go to Wall Street to get at the fountain-head of affairs.

For example, the United States Steel Corporation, the dominant power in the iron and steel industry of the United States, may in time be the dominant power in the iron and steel industry of the world. Mr. Morgan begot it. He is in Wall Street. The railways of the United States, the most important industry of the country, are under the control of a scant score of men, and the scant score of men have offices in Wall Street.

Thus, if the causes which led to the establishment of the United States as a world-power did not originate in Wall Street, the leaders of the various enterprises which make the United States a world-power are there. The spirit of the times has found expression in every city in the land, but in Wall Street it is expressed through a megaphone. Also, in Wall Street is the great security market that is the Court of Last Resort. In Wall Street the trusts have been formed—*with an eye on the stock market;* there railroads have absorbed other railroads—*with an eye on the stock market.* Some years ago promoters of American enterprises took their bonds and stocks to Europe for European bankers to sell to the European public. During the boom the promoters took their nice new bonds and stocks to the New York Stock Exchange to sell to the American public. The American public at large is affected by the trusts rather than by the stock market; but the makers of the trusts are the slaves of the ticker; not that they are speculating blindly, but that they must float the stocks they manufacture. Hence this vital importance of the stock market. It was Morgan, the Wall Street man, not Carnegie, the iron master, who floated the Steel Trust. Hundreds of thousands of men, depending for a livelihood upon the Steel Trust, are employed in its coal and iron mines, in its furnaces, in its steamers, in its limestone quarries, in its docks, in its railways, in its cooking ovens, in its mills, in its offices. Millions depend upon the use of its products for their livelihood—builders of bridges, of edifices, of safes, of toy pistols—users of iron and steel in every form. Why and how Mr. Morgan organized the trust became important. It is the same in other "revolutionizing" creations and consolidations. A dozen years ago this was the most individualistic nation in the world; and individuality and individualism were encouraged. Government ownership of railroads seemed practically impossible. There were then too many owners, too many interests.

The present concentration of power in few hands makes the Socialist's dream realizable. Uncle Sam might walk into a room, where seated about a table he might find Messrs. Morgan, Hill, Cassatt, Harriman, Schiff, Vanderbilt, Gould, Rockefeller, Reid, and for good measure, three more. And Uncle Sam could in five minutes arrange for the purchase of all the railroads of the country!

The Financial Sin of the Eighties

IN THE previous boom (1880-84) our great sin had been the over-building, on borrowed money, of railroads, so flimsily constructed that they could not be operated with profit. The insolvency of those roads during the subsequent hard times was a foregone conclusion. The price of this error had to be paid. The lesson was nevertheless a bitter one, and as a direct result of it almost all of the reorganizations of this last bankrupt period, when the American people had got down to "hard pan," were carried along scientific and conservative lines.

Although confident of the return of better times, our financiers were powerfully affected by the scarcity of cash and the reluctance of many of the hoarders to buy securities, and willingly or not they were forced to be conservative. The reorganizations of bankrupt railroads were therefore carried on in the strongest possible manner, the roads being often capitalized below their real values.

In the present boom there was, on the contrary, no over-construction, but plenty of over-capitalization. The profits even, which in this wave of prosperity were enormous, were capitalized. Men of great imagination, optimists by nature and by business, they even went on to capitalize their hopes! In the end the greatest of them all, Mr. Morgan, acknowledged that they had over-manufactured securities. They were "undigested." They ought to be. If the securities new and old "listed" on the New York Stock Exchange in the last five years should return interest or dividends at the rate of four per cent. per annum, it would mean an annual disbursement of about fifty millions on the bonds and nearly seventy-five millions on the stocks, practically a total of $125,000,000 yearly.

These figures tell the story of the country's prosperity and of the tremendous stock operations. The story of the stock operators must be told in another article.

A Senator of Two Republics

John Sherman

BY G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

ANY history of political events in the United States during the last thirty years which omits the name and career of John Sherman is imperfect and unreliable. No man played a greater part in public affairs during the time named, and especially in the legislation that brought about and maintained specie resumption.

Mr. Sherman was, in my judgment, the most distinguished and valuable leader of the Republican party since the Civil War. He had none of the qualities that make a popular idol, but men followed him because he was bold, aggressive and had great ability. He was not brilliant and had no personal magnetism, but his mind acted systematically and logically, like a machine, undisturbed by impulse or passion. He was in no sense an orator, his delivery and voice being poor and his vocabulary exceedingly limited. He was proverbially the coldest and most unsympathetic man in public life, and when Garfield lay dying at the White House, in the sultry heat of a Washington summer, Don Piatt irreverently suggested that the physicians could dispense with the use of electric fans and ice in the President's sick-room by placing John Sherman in the cellar, which would lower the temperature throughout the entire building.

Mr. Sherman cared nothing for the æsthetic and sentimental. Music, poetry, painting, sculpture and the beauties of nature had no charms for him. He regarded everything from the practical and material standpoint, and when looking at the Falls of Niagara would have thought more of utilizing the water power than of the majestic rush of the maddened river. He was handicapped by no vices and his self-control was perfect. When he addressed the Senate both sides of the chamber gave him the closest attention, because his speeches were always logical and full of information. He never spoke to the galleries, but to the Senate, and what he said was pertinent to the subject under consideration. In one respect he differed from the immense majority of his colleagues by never noticing the attacks of his enemies, no matter how severe or unjust they might be. I heard him declare on one occasion that the public man who permitted himself to be placed on the defensive was lost. He did not pretend to have been consistent, and treated with contempt all assaults upon his record.

His Indifference to His "Record"

THE late Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, a brilliant and ambitious young Democrat, made a deliberate attack upon Mr. Sherman in the Senate, speaking for more than two hours, and reviewing his record as a member of both Houses of Congress and Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes. The speech was carefully prepared and very severe. Mr. Sherman listened attentively, and when Kenna concluded, addressed the presiding officer and simply said that in his long public career he had been often mistaken and had said and done many things that he sincerely regretted. "A man," he declared, "who claims he has never erred is dishonest or a fool, and a man who knows that he has erred but has not the courage to reverse his action is a coward. I could inform the Senator from West Virginia, if he had come to me, of many mistakes on my part which he has not mentioned, but it is a waste of time to examine and criticise personal records on dead issues when there is such urgent demand for attention to duties now pressing upon us." The speech of Senator Kenna was printed in the Congressional Record but caused no excitement nor unusual comment.

Another instance of Mr. Sherman's indifference to the charge of inconsistency occurred in the debate over the attempt by a coalition of the Republicans in the Senate with General Mahone to make Riddleberger, afterward a Senator from Virginia, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. General Mahone had been elected United States Senator from Virginia by the Republicans and Readjusters, and the parties in the Senate were so equally divided that his vote was necessary to give the Republicans a majority. In order to secure Mahone's vote the Republican Senators nominated for Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate Riddleberger, who had made himself conspicuous in Virginia as the leader of the Readjuster party. Senator Sherman made a strong and bitter speech against the Democrats and in favor of Riddleberger, and was confronted with an official circular issued by him two years before, when Secretary of the Treasury, directing his subordinates in the department not to favor in any way the Readjuster movement in Virginia, declaring that it was a party of repudiation and the national administration could not give any countenance or support to the movement. Senator Sherman listened calmly to the reading of this document, but made no reply.

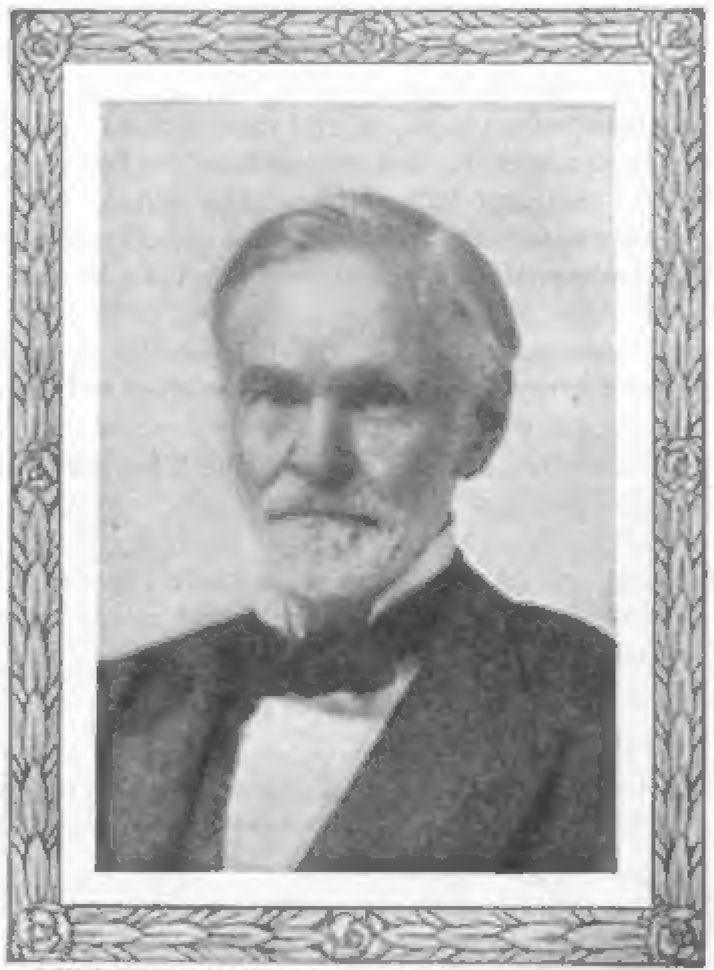


PHOTO. BY TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D.C.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN

Mr. Sherman had no sense of humor and was never known to laugh at any story, no matter how humorous it might be or how well it was told. During a severe spell of cold weather in Washington, when the question of supplying the poor with fuel and food became very serious, several Senators, including Senator Sherman, were discussing the proper way to dispense charity, and Mr. Sherman argued with much force that the matter should be put under the control of the Salvation Army and other charitable associations, so that the impostors could not abuse the kindness of individuals who were charitably disposed. He said that his brother, General William T. Sherman, who had been recently stationed at St. Louis as Commander of the Department of Missouri, told him that his wife, Mrs. Sherman, a most excellent lady, insisted upon going in person to the slums and tenement houses of St. Louis in order to examine for herself the conditions of the poor, so as to determine whether they needed and deserved assistance. General Sherman, finding it impossible to prevent his wife from continuing this practice, directed one of his staff to accompany her each morning so as to protect the kind-hearted lady from insult or robbery. One day she received a letter from a woman living in a large tenement house stating that her husband had just died and she had no money with which to pay for his burial, and was left with five little children utterly destitute, without food or fuel. Mrs. Sherman immediately ordered her carriage and went directly to the address given in the letter, accompanied by a member of the General's staff. They ascended the stairs to the fifth story of the tenement house and found the "widow" and her five little children in a pitiable condition, with the corpse of the husband, covered by a sheet, lying upon the only bed in the apartment. Mrs. Sherman was so much affected that she gave the woman all the money she had brought with her, amounting to more than twenty dollars. On reaching the street she missed one of her gloves and, thinking it had probably been dropped in the chamber of death, requested her escort to go back and look for the missing article. The officer, who was young and active, quickly ascended the stairs and, on entering the room of the bereaved family, found the corpse sitting up engaged in counting the money given by Mrs. Sherman to his wife. Senator Sherman told this story without the slightest consciousness of its being at all amusing or humorous, but gave it in his cold, logical way as proof of his being correct in regard to the matter of giving alms to the poor.

On another occasion Senator Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, a famous raconteur, told Senator Sherman and myself of his having recently purchased a yoke of oxen to be used in clearing his mountain farm, from which he had just come. "I had some difficulty," said Vance, "in finding a pair of oxen that suited me, but finally succeeded in purchasing two oxen exactly matched and thoroughly broken. After paying for them, I inquired of the seller what were their names and he replied that the oxen were full brothers and had been raised by him. 'The off ox,' he said, 'I named Pete and have never named his brother, because he does exactly what is done by Pete, and when I speak to Pete they move together.' When I found this to be the case," said Vance, "I named the nameless ox myself and now call them Pete and Repeat."

"Senator Sherman looked solemnly at Vance and said: "Vance, you have made a mistake. These names are too much alike and the oxen will be confused by the similarity of sound."

I came to the United States Senate with very strong prejudices against Mr. Sherman. The conspicuous part he took as a visiting statesman to Louisiana in 1876 when the carpet-bag and negro faction was manipulated so as to give the electoral vote of the State to Hayes, while Packard, the Republican nominee for Governor, who had received by the returns seven thousand more votes than Hayes, was sent as Consul to Liverpool and the state government turned over to the Democrats, had caused me to look upon Sherman as a tricky, unscrupulous partisan and in no respect a statesman. In this, subsequent experience convinced me I was mistaken. Mr. Sherman was a strong partisan and ready at all times to fight his political opponents without giving or asking quarter. He told me that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had made him a Republican. Though he was opposed to African slavery, he said that he was willing to compromise on its continuing in the States where it already existed, as negro labor was necessary in the South to the cultivation of cotton, tobacco and rice, but when the Southern Democrats repealed the Missouri Compromise he considered it not only a breach of faith but a determination on their part to extend slavery to all the Territories so as to control national politics. This, he declared, could not be tolerated by the North, and he determined to devote the remainder of his life to fighting the Democratic party, no matter if war should be the result.

As a matter of fact I found Mr. Sherman to be both a statesman, with broad and enlightened views, and a politician willing to use all the means necessary to obtain party success. He was an extreme Federalist, believing—like Alexander Hamilton—in a strong central government and with little sympathy for the masses, who, in his opinion, should be governed by their wealthy and educated fellow-citizens. He was an optimist, with absolute confidence in the resources of this country, and had no doubt that the doctrines of Hamilton would in time substantially control the policy of our government. Impassive, self-contained, with strong intellect and sublime courage, he grappled with the most difficult problems of statesmanship, never losing confidence in himself and always commanding the confidence of his followers.

How the Ingalls Bill was Killed

I RECOLLECT an incident which occurred in the Senate soon after Mr. Sherman reëntered that body as the successor of Allen G. Thurman. It was at a time when both of the great parties in the doubtful Northern States were anxious to obtain the soldier vote, and every aspirant for the Presidency was endeavoring to show himself the especial friend of liberal pensions. Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, reported to the Senate from the Pension Committee a bill granting service pensions to all those who had served thirty days in the Federal Army and been honorably discharged. He stated that the bill had been unanimously indorsed by the last National Republican Convention and was reported by the Republican majority on the Pension Committee. He moved the immediate consideration of the bill and resumed his seat. The Democratic Senators felt much delicacy in opposing any pensions proposed by the Republicans, and they knew that any opposition on their part would be quoted as an evidence of their hostility to the Union soldiers. There was profound silence for at least a minute, and Senator Sherman then addressed the chair, stating that the time had not come for service pensions to the soldiers of the last war. He called attention to the fact that many years had elapsed after the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War before service pensions were granted to the soldiers who had served in those wars. He stated that no convention, national or state, had the right to instruct him as to his senatorial duty, and he objected to the present consideration of the bill. The proposed measure went to the calendar and died there, while the crowd of pension attorneys, who had originated the scheme, formed a sad procession as they filed out of the galleries, uttering fierce anathemas against the Ohio Senator. It required the highest order of courage for a man, whose chief ambition was to be President of the United States, to defeat a grant of pensions to those who had served even for a month in the Union Army.

Ingalls, who never forgot nor forgave, nursed his wrath, and two years afterward had his revenge when Sherman appeared before the District Committee, of which Ingalls was chairman, and advocated an amendment to the District appropriation bill providing for the extension of Fourteenth Street to Columbia Heights, where Sherman was a large owner of real estate. Senator Sherman in urging the amendment said that Washington should be made the most beautiful capital in the world and should have streets, parks and

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth paper in a series of personal recollections.

public buildings equal to those of Rome when she was mistress of the world. Ingalls dryly remarked that he had no objection to improving Washington City so as to make it the superior of Rome in every respect, but that he had never heard of a Roman Senator asking an extension of the Appian Way at public expense in order to increase the value of his suburban property.

Sherman made no reply, but Fourteenth Street was extended as he proposed.

The fame of Mr. Sherman as a legislator and Cabinet Minister will rest with posterity upon his consummating the resumption of specie payment after the Civil War, but his name now is much more frequently heard in connection with what is known as the Shefman Anti-Trust Law of 1890. The truth of history demands the statement that Mr. Sherman not only had nothing to do with the framing of that bill, but was in fact opposed to it, although he voted in the affirmative on its final passage. In 1890 he reported from the Finance Committee, of which he was chairman, a bill against trusts and monopolies, which was placed upon the calendar and called up by him for consideration about three weeks afterward. The debate which followed showed that every lawyer in the Senate was opposed to the measure as reported, and principally upon the ground that it was unconstitutional and gave Congress jurisdiction in the States where the trusts and other corporations operated only within State limits and not as to commerce among the States and with foreign countries. In the discussion Senator Sherman stated that he had studied law in early life but had practiced only for a few years, and that he did not pretend to be a lawyer whose judgment could safely be relied upon. The result of the debate, which lasted for several days, was the reference of the bill to the Judiciary Committee, of which Senator Edmunds was chairman, with instructions to report a measure not containing the objectionable features of that reported by Senator Sherman. The chairman of the Judiciary Committee reported a substitute to the Senate, which passed that body with only one dissenting vote, that of Senator Blodgett, of New Jersey.

Senator Sherman voted for the bill on its final passage, but it was well known that he was dissatisfied with the failure of the Senate to pass the bill he had reported from the Finance Committee, and he said without hesitation that he felt no further interest in the matter, and that the lawyers could settle it to suit themselves.

The last two years of Mr. Sherman's life were clouded by ill health which affected his strong intellect and caused the circulation of rumors greatly exaggerating the extent of his mental malady. After he had resigned from McKinley's Cabinet as Secretary of State he was moody and discontented. He came into the Senate chamber about a year before his death and joined Senator Allison and myself, who were conversing on the Republican side of the Senate. He looked around the chamber and said he had made a great mistake in leaving the Senate, and he showed by several remarks that he thought himself badly treated by persons who pretended to be his friends. He was old, sick, childless, and the great ambition of his life had been defeated when he failed to receive the Republican nomination for President in 1880. In his autobiography, published while he was in the Senate and before he entered McKinley's Cabinet, he complained bitterly of the means employed at Chicago in the convention of 1880 to prevent his nomination for the Presidency, and charged that the negro and carpet-bag delegates from the Southern States had been won away by General Alger when they really should have cast their votes for himself.

No man had done more to establish carpet-bag rule and negro supremacy in the South than Mr. Sherman, and he must have seen the hand of retributive justice in the means employed at Chicago, according to his own statement, to defeat his lifelong ambition.

THE LAST MOB

BY WILL PAYNE

IT WAS two o'clock of a Saturday morning. The picket dozed undisturbed at the foot of the stairs that led up to "Mortell's." The last player had come down half an hour before. Upstairs the guard had left the small anteroom.

The roulette wheel and stud-poker layout stood deserted in the first room, and in the third room the empty chairs, neatly in place around the four draw-poker tables, had a ghostly banquet air. But in the middle room Bud Mortell and Charley Allen sat at the faro table, glumly finishing a luncheon of cold turkey.

The city administration of Warrensville pursued a liberal and-wide-open policy, under which "Mortell's" and other places throve. Some bad things had happened, the solid citizenship had risen for reform and had elected Bob Terhune county attorney and Dilworthy sheriff.

Terhune had closed Gerring's scandalous beer garden, made the saloons shut up at midnight and on Sunday, and got the chief of police, a captain of four, under bonds on a charge of blackmail. Finally he had sent for Wes Mortell, eldest of the three brothers, and notified him that "Mortell's" must close.

Wes Mortell was of a black favor, very quiet in dress and deportment. He had dealt faro in Cheyenne and Deadwood when gambling was the most honored of the learned professions and bad men with guns made its pursuit no primrose path. He looked at the county attorney as he had looked across the table when he dealt with a cocked revolver on his knee—not at all insolently or defiantly or angrily, but with a wonderfully cool, level, ready eye, and said that he should fight.

So a raid on "Mortell's" by Sheriff Dilworthy and a posse was expected nightly. The town was nervous and more or less fretful. "What does Terhune want to go stirring up all this trouble for?" many asked. "Mortell's is a square place and it pays $250 a month into the city treasury. All this commotion and scandal don't do the town any good." In fact, many had discovered that reform as Terhune applied it had its drawbacks; it strained personal relations and interfered with business. The unflinching county attorney was not popular any more; and "Mortell's" was probably Warrensville's most famous establishment, known over the West.

Bud Mortell, the youngest and most popular of the brothers—a stout youth with curly black hair and mustache, a round, ruddy face, endlessly good-natured and free-handed—opened the door of the iron safe behind him and began counting the money in the till. He was blue to-night.

"Not that I care for myself, you know," he said to Charley Allen; "but it's pretty rough on Molly—she being opposed to the business anyway and her folks being dead set against her marrying a gambler, and then with what we're expecting at the house, you know—this breaks her all up."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Charley Allen, and he added, wrathfully, "Terhune's a pup or he'd keep his hands off now, at least."

"Well, I don't know's I've got anything against Terhune personally," said Bud. "I suppose he thinks he's right. And I couldn't have anything against him personally on account of his wife. By Jove—you know, it's been rough on Molly in some ways right along, she knowing everybody here all her life and some of the pious sisters snubbing her and dropping remarks about a gambler's wife. But Mrs. Terhune—I tell you, Charley, that woman's a queen!"

"Sure! Sure! She's fine!" Allen assented heartily. "Why, whenever I see her I want to go lick Terhune."

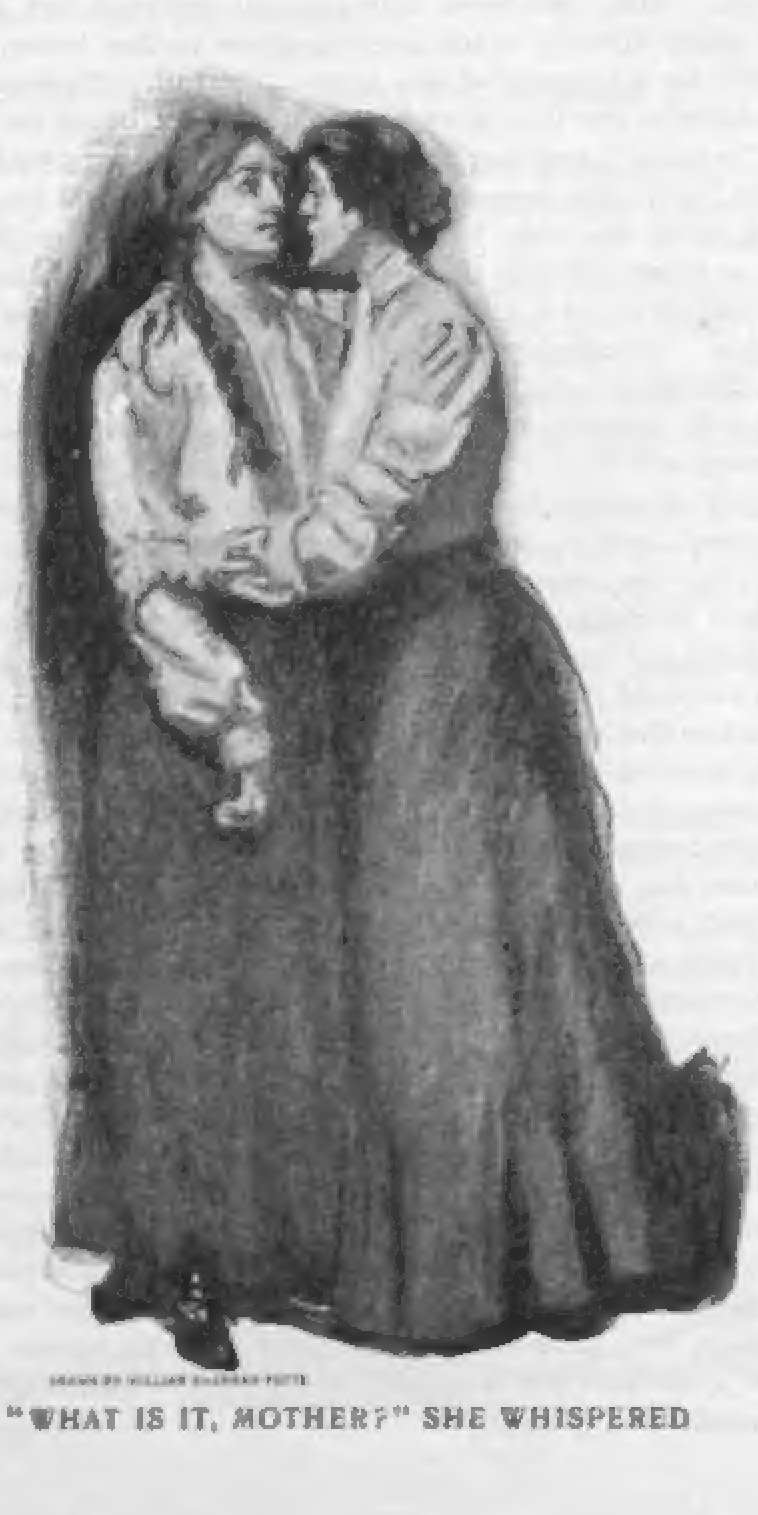
Presently Allen yawned, got up, stretching his long legs, and put his hat square on his head, a sign that he was going out.

He put the spring lock on the door to the anteroom and told the drowsy picket below to go home. They walked up the empty street together.

Bud went on counting the cash, thinking of his wife. Then his senses roused alertly, for he thought he heard the door to the anteroom open cautiously. He listened and was sure he heard footsteps in the anteroom. It occurred to him that it was doubtless a couple of stragglers looking for a game. Half mechanically, he took the pistol from the shelf under the table and put it in his pocket. A hand tried the door, then tapped on the panel. A voice he knew called, "Bud! Hey, Bud! Want to see you."

"Oh, all right," Bud called back, sprang up nimbly, went to the door and threw it wide.

It was half-past two of this Saturday morning when young Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lucas left the Knights of Pythias dance.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SHERMAN POTTS

"WHAT IS IT, MOTHER?" SHE WHISPERED

They walked leisurely across town to their house just beyond the limits, happy in the fine moonlit night and in themselves, for it was their honeymoon. They heard the rumble of the B. & Q. R. night freight pulling out of Warrensville and the shriek of its whistle for the I. & D. crossing. They laughed as they saw their lighted parlor windows shining cozily through the young maples around the house, for by that sign they knew that Walter's mother was sitting up for them as for two children.

Then a man, running desperately, leaped out from a row of willow trees, threw May aside with a fierce sweep of his arm, and in an instant would have cleared them and been on his headlong way to catch the freight at the railroad crossing. But the instant was enough for the young husband's anger to move. He sprang forward, clutching out, and caught the man's right wrist. The strong grip jerked the man half around. In an odd flash Lucas recognized the distorted face for Gallup's, saw the revolver in his imprisoned right hand and the movement of the left hand to take the weapon. Lucas put all his muscle into the backward wrench on the right arm, tripped the man and fell heavily on top of him, feeling for his throat. But at once he felt the man limp under him and got up.

Gallup's arm was broken and his head had thumped against a frozen clod. There was nothing to do but take him into the house. They laid him on the guest's bed, Walter and his mother busying themselves over him.

He came to presently, stared at them a while, attempted to get up, to move the broken arm, groaned, and shut his eyes and lips.

At dawn May went to summon a doctor. She had not been gone long when Walter heard her open the front door.

He looked around. She stood in the parlor, beckoning to him. He tiptoed in, seeing that her dark eyes looked unnaturally large and her face was white. She put her lips to his ear and whispered:

"He and a mulatto named Sands killed Bud Mortell last night. They went to rob him and shot him dead. They were seen running away. I saw some men on horseback over east. Then I saw Willie Allen, Charley's brother and three other boys. They were walking in the road, looking around and excited. Willie told me about it. Wes and Mark Mortell and others are out—and the men have ropes."

Lucas thrust his tongue in his cheek without knowing that he was doing it.

"They'll hang him if they find him—they'll make short work of him. And Uncle Bob will never let them if he can help it. We must keep him hidden.—I'll go see Uncle Bob."

II

TERHUNE heard Walter's story as he came in for breakfast at nine o'clock, having been abroad since half-past five when word of the murder was brought him. Young Janet had gone to school, so that Terhune and his wife and Lucas were alone.

The county attorney agreed that the only course was to keep Gallup hidden in Walter's house for the present. He was very sober.

"The Mortells and their friends have been at work," he said. "They have an organization already. They're bound to lynch Gallup and Sands—the Mortells to avenge Bud; but there are others who would take a hand in it to overthrow me. The town is with them, actively or passively. Men hate the murder and the murderers. It's the sort of hate and horror one feels for a rattlesnake. It makes them want to kill. So it's easy enough for Mortell to organize a mob. He could get half the town. And it's a very hard thing to oppose—hard to get men to stand against a mob of their own neighbors with whose object they sympathize. Their hearts say, 'Let the brutes die.' It's hard to get them to see that the law is infinitely more important than anybody's life."

"But there is the militia," his wife suggested.

Terhune smiled gravely. "Yes, and there's the Governor in command—a very thrifty politician, he is, too." He leaned back and thrust his big hands deep in his trousers pockets. "He'd flinch or dodge. So many—almost all—flinch or dodge when it comes to a pass like this. There's all the trouble. If a few men would stand fast to the last ditch there'd be an end of mobs." He looked around and his broad, smooth-shaven face lighted. "But there's good old Dilworthy! Fine old Dilworthy! He'll stand like a post! A man like him makes everything worth while."

Walter Lucas looked down and blushed to the roots of his hair. "Of course, Uncle Bob, you could count on me," he stammered, for he knew who else would stand with Dilworthy.

The plain, middle-aged lawyer's face lighted and mellowed again. "Oh, yes, Walter; but you have your work at the house looking out for Gallup. You must stay there."

"Pshaw! I don't believe they could take the jail," the young man declared, to relieve his feelings.

"Well, they might," said Terhune gravely. "They might, if they came in force enough and would stand the fire. But they will never take these prisoners and hang them—never!—without there being left such a record as will make mobs unpopular here. It will be the last mob." He looked up steadily at his wife. She understood the pledge.

Sands, the mulatto, was caught about noon at Blue Ridge and Dilworthy brought him in. There was no demonstration. A crowd gathered at the railroad station; but it was under complete control. Terhune perceived more clearly than ever that it was not going to be a matter of an excited mob, but of a cool, compact organization.

Saturday night and Sunday passed quietly enough. Mortell's men were looking high and low for Gallup. The town, under its quiet, understood perfectly that as soon as Gallup was found the two men were to be lynched, and its heart said, "Let the brutes die."

Terhune calculated that every day that passed in quiet was so much gained. The shock of the murder would pass and men would listen to reason. Mortell's organization would grow careless and a chance to slip the two prisoners out of reach might occur.

So at the supper-table Sunday night he was fairly cheerful.

They were still at the table when Walter Lucas tapped at the back door. Terhune himself let the young man in and read bad news in his grave look. They went into the den off the dining-room. Mrs. Terhune followed them in and shut the door behind her. Her coming was a matter of course. The plump little woman with straw-colored hair, who still kept a young daintiness of face and figure, looked at Walter and her husband with steady, intelligent eyes.

"The little Meeker girl that brings up milk caught sight of Gallup a half-hour ago," said Walter, low. "She's sharp and inquisitive. She came around by the bedroom window. No one ever comes that way. I'm pretty sure she saw him."

"But would she know who it was?" Terhune asked.

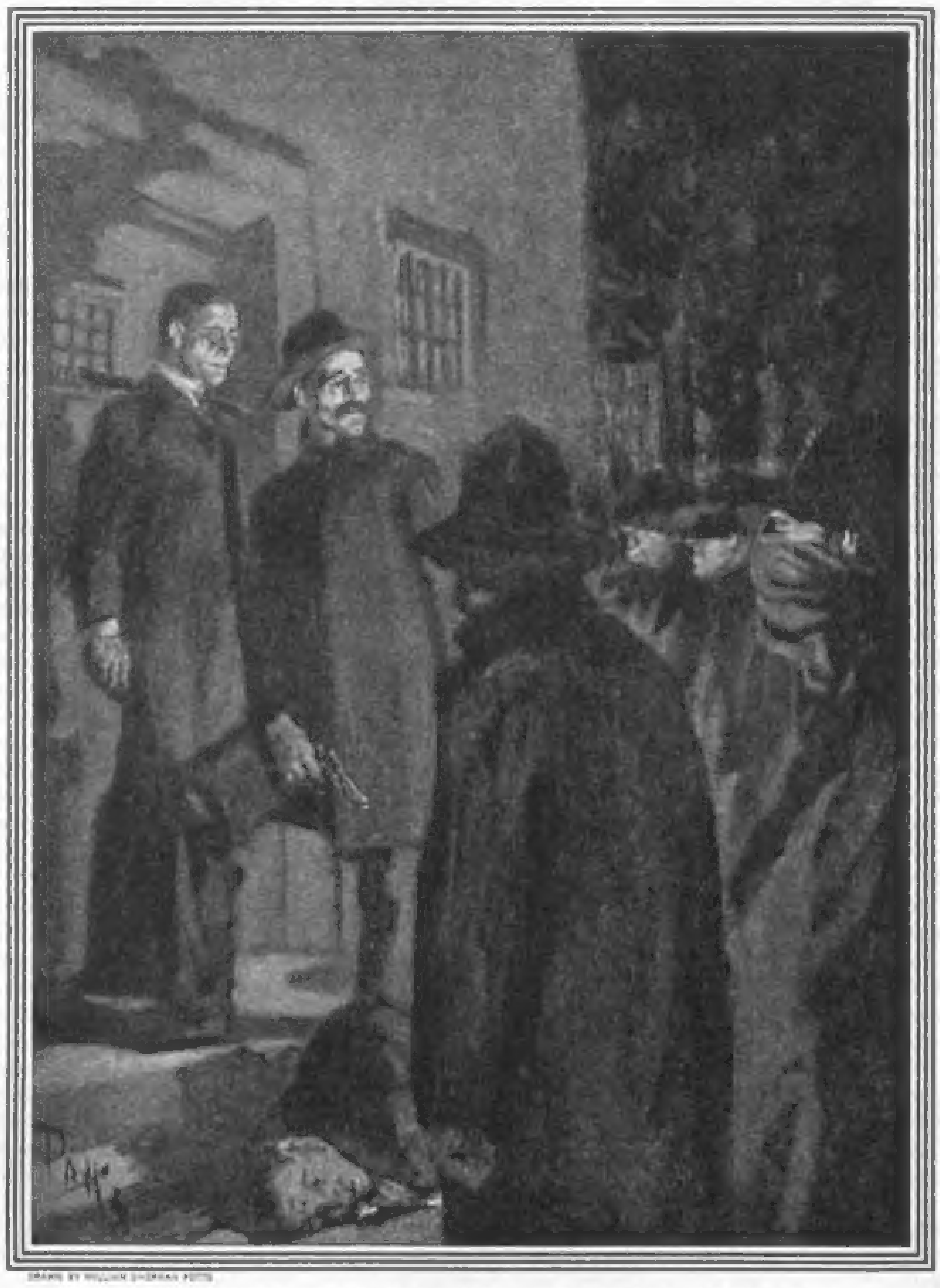
"I don't know. Doctor Gaylor is with him now and says he could be moved in a carriage. So if you think best——" his eye questioned the attorney.

Terhune shook his head. "We must take the chance of her not knowing." He thrust his hands in his pockets and reflected. "Of course, they found his hat near your house. But I don't believe they've found him out. We must take the chances. They wouldn't do anything Sunday night, anyway. If we can get through to-morrow, maybe we can slip both men out of town."

So it was left, Lucas returning to his charge.

Monday morning was fine. It had been warm and thawing for two days. Before breakfast Mrs. Terhune stepped into the yard to take a peep at her pansy beds. A neighbor called to her and came across the yard.

"Did you hear about Bud Mortell's widow?" the woman asked. "A baby—a boy—last night. Don't it seem too awful—his funeral only yesterday."


DRAWN BY WILLIAM SHERMAN POTTS

A RIFLE-BARREL PROTRUDED FROM THE WICKET IN THE DOOR

Janet went in and told her husband. He smiled a little and brushed his hand over her shoulder. "The luck is against us, then," he said.

It was a preoccupied, silent breakfast. Even young Janet felt the chill and was still. Terhune ate hastily, shoved away from the table and went upstairs without speaking.

The girl turned to her mother with wide eyes. "What is it, mother?" she whispered.

Mrs. Terhune put her arm around the girl, as tall as herself. "Mrs. Bud Mortell has a baby. Your father thinks his friends may try to lynch Sands now."

"And papa——" the girl breathed.

The mother looked into the fresh young face of her child and Bob's, now sharp with fear. There was a dimness in her own eyes, but she answered steadily, "Your father will not flinch." She hugged the girl closer. "We must be brave, too. Get ready for school and say nothing."

When Terhune came down he had his overcoat on. It bulged a little—just enough for his wife to know that he had buttoned a Winchester rifle inside it. He looked at her soberly.

"I expect to be busy all day," he said, "but I shall come home about supper-time. You and Janet may expect me then."

He proposed to treat it soberly; but he perceived that, for the moment, she could not speak. He stooped and put his arms around her. "You have been beautiful, my dear, all our lives," he said. She noticed that the spectacles slid a little down on his big nose and he adjusted them. By that time she could say quietly, "All right, Bob; we'll expect you about supper-time." Her face was clear as he kissed her and went out.

III

AT HALF-PAST five that afternoon Terhune and Dilworthy, the sheriff, sat in the cubby-hole office in the little brick jail. The sheriff was absent-mindedly twisting a piece of yellow paper which contained the Governor's dispatch, diplomatically evading his request that a company of militiamen be sent up on a special train to guard the jail.

"I didn't think he'd send 'em," said Dilworthy dryly. "It wouldn't have been good politics."

The sheriff was then sixty years old, five feet four inches high, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. His gray beard and hair were cropped close, disclosing all the homeliness of his small, bullet-shaped head, lank jaw and leathery neck. His boy's size, "ready-made" pepper-and-salt suit hung limply on his fleshless frame. But Dilworthy had been sheriff thirty years before, when all the country west of Blue County was unorganized territory, ruled feudally by the cattle barons and their retainers. The reform turned to him and Terhune as the two men beyond question.

"It's singular," said Terhune, reflectively—as a weary man may meditate in the pause before the crisis—"but it's that little baby at Bud Mortell's that's clinched the business. The baby made the murder too atrocious. Even Foreman, solid a man as he is—when I went to him he said, 'What, keep that yellow dog from being hanged? Why, Terhune, I'd go help hang him myself if it wasn't for the bad example to my children.' That's the attitude now—if the Mortells and their following want to kill Sands they should have the privilege. Drexel says to me, 'See here, Terhune, why don't you go off about your business?' They won't see that it isn't Sands, but the law, that they propose to kill."

"Well," said the sheriff, "it's hard anyhow to get men to stand up against a mob of their neighbors. A good many are just afraid—afraid of a scrimmage, afraid it'll ruin their business and so on—and others don't think it's polite to interfere. They think it's none of their affair. I could have got two or three old men who'd have stood in the fire like stumps. But I didn't care to. If they're coming seventy-five strong, two more here wouldn't amount to much. And the friends I could have got haven't taken an oath as we have, Bob."

"No," said Terhune. He glanced around. "The only good thing about this box is that there's only one way in and that's in front. But seventy-five are too many. They may not hold together."

The little sheriff scratched his hand across his stubbly chin with a quick motion. "I hope it's going to be light enough to see—to shoot," he said.

Terhune stood up. "We'll leave this record straight," he said. "They may get Sands, finally, but it will be the last mob. We'll leave the record right. I'm going to step over to the office now, then home for a minute. I'll be back before seven."

"No hurry," said the sheriff cheerfully. "They won't begin before eleven or twelve."

"I don't want to take chances. I'll be back by seven," said Terhune.

It was almost dark outside. He walked rapidly and struck into an alley that led along the rear of the building where his office was. He preferred not to be seen by too many people. He went up the stairs that led to his office with as little noise as possible, let himself in, shut the door carefully and struck a match. The glimmer of hand-shielded light showed the front room of a law office, the walls lined with shelves of law books. The door to his private room stood half-way open, and near it, closed, the solid oaken door to a large windowless closet, used as a storeroom. The rifle was in there. At the closet door the match flickered out, but Terhune groped his way in, knowing where the weapon stood. He felt a movement of the air and heard the door shut smartly behind him. It was a spring lock, opening only from the outside.

This was at half-past six, and Walter Lucas was bolting his supper, his eyes on his plate. He could not endure the misery of his young wife's face. He had said to her, "They will attack the jail to-night." She lifted food to her lips and put it down; a crumb would have choked her. She followed him with wordless anguish while he put on his coat and hat. He, suffering for her, was as pale as she; his lips, which would say "Good-night, dear," almost as nerveless as hers.

Abruptly she threw herself upon him, clinging close with hysterical energy, one hand stroking his cheek. "No! no! no! I can't! I can't!" she whispered with a breathless rapidity. "You don't need to go, dear; dearie, you don't need to. Stay with me. I want you. I can't let you go."

He tried to soothe her. "See, sweetheart, I hate it as much as you do. But that's my place. Suppose I didn't go. Could I ever look Uncle Bob in the face again—or, if anything happened, could I ever look Aunt Janet in the face—or you?"

"No, no!" her rapid, trembling voice repeated. "You must help watch Gallup. I don't care what they say. Let them go, Walter! Let them go. Don't you know it will kill me."

He held her still a moment. "May, is it so hard, then, to die?" he asked softly.

She flung back from him. "You don't love me! You don't love me!"

He saw that she was beside herself. "Oh, May!" he entreated, with shame in his low tone.

She wished to say "You are ashamed of me," but could not. Her life seemed to break its thread. She folded her hands on her breast.

"Good-night, dear," he said.

The paralysis held her. "Walter"— it was the ghost of her voice that whispered —"kiss me, dear."

He put his arms around her, kissed her, laid his cheek to her cold cheek and went out swiftly. And she knew, but could not say it, that he was still ashamed; that he did not understand she was struggling to repent.

In a moment the spell broke and let in a passion of regret. She dropped on her knees. It was not that he was gone into danger, but that he felt ashamed of her weakness. That could not be their parting. If she could send herself out to him to tell him that she repented! She forgot the passing of time. Suddenly she felt that she was being watched. She lifted her head and looked over her shoulder. Butler, the huge chief of police, stood in the doorway looking at her, behind him an embarrassed policeman with his helmet awkwardly in his hand.

Meanwhile the young husband hurried to Terhune's office as the most likely place to find him at that hour. At the foot of the stairs he thought he saw a faint show of light against the curtained glass panel of the office door and he went up, clumping on the steps. The show of light seemed to go out. This puzzled him, but surely somebody was in there. He tried the door, found it locked, shook the knob and sang out, "Uncle Bob!" The door opened, he stepped in, Charley Allen's sinewy arm went around his neck, shutting off his wind. In a moment he was shackled and gagged and laid away in the private room. Charley Allen and his two companions returned to the front room and re-lit the point of gas, but forgot to lock the front door.

Supper-time had passed, but Terhune did not come. His wife sat in the silent front room, made more silent in the intervals between the long sobbing sighs of young Janet who lay on the sofa. She had broken down under the strain. The mother's eyes were bright but tearless. Tears there might be later; but not when Bob came in to say "Good-night."

The clock struck the half-hour after nine. For half an hour that point of time had been in her mind. She stood up with energy, went to the sofa and slipped her arm over the girl. "I'm going out for five minutes," she said. "If papa comes ask him to wait, if he can."

It was five blocks to Bob's office. Three of them she covered, running, in three minutes. The last two, along D Street and Warren Avenue, she had to take more moderately. She noticed that the streets wore their usual quiet, early-evening aspect.

She turned in at the doorway that led to Bob's office, as Walter Lucas had done two and a half hours before. But her feet were swifter than Walter's, and noiseless. The outer door yielded to her hand. She stepped into the outer room, lighted very dimly by a little point of gas flame. A man sprang up before her in the dimness. She recognized Charley Allen and looked up at him, bewildered, murmuring, "My husband."

Charley Allen took off his hat and blinked. "I guess you'll find him at the jail," he said politely. But she noticed that he spoke under his breath and that two other men sat in the shadowy corner. She felt the mystery and felt that it involved Bob.

Her yearning woman's eyes kept to the man's with a kind of helplessly candid bewilderment and questioning. "Do you mean him harm, Mr. Allen?" she breathed.

It was one of the finest joys of Charley Allen's life that he could answer, low, but fervently, "On my soul, no, Mrs. Terhune. He is going to be safe to-night. I give you my word."

At that moment an odd scratching sound began in the corner of the room. She looked over there with a leap of suspicion, saw the locked closet door, and at once understood that Bob was inside.

Allen saw the start of intelligence in her eyes and lifted his finger warningly. "See here, Mrs. Terhune"—he bent over her and spoke rapidly under his breath—"there's going to be something done at the jail to-night. There will be seventy-five men. Nothing can stop them. If your husband's on hand there may be a fight—and he get hurt. If he's out of the way there will be no trouble. There can't be any blame for him if he couldn't help himself, you see. You go home. Forget you were here to-night. Nobody else will remember it. Just go home. To-morrow morning your husband will be alive and unhurt, without blame. You understand?"

"Yes," she whispered. To-morrow Bob would be alive, without blame! She felt her heart flutter with the hope—and the wrong she was doing to keep it. Nobody would ever know. Allen took a step toward the door to let her out.

Then Bob's voice sounded, cheerfully, from the closet: "You fellows may as well open the door. I'm going to get out, anyway."

The voice struck mightily upon her fluttering heart. She started in every fibre. She seemed to hear it said that many flinched. And she cried, "No! let my husband out!"

Before Allen could move she flew across the room and opened the door.

Terhune, in his shirt-sleeves, had dropped what was left of the penknife with which he had been scratching a trench in the hard oak around the lock. His hand was fretted blood raw from the cutting; but it held his rifle. All three men in the outer room were standing and his eyes kept to them; but he spoke to his wife: "Will you pick up my coat, Janet?"

With Janet beside him he backed to the door, passed out and locked it on them. At the head of the stairs he paused, stooping over Janet.

"I must hurry, dear wife; I'm very late," he said. "Tell Janey good-night for me. After what you've done here nothing that may come will seem hard for me."

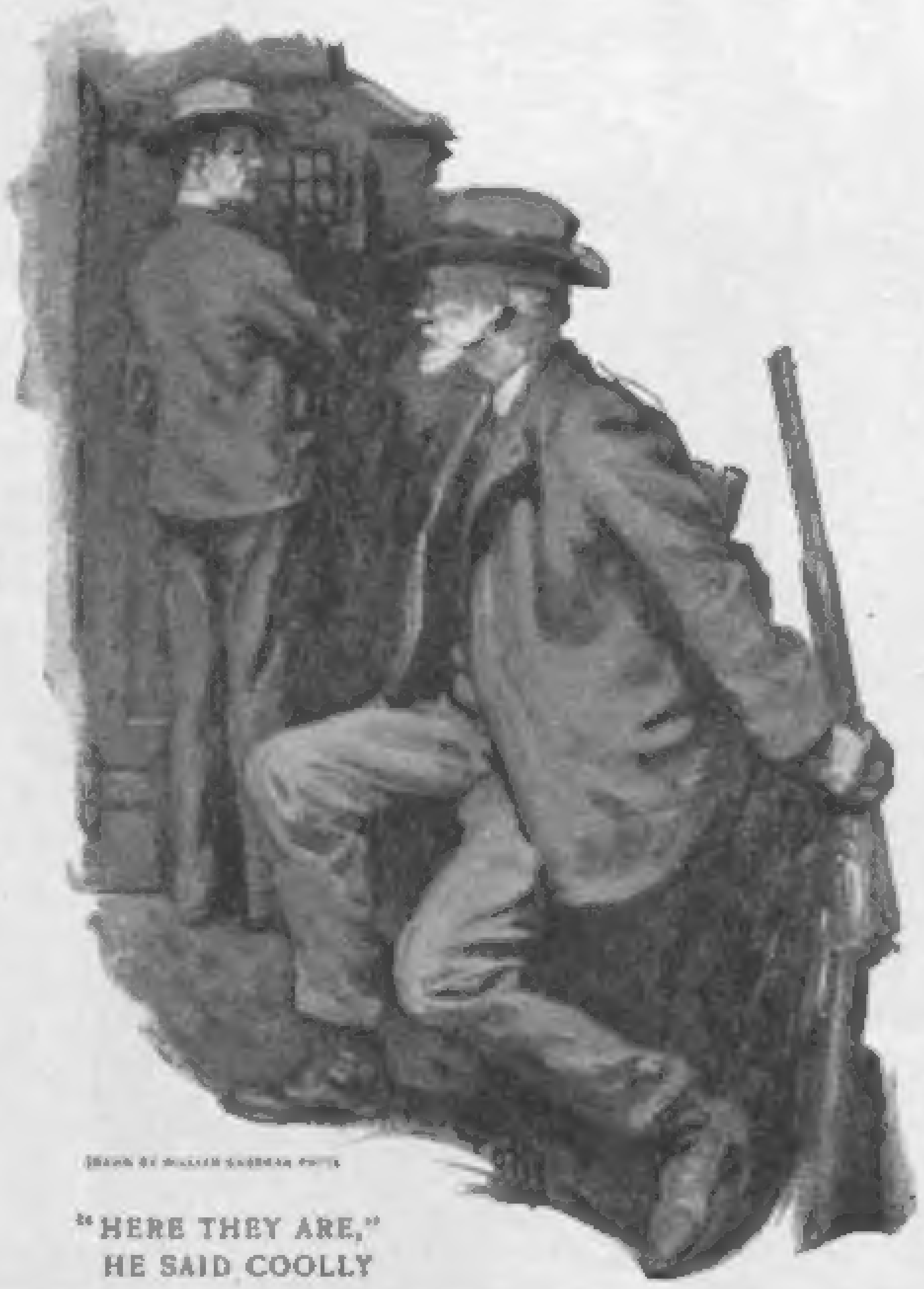
Charley Allen stood in the middle of the office, his hat in his hand. The steps of the pair going downstairs were heard.

"Blame my soul," Allen muttered, "I've a mind to go with him myself—on her account."

The other two were respectfully silent, as though they had heard a benediction.

IV

A GAS JET turned half on burned in the cubby-hole office in the jail. The iron shutters were fastened over the windows, the doors secured. Dilworthy sat in a battered wooden chair in the office, his hands laxly in his lap, his rifle leaning against the wall. Terhune stood motionless at the door, peering through the loophole. It was nearly one o'clock and still they waited for the mob.



"HERE THEY ARE,"
HE SAID COOLLY

The night was clear. Terhune at his peephole could see, over the top of the high whitewashed board fence, that the walk on the opposite side of the street was black with people. Men roosted thickly on the roof of a shed over there. Once in a while some one drew himself up to the top of the fence and looked over into the empty jail yard. These people, like the two in the jail, were waiting for the overdue drama to begin.

As the county attorney waited, peering out and observing the people gathered neutrally to see the show, his wrath had been hardening. It was all so barbarous! It was at once revolting and ridiculous—this business of the officers of the law waiting with arms in their hands to protect a prisoner from murder; this story that they had heard of seventy-five masked and armed men to march on the jail like a company of soldiers. Couldn't those people who watched out there perceive the monstrous ridiculousness of the thing?

He grew rigid with attention, for he saw a movement of the people. Then he saw the black of a coat-sleeve against the white of the fence reaching in through the round hole in the gate and drawing the staple.

"Here they are," he said coolly, and Dilworthy sprang up.

The gate swung open. A column of men, seventy-five strong, each with a black mask, a slouch hat pulled low and upturned coat collar, filed through the gate and halted with some uncertainty of movement. The last two stopped in the gateway, pointed revolvers from side to side at the crowd suggestively, then closed the gate and stood on guard.

A figure stepped out in front and, in spite of the disguise, Terhune knew him well enough for Wes Mortell. He lifted a pistol and made a sign in the air. The marchers, again with awkwardness and uncertainty of movement, changed from double column to fours, fronting the jail.

Terhune watched the evolution with set jaws and rising wrath. The whole air of the thing—these black-masked silent figures, with their appearance of military formation so evidently intended to inspire terror, filled him with a huge, hot contempt. It would have pleased him to laugh out his scorn in their faces.

Then for the first time he saw an unmasked and hatless figure which was being passed up to the front rank. There was a long splotch of white on the figure's front, and Terhune identified this for the sling that held Gallup's broken arm almost before he saw Gallup's white face below him in the moonlight. He clapped the wicket down.

"They've got Gallup!" he exclaimed to Dilworthy, and his eyes glowed in the dark.

This was the worst, the most intolerable! These murderers, with their solemn trappings, their ridiculous military air, their tawdry attempt to inspire awe, had already seized Gallup and were presenting him to the officers of the law as a pledge of their purpose to take Sands. Terhune boiled over. Already his raging hands were at the bolts.

"Fasten the door after me and hold it," he exclaimed.

A leaf of the door swung out. Terhune leapt through and closed it behind him with an iron clang.

This sudden apparition of a large man, bareheaded and in his undercoat, issuing from the shut front of the jail into the face of the mob, confronted Wes Mortell as the latter was advancing to summon the jail to surrender.

"Give me that man!" Terhune shouted, and his voice instantly identified him not only to those in the jail yard but to the crowd outside.

Not hesitating an instant, he strode down the three steps and into the masked faces of the front rank.

"You lawbreakers! What do you mean by coming here with this prisoner!" His great voice, full of passion and command, rolled over the mob and out to the crowd, and as though a regiment of men had mysteriously materialized before them the mob was put on the defensive. So sudden and impassioned was the assault that they merely stood, and in an instant Terhune had pushed into the front rank, roughly shoved aside the masked man who still mechanically held Gallup's wrist, thrown his arm over the prisoner and swept him back. In another instant he had him to the foot of the steps, himself facing the mob. "Go home now! Shame your city no more!" he cried.

Then, somewhere in the front of the mob, a nerve woke up. A pistol-shot rang out. Gallup groaned slightly, doubled up like an empty sack, slipped from Terhune's supporting arm and crumpled quietly down on the gravel at the foot of the steps.

"Who fired that shot? Who fired that shot?" They heard Terhune's voice at the corner of the next block; heard also his shout, "You men outside there, come in here!"

Outside a solitary voice called, cheering tentatively, "Terhune!" At hand Charley Allen cried out, "No!"

At the same time another shot sounded, and the bullet stung past the lawyer's forehead so that he reeled and clutched the railing of the steps to keep from falling. He righted himself and again his voice rolled out, "You men out there, come in here! These men are your enemies! They want to kill your law! They have killed one man. They can kill me. But they must not kill the law. Come in here and defend it!"

A rifle-barrel protruded from the wicket in the door. Dilworthy had found his chair at last. Every one saw the glitter of moonlight on the metal tube.

The mob hung together uncertainly. Most of its members had not expected any real resistance. The silent form on the gravel looked ghastly. Dilworthy's rifle-barrel looked ominous. Above all, there was an increasing stir and noise of the crowd outside which struck upon uneasy nerves.

"I tell you to go home!" Terhune spoke again. "You can't do what you set out to. The people will protect their law. My witnesses are coming." He pointed to the fence. "Come in, you men!"

Two men on the fence sung out, "Terhune!" And there was a little cheering outside. The sheer courage and command of the voice were counting. Wes Mortell gnawed his beard. His eyes glittered. He knew what to do. The figure on the steps was a fair mark. But he hesitated.

Charley Allen released his clutch on the wrist of the man who held a still smoking pistol and pulled off his mask.

"I won't stand it. I tell you I saw his wife," he muttered to Mortell, and stepped over and put himself in front of Terhune. "Nobody's going to shoot this man," he said.

"We got to do something or get out," whispered the man next Mortell, anxiously.

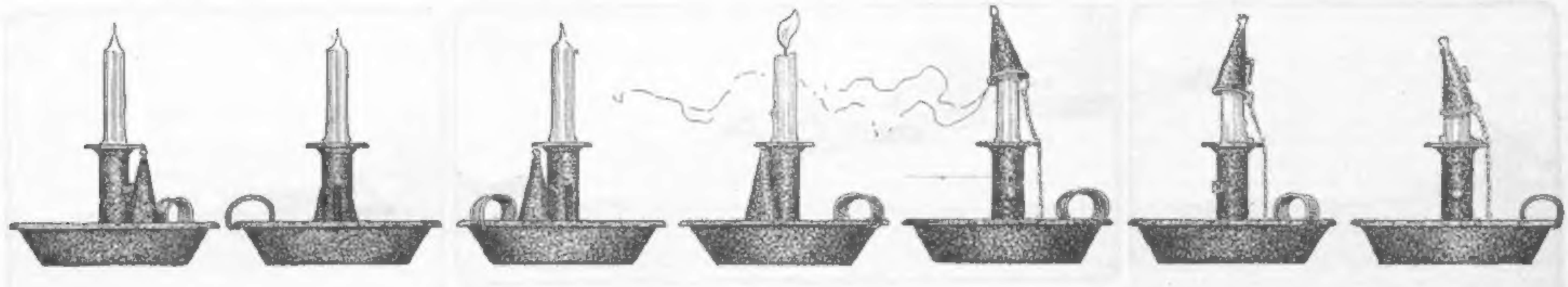
The gambler bit his lip. It was a shot now or never. He looked at Gallup's body, at Allen, at Terhune's face. Again somebody outside cried, cheering, "Terhune!" It was the man and the law. Mortell's eyes fell. "Yes, get out," he muttered.

The word was whispered back hastily and received with relief. The mob, its spirit mysteriously broken, huddled, turned and hurried out, a mere crowd of nervous men.

Terhune watched it go.

"It will be the last one we shall see here," he said.

Men and Women of the Hour



AN INTERESTING story in regard to General Miles comes from the recent Encampment of the Grand Army, at San Francisco. The General while being entertained at a club was rallied good-humoredly by an old-time comrade for his failure to win a laudatory send-off in his retirement papers.

"In reply to that," remarked General Miles, "let me tell a story. The application may seem a trifle egotistical, but as the story is a good one, I'll venture it.

"In the early days of the West an itinerant preacher stopping for refreshment one day at the pioneer home of one of his parishioners was served, among other things, with apple pie. It was not a good pie. The crust was heavy and sour, but the encomiums which that clergyman heaped upon it were great. The good wife knew that she had had bad luck with the baking, and as she was, in reality, an excellent cook, she determined that the next time that preacher came her way he should have a pie that was faultless.

"He told her when he was to return, and on that day she set before him an apple pie that was the real thing. He ate it, but to her astonishment vouchsafed not a word of commendation. This was more than the housewife would stand.

"'Brother,' she exclaimed, 'when you were here last you ate an apple pie that wasn't more than half baked, and yet you praised it to the skies. Now you have eaten a pie that nobody needs to be ashamed of, but you haven't a word to say in its favor. I can't understand it.'

"'My good sister,' replied the preacher, 'that pie you served me a few days ago was sadly in need of praise, and I did my full duty in that direction, but this fine pie, bless your heart, does not require any eulogy.'"

Sheer Waste of Money

AT THE Metropolitan Club, of Washington, one evening, Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, had introduced to him a well-known New York business man who is given to boasting of the large income he enjoys.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that, as near as he could tell, he supposed his income exceeded $100,000. "And I simply *have* to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses, it costs me $80,000 a year to live!"

"Dear me," said Justice Harlan blandly. "Really, that's too much! I wouldn't pay it — it isn't worth it!"

An Aged Youngster

ALTHOUGH Senator Pettus, of Alabama, is the oldest man in the United States Senate, he is old in years only. Some weeks ago he saw a decrepit old man trying to cross Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington and went to his assistance. The old fellow accepted his help gladly, and when convoyed safely across turned to Mr. Pettus.

"Sir!" he quavered with old-fashioned courtesy, "I thank you, and hope that when you get to be as old as I am you may find some one such as you are now to help you across the avenues of life."

"How old are you?" asked the Senator.

"Sixty-six," replied the old man.

"My friend," said Mr. Pettus smilingly, "I am eighty-two."

A Western Guide-Post

COLONEL JOHN P. IRISH, Naval Officer of the port of San Francisco, whose recent success in conducting a big suit against the Republic of Salvador has been winning him a great deal of complimentary attention, occupies a unique position in politics. Although an open and eloquent admirer and champion of Grover Cleveland, he was so highly esteemed by the late President McKinley that that statesman appointed him to the position he still retains in San Francisco. Quite recently the most influential Republicans of the Pacific Coast failed to dislodge him.

What first commended Colonel Irish to national Republican leaders was his eloquent arraignment of William Jennings Bryan and the silver movement. Upon that branch of Democracy his wit and satire are at their best.

"In reality," said Colonel Irish in Washington recently, "the waves of Republican success and the times of sound money have swept that unsafe Kansas City plank down the stream of time. The spectacle of Bryan still calling the world's attention to it reminds me of a Western incident. A traveler on horseback came to a broad and swollen river on the plains. There was nothing to do but swim his horse. After a perilous trip he reached the other bank in safety. Thence two roads, both well traveled, led in widely diverging directions. There was no hint on that desolate expanse of prairie as to which road he should take to make the fort he was eagerly anxious to reach.

"In his perplexity he chanced to look backward across the stream, and there he discerned a guide-post.

"'Had I but noticed and consulted that,' said he to himself, 'I should now know exactly what course to take.' So tying his horse to a piece of driftwood he plunged into the flooded river and swam back. Laboriously he climbed to the post, and there he read:

"'Ten dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk.'"

A Negative Assent

AN EARLY instance of that fine diplomacy which has made the name of John Hay known throughout the world has just come to light in Cleveland. He was on terms of intimate friendship with the late Alexander Gunn — prince of connoisseurs of literature and art — and had sent him for perusal the manuscript of a little sketch by Mark Twain, unknown to collectors — A Conversation as it Was at the Social Fireside in the Time of the Tudors. This Mr. Hay described as a "serious effort to bring back our literature and philosophy to the chaste and Elizabethan standard." Mr. Gunn was pleased with the effort and wrote to Hay proposing to print a few copies for private circulation, to which he replied:

> "*My dear Gunn:* I have your letter, and the proposition you make to pull a few proofs of the masterpiece is highly attractive and of course highly immoral. I cannot properly consent to it and I am afraid the great man would think I was taking an unfair advantage of his confidence. Please send back the document as soon as you can, and if, in spite of my prohibition, you take those proofs, save me one.
>
> "Very truly yours,
> "JOHN HAY."

It is needless to say that with this hint the proofs were "pulled" — one for Hay and one for Gunn.

A Darky Dialectician

THE Honorable John Allen, of Mississippi, who during his long service in the House of Representatives frequently enlivened the tedium of debate by his funny stories, tells the following:

"In my town of Tupelo there's a little darky named Zeke that every one knows. Zeke says many bright things. Not long ago his father had occasion to scold him with reference to some mischief which he suspected the piccaninny had set on foot. The cross examination was rather unsatisfactory. So the father remarked: 'Zeke, I think you'se concealin' sumpthin' from me. 'Member what de Bible says, chile!'

"Whereupon Zeke answered in this wise: 'Yesser, I knows what de Bible says all right. It says yo' mustn't lie; but de Bible it doan' say yo' got to tell de truf all de time, does it?'"

A Sure Enough Speaker

YEARS ago Tom Reed, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, went into a barber's shop in Washington to be shaved. After the darky barber had scraped his chin he began to cast about for further work or for a chance to sell hair tonics.

"Hair purty thin, suh," he said, fingering the two or three stray locks that fringed Mr. Reed's bald pate. "Been that way long, suh?"

"I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure."

The barber gasped and said no more. Later some one told him he had shaved the Speaker. "Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don' I know dat? I should say he was a speakah, sure 'nuf!"

An Amusement-Loving People

GOVERNOR MUTIS-DURAN, who was recently driven out of Panama by the erratic performances of General Cobos, is well known in the United States, whither he came as representative of the Colombian Government to confer with the Isthmian Canal Commission in the drafting of the initial protocol between America and his country. Mutis-Duran entertains a high regard for the people of the United States.

"I can understand," he is quoted as saying in Washington, "why the citizens of this big and sturdy Republic look with such amusement at the more mercurial forms of government in Central and South America. We are an amusement-loving people down there, and I am inclined to believe that some of the political upheavals in many of the little Southern republics spring from a desire for entertainment.

"I am told that in one of these countries not long ago three committees went out simultaneously to raise money. One wanted funds for a ball and festival, similar to your Mardi Gras. The money was secured without the slightest trouble. The second committee sought about the same amount to back up an impending revolution. After a little difficulty the cash was obtained. The third committee, composed of patriots, asked subscriptions for a certain projected public improvement, but in spite of the most earnest efforts, and although they were in the field as early as their competitors, they were met everywhere with refusal, and had to give up the attempt without having raised enough to pay for their printed circular of appeal."

No Chance at All

AMONG the members of the fashionable Chevy Chase Club, of Washington, is a rather diminutive young man, whose strong ambition it seems is to become "a follower of the hounds." Unfortunately for him, however, the young member is incapable of retaining his mount. Invariably, and very soon after the start, too, the young member will lose his seat. But he is perseverance itself, and, despite the risk of injury, sticks at the sport.

One day during a conversation between several members of the club, among whom was General Leonard Wood, reference was made to the invariable and distressing tendency of the diminutive one to tumble off his mount.

"Do you know," said General Wood with a sad smile, "I think there's no chance at all for that young fellow. I really believe that he would have fallen off his horse if he had been a centaur!"

An Easy Diagnosis

SENATOR SPOONER tells of a case tried in a Wisconsin court in which, during the course of the cross-examination of an exceptionally youthful-looking physician, the opposing counsel was led to utter some rather sarcastic remarks as to the probability that so young a doctor should thoroughly understand his business.

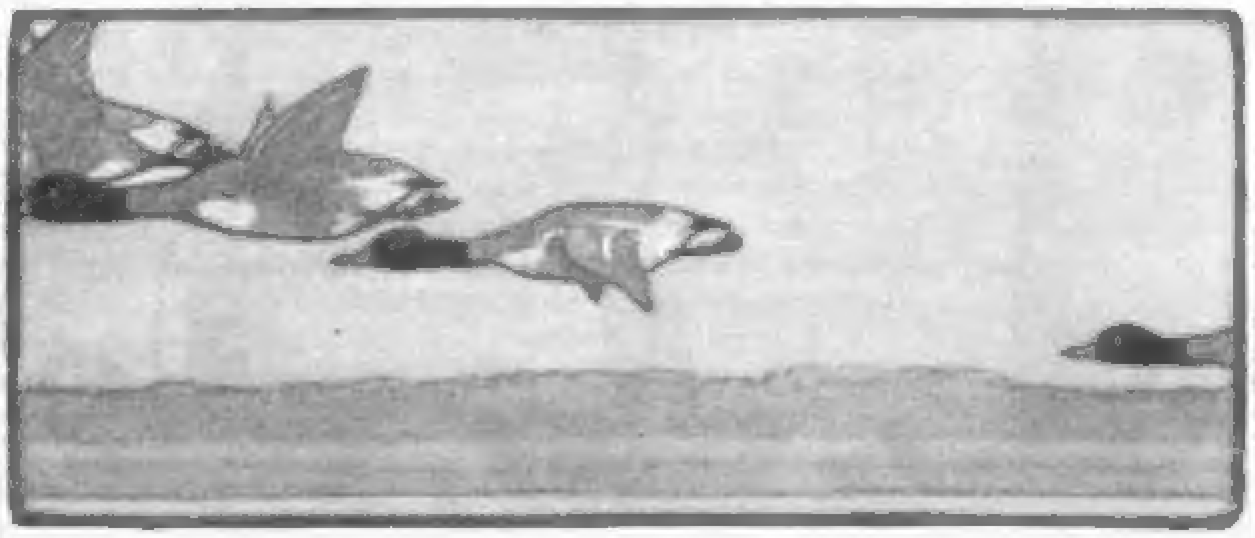
"Are you," asked counsel, "acquainted with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

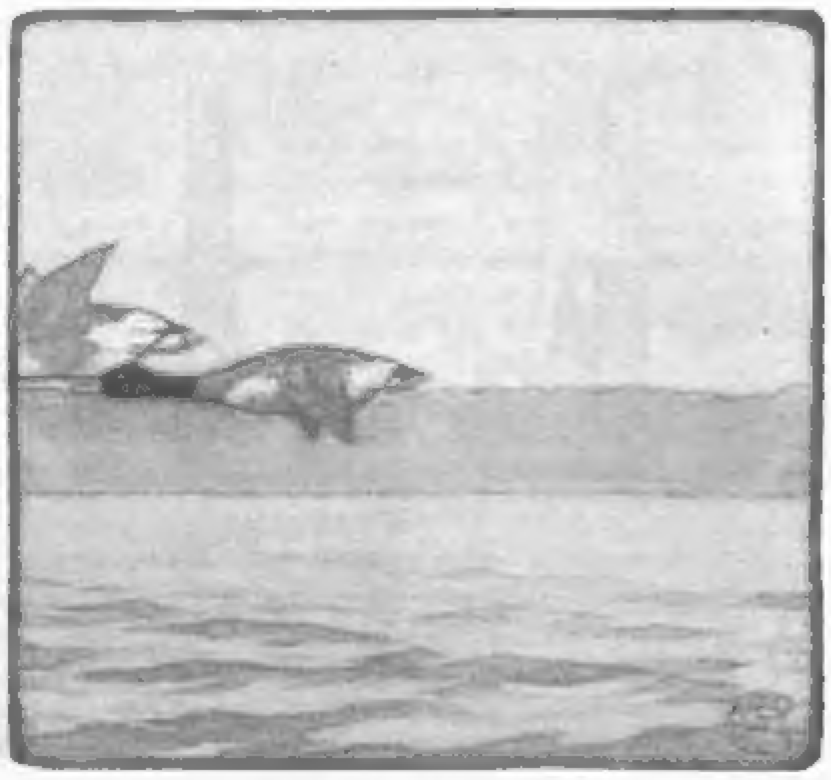
"I am," responded the youthful-looking physician.

"Then," went on the counsel, "let us take a concrete case. If my learned friend, counsel for the defense and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Well," said the witty young doctor, "the probabilities are that counsel for the defense would!"

The Great Shotgun Syndicate





The Modern Nimrod Who Hunts by Wire and Slays by Companies

By Forrest Crissey

PROSPERITY and game dinners go together in the modern idea of the proprieties. Editors, authors, orators and statesmen are working overtime attempting to explain the whys and wherefores of Prosperity; but probably not a wiseacre of them all can tell you how the table of the American gentleman is furnished with the choice game with which he celebrates his financial triumphs or consoles himself under temporary defeats.

"Why," you exclaim, "I thought the game was simply shot here and there by straggling hunters and sent to the nearest market." This is a common notion—and, in a measure, a correct one. Much of it is collected in this haphazard and incidental way. But the great idea of organization has begun to make itself felt in the duck swamps as well as in the steel industry and the department store.

Perhaps the pioneer of organized game hunting is Nat Wetzel, of St. Louis and Beaumont. Certainly his methods are thoroughly typical of the most advanced practices in the industry of supplying game dinners for the tables of American epicures. And for that matter, he sends to Europe, for the Christmas dinner of Royalty, specimens of the king of Yankee game birds, the wild turkey.

This commercial game "magnate" operates a force of expert hunters in precisely the same manner as a train dispatcher governs the movements of a number of trains over a railroad division. When the first flight of ducks starts from the North his hunters are in the Dakotas ready to meet the migratory hosts. He remains at "headquarters" and sticks close to a telegraph wire. No sailing-master of the Great Lakes pays more devoted attention to the reports of the United States Weather Bureau than this captain of Nimrods; his ears are stretched to catch the faintest rumors of approaching cold waves from Medicine Hat—that Northern nest of fantastic weather! And upon the frequent reports from the official forecasters' office are based the "orders" which he telegraphs to his squads of hunters.

Keeping in Step with the Birds

"YOU see, it is this way," explained Mr. Wetzel, who operates a force of almost one hundred "crack" hunters. "The one great factor in the flight of birds is weather. They keep just so far in advance of a cold wave and they loiter and lag when the skies are fair. In a word, weather is everything in bird life. Is the day cloudy? Then you will find them, at any given hour, in entirely a different sort of place than if the weather were warm and fair. A crisp, clear day with a sharp, driving wind puts speed into their flight, whereas a heavy atmosphere makes them lazy and indolent."

Each camp of hunters has a messenger who does the "toting," carries the game to the nearest shipping point, sorts, packs and forwards it to headquarters, sends requisitions for needed supplies in the shape of ammunition, ice, decoys, bread, bacon and tobacco, and wires local weather and game conditions. He also carries back to camp any supplies that have arrived and, most important of all, he gets his telegraphic orders from headquarters covering the next movement of camp. Perhaps his orders will read something like this: "Severe cold wave coming in twenty-four hours. Move down to Blank." (A station two hundred and fifty miles south.)

Often, perhaps generally, the hunters and the game arrive at the designated point simultaneously. Many times local sportsmen have remarked to the itinerant hunters, "How does it happen that you get here right on the dot with the ducks? They came in last night and so did you." But the hunters seldom explain that they were sent by the "dispatcher" back at headquarters, close in touch with the weather man.

Sometimes a "bunch" of hunters fails to get results, either from inexperience or lack of resourcefulness. Then the dispatcher begins to cast about for the reason. Very likely the boss hunter gets this kind of an order: "Open the crops of your birds and see what they are feeding on." If the answer is "acorns," his reply is: "Look to timber waters for your game." And this order is sent to the other hunters stationed farther down along the line—for a flight of ducks that starts out by feeding on acorns will stick to an acorn diet until the long southward course is finished. It will be idle to hunt for them in the cultivated corn fields.

The Hunter's Outfit

ONE of the most important features of a hunter's camp is the ice-house. In shipping the ice a single large cake, surrounded by a thick padding of sawdust, is inclosed in a gunny sack. When this is "toted" to camp a hole is dug in the earth and the ice deposited in its centre, with the game packed about it. Then the entire deposit is covered with grass, brush and perhaps an old blanket. When the weather is not too hot the game is cooled one night in the open air. This adds to its quality.

The grading of game is a fine art and requires not only good judgment but manual skill. All game is roughly sorted in camp and then carefully graded at the main distributing point. An expert can grade two thousand ducks a day.

Ham, bacon, bread, hard-boiled eggs and tobacco are the main rations furnished to the camps. When the hunter starts out he takes a selection of these supplies and the combination is called a "snack." Of course, the hunters eat as much of the game killed as they like; but eggs and bacon are more prized by them than venison or canvasback.

"There is plenty of peril," said Mr. Wetzel, "in professional hunting, but the business has its comedy as well as its tragedy. One of my best hunters came into headquarters just before the season opened, to give his personal attention to selecting the supplies for his gang. In a big sporting goods house he saw, for the first time, an assortment of collapsible canvas decoys. These are, of course, very light, and when not inflated occupy as little room as so many socks. This feature of convenience greatly pleased the old hunter and he insisted upon being outfitted with canvas decoys in place of the old model ones carved from cypress 'knees' taken from the swamps. When he reached his shooting ground on the St. Francis River, in Arkansas, he inflated his new decoys and set them out at night. In the morning he cautiously approached and was about to begin the business of the day's shooting. But, the instant he came within view of the nook where he expected to see the decoys riding the water, he stopped short, his face a picture of astonishment. Not a decoy was to be seen. Then he pushed out to the edge of the water and began to look about. Two of the decoys, in a state of collapse, decorated the tops of neighboring bushes, another dangled from the branches of a low tree and others were discovered scattered about the adjacent undergrowth. One glance at the collapsed canvases was enough to satisfy the hunter regarding the cause of his trouble. Some vandal of a 'native' had poured shot into the flock of decoys and 'put them out of business.' The little holes in the canvas showed this. Full of wrath and thirsting for revenge the hunter put out more decoys that evening and then secreted himself in ambush to spend the night waiting for the 'return of the native.' And about midnight the native came, sure enough. Bishop, the hunter, was just getting into a doze when the stillness of the woods was shattered by an unearthly screech. There was a commotion in the upper air—and two huge Arkansas owls swooped down upon the decoys, thinking them to be live mallards, their natural prey. Of course, he shot the vandals, but he made the mistake of telling his experience—with the result that he was called Owl Bishop from that time forth, and has not yet heard the last of his adventure. He went back to the use of the good old-fashioned wood decoys and has 'used no other since.'"

So much for the comedy of hunter life. Turn now to the pages of its tragedy—and there are plenty of these! The principal peril which haunts the professional hunter is that of getting lost. Every careful man in this business carries a compass, is able to read his course by the stars, and is never without an abundant supply of dry matches. But hunters, like railroad men, grow careless from sheer familiarity with escaped perils and take chances rather than put themselves to passing inconvenience. Probably the most dangerous place for hunters is in the great "flag" marshes that margin the Gulf from New Orleans to the Mexican border. The peril consists in the peculiar conditions under which the hunter must ply his vocation. These marshes consist of a dense growth of "flag" or cane, extending for several miles back from the open water. From a bird's-eye view this growth appears solid and unbroken save for open spaces of water sprinkled with patches of wild millet, the favorite food of the mallard and teal. But actually the individual stalks in this forest of flags are several inches apart, although their bushy tops meet in an almost solid canopy overhead. This cover of verdure is just high enough to clear the head of the average man, and the hunter can easily make his way through the growth by skillfully parting the flags as he proceeds. But the moment he becomes excited and attempts to push through by sheer strength the jagged edges of the cane will cut his clothing into shreds and lacerate his flesh in short order.

The Perils of the Texas Marshes

SOMETIMES the water in which these weeds are bedded is a foot or more deep with a bottom of sticky mud. The only dry spots in the cane beds are the curious shell-banks. How these mounds of shells were deposited is an interesting scientific problem—but they are the duck hunter's friends, as they afford the only places in the vast marshes where he can rest without actually sitting down in the water. As the myriads of ducks pass over this region an open space stands to them for a feeding-ground of wild millet. When one of these is sighted thousands of ducks at once settle down with a terrific tumult of wings. The result is that the open space is generally too small to hold the hungry hordes of mallard and teal, and thousands of them are crowded back under the "flags," deftly pushing their way between the stalks. Often this phenomenon will fill the cane brakes with squawking inhabitants, and there are literally acres of wild ducks—and all under cover.

Naturally the hunter who is concealed in this covered ambush—a trap set by Nature herself—has an easy time bagging game. The fowls rise in alarm, but the well-nigh solid cover of verdure and the thickness of jungle render their wings almost useless, and the hunters can beat them down with clubs and, in many instances, grab them by the legs, bagging them alive and unharmed. If the growth is not dense he will use his gun. This would not satisfy the sportsman, but the commercial hunter finds it a most profitable way of making a "big haul."

However, so remarkable an advantage naturally has its penalties. The trap for the hunted is often a trap for the hunter. Let him once lose his sense of direction in these almost interminable and watery thickets and his chances for escaping alive are comparatively slender. His first impulse in discovering that he is lost is an impatience to get out into the open or reach a shell-bank. He flounders rashly ahead and the sharp teeth of the flags soon shred his clothing and saw into his flesh. If he loses his gun and becomes so weakened that he fails, the wild hogs which infest these marshes generally make short work of him. In fact, hunters who are not disabled are sometimes attacked by bands of these hogs so viciously that they are compelled to use their guns in self-defense

What a Crack Shot Can Do

ON THE score of "crack shooting" this organizer of Nimrods has some interesting tales to tell

"The best work with a gun," said Mr. Wetzel, "that has ever come under my observation was done by two of my expert hunters. Determined to put their skill to the test, one day I gave each one hundred and fifteen shells and started them out in opposite directions with the promise that the man who brought in the most birds would get a ten-dollar compass as a prize. They were entirely reliable men and were the only hunters operating in that place at the time, consequently I was safe in counting that neither would bring in any birds shot by any other person. They returned separately and neither knew the score of the other. One brought in one hundred and thirteen ducks and his competitor's bag contained one hundred and fourteen. The execution which an expert hunter can do with a pump gun is little short of marvelous to the layman. Sitting one morning in a blind with a crack man I said, 'Clay, let me see what you can do in the way of fast shooting.' At once he sounded the call and four ducks that were flying high overhead stopped and began to flutter down between the treetops. Instantly his gun gave out four reports in quick succession. Before the first duck struck the water the victim of his last shot was whirling in the air. I could scarcely believe this feat possible had I not seen it with my own eyes

"Although the professional hunter usually does his own retrieving there are exceptions to the rule, and one of these exceptions furnishes the most remarkable example of canine intelligence that I have ever witnessed. The dog — a big Chesapeake, with a short-haired coat like a pointer — owned by a hunter at Sabine, Texas, was taken to a little cove, given a cracker and left to himself while his master and I rowed up the wind to a point diagonally across the bayou from the dog's station. The direction of the wind was such as to cause the ducks to light where the dog was on guard; but the formation of the shore did not permit a blind at that point. We waited for the first flight of ducks. Just as they were dipping into the cove the dog sprang out of his hiding place, leaped into the air and barked furiously. Instantly the ducks paused in their flight — then suddenly wheeled about and made straight for our blind. Two minutes later they were in our game-bag. The dog retreated into the bushes as quickly as he had appeared. For hours he repeated this manœuvre until the day's flight of birds was over Then we rowed back to his point and took him into the boat. 'He works this game for me day after day,' said my companion, 'and he has never once flunked or deserted.'

"Some hunters spoil enough shooting to satisfy any reasonable man and incidentally kill more birds than they know or get. Let me illustrate this by an incident that occurred at Lost Lake — one of the few inland sheets of water that has wild celery beds and, consequently, is frequented by canvasbacks In company with the hunter and the dog I have just mentioned I started out for this place on a day that was ideal for shooting. As we approached we heard a constant fusillade of duck guns. 'Those fellows,' remarked my companion, 'are spoiling the shooting, but I'll show you what can be done with a good dog without firing a shot' Overtaking the hunters they showed us three birds — all they had bagged. Pulling into the celery patch over which they had been shooting, my friend left me for a few minutes and started out on a 'still hunt' with the dog Not a shot was fired; but when he returned he was loaded down with nineteen fine canvasbacks. 'Those greenhorns,' grumbled the hunter, 'don't know a dead duck from a live one unless it falls into clear water — but the old dog does!'"

Prospecting for game is followed as persistently as prospecting for minerals. The location of new preserves is made necessary by both natural and artificial conditions; by changes in the country itself and in the laws of states and countries restricting the killing of birds and animals. The recent stringent national game law, now in its second year of enforcement, has driven the commercial hunter to cross the border into old Mexico, and it is from this region that a large share of the game now comes

The head of an organization of hunters is prepared to fill an order for a certain kind of game with practically the same certainty that the packing-house is able to respond to a call for hams or for "prime quarters of beef."

The "Great Thicket" of Texas, that stretches for forty miles from the Trinity River to the Gulf of Mexico, is an unfailing preserve for bear. The hunters of this region are depended upon to produce a bear, or any reasonable number of bears, at two days' notice on telegraphic orders. This thicket was at some remote period a magnificent forest of standing timber that was struck by a terrific cyclone which prostrated the great trees in the wildest confusion. Years have clothed this fantastic tangle of giant trunks with a network of vines, making the place almost impenetrable and a veritable paradise for bears Their runways thread the Great Thicket in every direction. Though the hunters may be absolutely sure of finding Bruin at home here, they are equally certain that if they fail to put a speedy end to any bear which they attack, their own chances for getting out of the battle alive are very small, as retreat in the Great Thicket is practically impossible. The hunters generally go after bear with a pack of a dozen or fifteen dogs, and if they finish the hunt without losing a third of them, the result is considered very fortunate. These dogs are of an ordinary native variety, hardy, courageous and inexpensive. Their training is a severe one, excepting when their master is fortunate enough to have a captive bear. In this case the young dogs are set upon the captive bear, and very soon learn to nip his hind quarters instead of attacking him in front. When the wisdom of this manœuvre is once learned it is never forgotten, and the training of the "bear dog" is then considered complete. Where the young dog must get his experience in the woods, two or three old dogs, who are veteran fighters, are always the leaders of the pack and act as teachers to the novices who are wise enough to learn by example.

Beyond all question the wild turkey is the king of American game birds — the most magnificent in appearance and the hardest to shoot. A certain peculiarity of wild turkey hunting renders it one of the most perilous outdoor sports. This danger arises from the fact that the hunter must call his game to him while he is securely hid in the top of a fallen tree. Any hunter who is able to give the call well enough to deceive a wild turkey may depend upon it that another hunter will, by the same token, accept the call as coming from a bird instead of a man. Time and again a hunter has listened to this call, stealthily approached its source, seen a slight movement in the top of a prostrate tree, and fired — only to find that he had killed a fellow-sportsman instead of a wild turkey.

The Aristocrat of American Game Birds

NO AMERICAN game bird has such an aristocratic patronage as the wild turkey, and certain of the royal families of Europe have their Christmas feasts supplied with splendid specimens of this species. Gobblers grow to an immense size, the largest weighing thirty-six pounds. During the life of Jay Gould a pair of wild turkeys were every year forwarded to him for his Christmas dinner. Wild turkeys are trapped as well as shot. The traps consist of poles put together in the form of a miniature log house, with a drop gate at one end. At first, both ends of the trap must be left wide open or the birds will never enter. A pile of corn is deposited in the centre and the ground for several rods about is strewn with the grain in trains leading into the trap. For several days the birds will eat the corn outside of the trap, but will not enter. At length they become more familiar with the place, until finally they venture inside. But the trapper must wait still longer for his opportunity After the birds have been feasting for several days on the corn inside, the opening opposite the "fall" is closed Then several days more are generally required in order to habituate the wary birds to this change. At last, however, the patience of the hunter is rewarded by seeing the brilliantly bronzed fowls of the forest cautiously pick their way inside for their customary banquet. Instantly he pulls the string which leads from the "trigger" of the "fall" to his ambush; the gate drops and the birds are imprisoned. If the hunter is inexperienced enough to put into the construction of his trap so much as a single piece of lumber or wood that is not in its natural state, he will wait in vain for the game to approach his structure

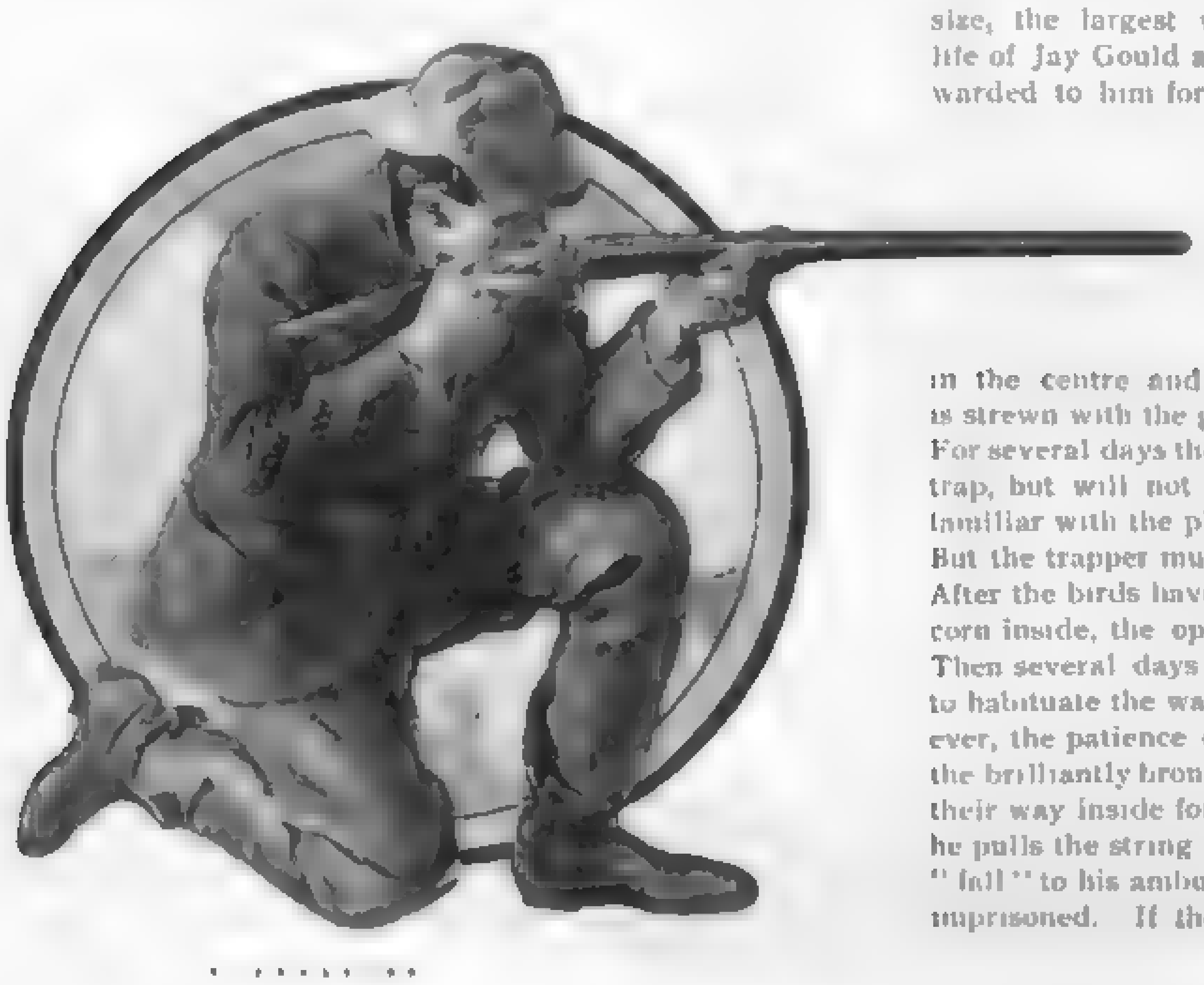
The baiting of wild game is a difficult art and can be practiced successfully only by men thoroughly versed in woodcraft and familiar with the foibles and eccentricities of the particular variety of birds they are after. In the baiting of wild ducks, for example, the corn or rice must be sown in the water six or eight inches deep so that it will rest on the bottom, just far enough under the surface to allow the ducks to plunge their heads down and reach it as they swim about The sowing must be repeated for several nights, or long enough to allow the "news" to spread among the birds — for there can be no question that information regarding feeding places is disseminated among birds as effectively as the modern press publishes news to the human public. The first night after a marsh has been "sown" only a few scouts will frequent the place. Each succeeding night will add to the number. When the time has come for the hunters to begin work they come to the feeding-place at precisely daybreak, and by yells and shouts drive out the game. Then they settle down into their blinds and wait. Within two hours the birds begin to return in pairs and trios, flying high. Meantime the hunter has set out his decoys, and at the right moment he sounds the call. This invariably brings down the birds within gunshot.

A branch which has recently developed to astonishing proportions is that of frog catching. In regard to this interesting feature of market supplying, Mr. Wetzel says

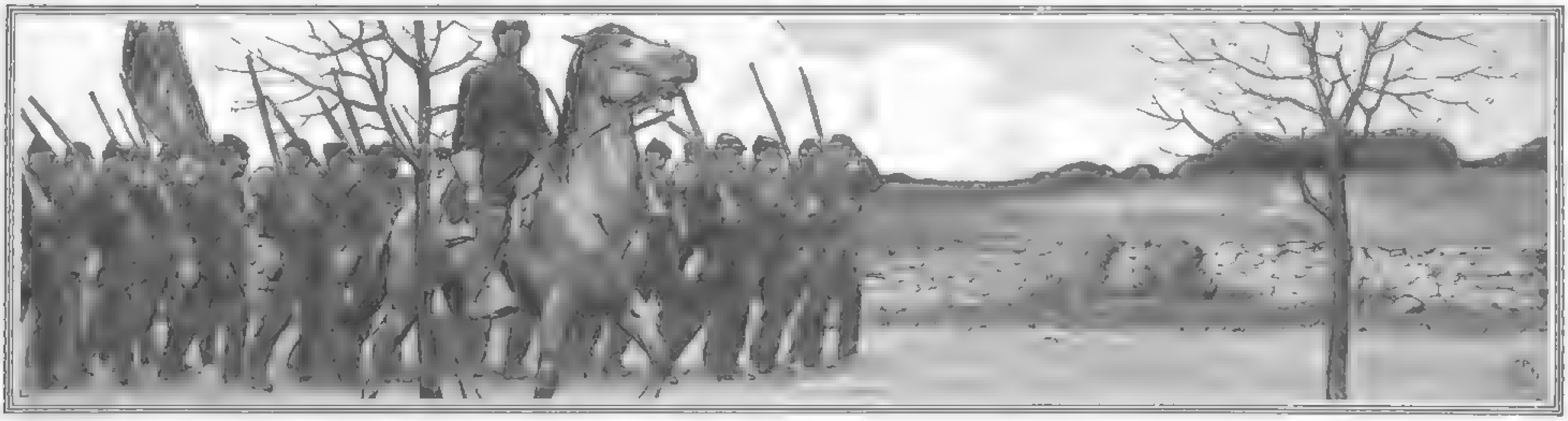
A Thirty-Thousand-Dollar Frog Swamp

"LAST season I prospected for frogs and finally found a locality which might fairly be said to be completely alive with them. These were of the large Southern variety, the saddles of which averaged six pounds to the dozen. When I appeared in the community and began to employ hunters the people laughed at me, and I had considerable difficulty in enlisting recruits. At each point where I could get a little group of men to follow me I put them in charge of one of my experienced hunters, who held a class in frog catching Then, as soon as the novices were sufficiently trained, the experienced were sent forward to conduct another school The catching is done in the darkness, the only implements being a large sack tied about the shoulders of the hunter, and a common dark lantern. In the darkness, the frogs are found sitting on the banks facing the water, and the hunter flashes the light in their faces. This so dazzles them that they sit still and allow the catcher to grab them with his free hand and drop them into the open mouth of his sack. During one season, in the particular locality of which I speak, thirty thousand dozen frogs were captured. As these brought the hunters one dollar a dozen, the community received thirty thousand dollars for its output of frogs. This was unquestionably more money than it received for all of its other products combined."

Not only must the professional hunter be constantly alert "prospecting" for game, but he must also keep constantly in touch with all the game markets of the United States. At his distributing point he receives daily telegrams from every important market in the country, and shifts his shipments to those cities which are not overstocked. Owing to the fact that game is peculiarly a perishable commodity, the employer of a gang of hunters will start out a carload of game packed in barrels and billed to himself at a distant city. Then, after the shipment has started upon its travels, he will communicate with all the markets *en route*. At each point where he makes a sale in this manner the shipment is intercepted, and the number of barrels called for by the order is taken from the car. Thus it will be seen that in the business of furnishing the American public with its game dinner the modern agencies of the telegraph and telephone are important elements of success



The Colonel and the Nun



An Episode of Sherman's March to the Sea

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of The Mississippi Bubble

COLONEL SANSON is a doughty angler, and chief among his favorite fishes is the muscallonge. It was on the evening of a fine spring day that we pulled our boat up to the shore of a noble lake in the pine-land country of upper Minnesota, where for some days we had tried the fortunes of war with the great fish of that region. We climbed to the summit of a neighboring bluff and for the time committed ourselves to the charm of the surroundings. It was a beautiful panorama that lay about. On and outward rolled the blue-black, broken hills, crowned in part by virgin pine forests, in part by blackened and slashed-off growth, and marked here and there by the tenderer green of soft-wood trees. The lake at our feet extended miles wide, for the time gentle and placid; and on its shore, far distant, there appeared the white of our little tents, lighted now by the nearly level rays of the declining sun.

The Colonel seated himself upon a broken stump and for a time said nothing. He was a grand man, tall and broad, his blue eye still untamed, even though the evening wind which touched his bared head toyed now with locks of silvered yellow instead of tawny red. He sat so for some time, silent.

"It's a pretty world," said he at length, "a pretty world. Yes." And after a time he resumed: "It's a pretty world. It's inhabited by all sorts of things, and some of them are worth while. Among these, my son, are all muscallonge, a few men, and nearly all women. Did you ever have much experience with women, my son?"

There was no need for answer, for in a moment he went on. "I have," said he. "God bless 'em! God bless 'em all! Tell me, did you ever have any real, vital, epochal experience with a woman? Of course you have; but I mean the one experience of all others."

There seemed no need for immediate answer even to this question, for presently the Colonel went on: "Now, I've had the acquaintance of different women at different times of my life, of course," said he. "God bless 'em! God bless 'em every one! If it wasn't for muscallonge and women, this would be a poor sort of world. But do you know, the most interesting event of my whole life, so far as it has had to do with women, was immediately concerned with a nun?"

It needed little wisdom to enable one to refrain from interrupting the Colonel at this point. He sat for a long time looking out over our little kingdom in the wilderness. Then he slipped down from his stump to a sitting position, with his back against the broken tree trunk, and his hat between his knees so that his hands might both be free. It may be that the air and the spot and the sight of the little distant tents had something to do with his mood. At any rate, it was then that he began his story.

"My son," he said, "there is no game like war. That is the one great game. It's fierce, it's horrible, it's awful; but it's splendid. When you're young, and you're not married, and when you're worn out and tired and angry at all the world, and when you're schooled as a soldier and have learned that after all it isn't so terrible a thing for a man to die—why, then war is a grand and splendid thing. They write it down and argue over it and exclaim against it, but it goes on, and will go on forever. It's too splendid a game for mankind to forget.

"War, to be war, must show the two sides evenly matched. This killing of savages by a stronger and better-armed race lacks the first flavor of genuine warfare; but when it's white man against white, American against American—when it was North against South—then, my son, there was war!

"I'm getting old now. Maybe I won't try many more big lawsuits. Never mind. Somehow I can see to-day a good many of the scenes of the times when I was a youngster and a Colonel in the army. I was a Colonel, as you know, at twenty-three years of age; and I was with Sherman on his march to the sea and back again. I saw war. I would that war might never have been—that North and South might have remained brothers forever, as they are to-day. But since that war was to be and was, I should not be telling the truth if I said I should be glad had I never seen those days.

"They say that Sherman created havoc in his march. Perhaps he did. Never mind. It was war. Perhaps I did my share in that sort of thing with my own men. We'll not talk of that. What I want to tell you about is my experience with the nun.

"We rode into the town of Camden, South Carolina, one afternoon, just as General Joe Wheeler's cavalry went out the other side of the town. I was at the head of my men as we went in; and I think a dirtier, hungrier, more unkempt and utterly savage-looking lot of men never were banded together under any flag. We had gone far and we had been busy. They were fighting men, those boys back of me, and they had learned what I have told you is one essential to a proper enjoyment of the game of war—that it isn't so overwhelming an incident if a man perchance must die. So, fierce, and ragged, and tired, and dirty, we went on to take possession of this, the next town in our march. There had been fighting, and the traces of it were all through the streets. You could not have blamed any woman for feeling terror at the sight of our men as we came on.

"Now as we rode down the main street of the city I saw, cowering in a doorway, two good sisters of the Catholic faith. They stood with their white-fringed head-covering concealing their faces. Their hands were clasped in front of them. They were living images of absolute terror, and, occupied as I was by other things in thus taking possession of the town, I could not avoid noticing them. I rode up and took off my cap. I must have been a hard-looking fellow, even though I was but twenty-three, for the work of the march had told on all of us. I accosted the two good sisters, and asked them if there was anything I could do for them. Then they told me that they were frightened, that they anticipated nothing except that their institution, the Sacred Heart Convent, would be overrun by the Northern soldiery and all its occupants grossly mistreated. The elder of the two did the talking. She told me that her name was Sister Mary Angela Trent; that she was the head of this institution, and that she besought of me such protection as I could offer.

"You may suppose that it did not take long to frame an answer to this appeal. I promised Sister Mary Angela Trent a picked guard, and asked her to report to me the slightest indignity or disrespect suffered at the hands of any of my soldiers.

"This was my nun, Sister Mary Angela Trent, in her twenties then, I suppose, very sweet, very kindly, very devoted to her own work as it then existed. I was a youngster, you will remember, only twenty-three, but I was thoughtful enough to recall that a great many of the boys under me were of the Catholic faith, and I so told Sister Mary Angela Trent. She seemed relieved and very much surprised, telling me frankly that they expected a repetition of the pillage and lawlessness which had marked the taking of several neighboring towns at the hands of other regiments that served with Sherman. The taking of Columbia was still fresh in the minds of all Carolinians.

"That night we made our headquarters camp in the central square of the town, in what they called the 'mall,' what we call the 'public square' in a small Northern town. Our tents were arranged all about the edge of this square, and it did not take our seasoned campaigners long to make themselves as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. I need not say to you that the strictest sort of vigilance was exercised by the officers of my command, nor was there ever a better-behaved set of soldiers. Not a citizen was molested, not a robbery committed, not a theft. All this seemed to be matter of surprise to those citizens of the town who still remained in their homes, nor could they be blamed for entertaining such fears. Along after supper-time, when we were at our evening work, there came over to my tent one Colonel O'Byrne, a prominent citizen of the town.

"'Sir,' said he to me, 'they tell me that you are the Colonel in command.' I admitted that I was, and he was gentleman enough not to call attention to my tender years. I was the youngest Colonel with Sherman at that time. 'Sir,' said he, 'my household accommodations are somewhat limited, and our resources at this time are scarcely at their normal stage. But, sir, you and your men have been so noble in your treatment of our citizens this afternoon that I have come to ask you, sir, and all your staff, as many of your officers as can join you, to make my place your home during your stay here. I should like you to breakfast at my table to-morrow morning, and to take your meals with us thenceforth so long as you stay. Sir, though I wish the circumstances might be otherwise, I beg to hope that you will not hurry in your departure.'

"Well, what could I do in a case like that? This Colonel O'Byrne, as I learned later—we'll call him Colonel to-day, though he was not such at that time—was an educated gentleman and possessed of means. His home was one of culture and refinement. I explained to him as best I could that we had small resources in our field kit to make ourselves presentable. He would take no explanations and no refusals; and this is how we were in the hands of the enemy at Camden. We filled his table daily, and I must say that he fed us well and treated us better. His wife was a charming and cultured lady. Every time we sat at that table we were ashamed of ourselves, and every evening as we met for our little entertainment before returning to the camp I want to tell you that war was the last thing mentioned in our conversation. Well, this went along for two or three days, and at last Colonel O'Byrne informed me that his wife was getting up a little musicale for the officers of our command. He asked me if it would please me to be present the following evening at this event, and of course I accepted with pleasure.

"Not over an hour after I had made this arrangement my orderly handed me a note, a note from a woman, from a nun, in fact from my street acquaintance of a few days previous, Sister Mary Angela Trent! The communication was delicately and beautifully written, done by the hand of a lady. In effect, it said that so much had my courtesy in detailing the special guard been appreciated, she had great pleasure, as the head of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in inviting me to be present on the following evening at eight o'clock, at a reception to be held in honor of Colonel Robert J. Sanson, commander of the Federal forces there present.

"The thing touched me a little, as you may imagine, but I was puzzled. I went over to Colonel O'Byrne's place and I said, 'My friend, look here. What is this invitation? I don't know what this convent is. Of course, I've only done my duty in sending a sergeant and a file of men down there to watch over these good sisters. Moreover, in any case, I've accepted for the musicale Mrs. O'Byrne is giving for to-morrow evening. Now, what sort of an answer must I make to this note?'

"Colonel O'Byrne looked at me for a moment and said he: 'That invitation is something I would give a great deal to have extended to myself, Colonel Sanson. It is something that has never been received by any other gentleman of this town so far as I know. Your duty is plain. Mrs. O'Byrne will excuse you for to-morrow evening, and you must without fail—without fail, I beg of you—be present at this reception which is offered you.'

"Well, my course seemed laid out for me. Besides, I was only twenty-three, and there seemed just the least flavor of adventure about the affair. I had my orderly put my soiled uniform into the best condition possible, got me clean linen, had my shoes blackened as well as we could manage, and so, making the best appearance I could in my effort to uphold the dignity of an officer of the United States Army, I was present at eight o'clock at the convent where Sister Mary Angela Trent was commanding officer."

The Colonel fell silent for a time and looked off meditatively toward the distant white tents of the lake shore, yet presently he went on. "My son," said he, "I suppose you figure, just as I did, that what I was to meet at the Sacred Heart Convent was a group of more or less terrified, wholly reserved and utterly silent Catholic sisters. You can see it all, can't you? The monotone of the garb, the white frill of the cap, the downcast eye, the demure bearing—you can see all that, can't you? I'm sure I could as I walked up the long walk between the lines of heavy shrubbery which led up to the great stone steps of the convent building. As I entered the doorway the two files of my own men on guard saluted me. At the door I was met, not by a servant, not by a silent *religieuse*, but by a woman, a lady, a frank, charming and kindly hostess. She said she was delighted to see me, and thanked me in person, flushing as she mentioned what she called the 'unexpected generosity' which had given her a guard for her institution. 'Now, sir,' said she, 'you have perhaps supposed that I have asked you here simply to thank you formally, and that your reception was to end at that. Such is not the case. There are others who join me in expressing thanks for your courtesy, and they also wish to meet you. I am sure you will be as glad to meet them as they will be delighted to see you.'

"As she spoke she stepped back a little, with a sort of half-broken gesture toward the great stairway which led down into the hall. I looked up, and as I am a Christian, faithful man, my son, I came mighty near dropping dead where I stood! What do you think I saw?

"Well, I'll tell you," he began later, rousing himself as though from a reverie; "I looked up the staircase, and there, my son, coming down, stately and gracious and beautiful as any dame who ever trod stair in any court in any land, there was a Girl! She was not a religious sister, not a nun, but just a genuine Girl, and a splendid specimen at that. So far from wearing the garb of any religious order, she was dressed in full evening costume, and in her arms she carried an immense sheaf of splendid roses. She came on down the stair and swept me a courtesy such as you don't see in a thousand years. Sister Mary Angela Trent, in her low, sweet voice, told me that this was Miss Tudie Foster, of New Orleans.

"I was young, only twenty-three years of age. I must have fallen into a sort of delirium. I can only remember how I wished that my soiled uniform were not quite so shabby. Those were the times of war. I hadn't seen a lady that close to me for what seemed years and years. I don't know what I said. The Girl looked at me for a while—you know how women are—and then, at a sign from Sister Mary Angela Trent, she stepped back and stood at one side of the hall. I looked up the stair once more in response to that commanding little gesture of Sister Mary Angela Trent's hand.

"Well, I thought the girl from New Orleans was as near absolute perfection as any that was ever allowed to bless this earthen sphere; but the second girl was just a little more stunning than the first! She, my son, was an absolute ripper! She came down those stairs, and I give you my word she never touched a step at all! She just glided, swam or floated! She was a beauty, a beauty, my son; and I trust I am not too old even yet to appreciate the splendor of that rarest gift to this sinful world, the beauty of a perfect womanhood. Next to a muscallonge, there is nothing, there is nothing in the world like a beautiful woman! Such a woman was this second Girl who came down the stairs, and courtesied to me, looked me in the face—set me distracted; and then took her place by the Girl from New Orleans. Sister Mary Angela Trent introduced her to me as Miss Sallie Paxton, from Baltimore. Then she looked up the stair once more.

"I'm not going to try to tell you what it was. I am dazed and confused over it even to-day; but the truth is that there walked, swam or floated down those blessed stairs of the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Camden some thirty or forty of the most absolutely stunning American girls that ever were seen or heard of! They were dressed within an inch of their lives, every one of them in full evening togs. They wore jewels and flowers, and silks and laces, until my head swam at the spectacle. If this was war, I thought, then war was the most blessed occupation that a young Colonel in the army ever did embrace.

"Think of it! Here we were in the heart of the enemy's country, in the middle of the most devastating march ever known in the history of military operations. We were in the centre of a population which hated us with the bitterness of bravery and of despair. We were making this land one of poverty and ruin. And yet here, right in the middle of all this, in the face of all our natural expectations, was this quiet, sweet, beautiful little scene of lovely young women, dressed as though for some social function, and comporting themselves with a gentleness and sweetness which suggested anything else on earth than war. My boy, I sit here, and I think of that——" The Colonel's lip trembled, and his eye winked a time or two.

"Well, that was what Sister Mary Angela Trent did for me. Her convent was a school for young ladies. There were girls there from the best families of every city south of the Ohio; aristocratic beauties from Louisiana, Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, Kentucky—absolutely the best families of the entire South had their daughters in that school. My recollection is that there were one or two girls from New York City—of one at least I am sure.

"I was there alone, the only man in that assemblage. Maybe they hadn't seen any young gentlemen for quite a while. If they were one fortieth as glad to see me as I was to meet them, then my life has not been wholly misspent. After I came to my senses, and sort of got on my feet again, I did the best I could to comport myself as an officer and a gentleman. I could not make love to all of them at once, but I did the best I could. I thanked Sister Mary Angela Trent again and again, and then I'd go back yet again and thank her once more. I told her I was the prisoner. The war between the South and the North was all over right then, so far as I was concerned. I never did enjoy a single battle after that night.

"At last it came to an end somehow, and I had to go. It was like leaving Heaven, but I had to get back to duty. And then came out another interesting little feature of the occasion. Every one of those girls had from five to fifty letters which she brought to me and begged me to take into my own personal care! You must remember that this was the time of war. Our lines were tightly drawn about all this district, and letters were not allowed to pass outside. It might have been taking just a little advantage of me for these young women to bring their sealed correspondence to me to deliver beyond the Yankee lines, but what could I do? 'Young ladies,' I said to them, 'I am going to take your letters and see that they go through. That shall be my first concern in our military campaign. All I ask of you is to remember that we have met here as friends for a little while to-night. If there is in any one of these letters any information concerning the numbers or disposition of our forces here, I want to ask you—not command you, but ask you—not to give me that letter to carry out. You ought not to make public any advices properly to be kept private.'

"There wasn't a girl who didn't blush, but there wasn't a letter recalled from the bundle; and I want to say that so far as any of us could ever tell, those Southern girls kept absolute faith with the Yankee Colonel. I carried the letters out and I saw them through the lines. I have reason to believe that every one of them reached its destination, and I do believe that that was, from all points of view, the most remarkable bundle of correspondence that Uncle Sam ever engaged to deliver! There never was a mail sack like that which was filled from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and I always wondered if Sister Mary Angela Trent knew."

The Colonel paused again. He was feeling in his pocket for a match. He rumpled his gray hair with one hand and sat staring out for quite a while before he went on after the last break in his story.

"Well, that is years ago," said he, sighing. "I'm old now. Maybe, as I said, I won't try many more big lawsuits. Never mind. I came up from the common people. Nobody gave me a start, and though I was a Colonel at twenty-three, I don't brag about it. Never mind. These things happened as I tell you. How many years ago? Well, a good many. Now, I'll tell you the rest of my story. You haven't heard the best part of it

"This last winter I went down to Georgia and South Carolina. I was at Charleston. If there is on the face of the inhabited globe a truly aristocratic population, it's that which exists on that little strip of land near Charleston, about forty miles up and down the coast and six or seven miles back inland. Those people there came in the early days of America from the best nobility of France and England. They have had their legends and traditions and that sort of thing right along. They were fighters, a good many of them, and they took the war rather hard. They are fighting a little of the war down there yet perhaps; but quite as I found a place at a Southerner's table when I was the head of the occupying column in Camden, so I found place at the table of new friends forty years later in the city of Charleston. They came and took me away from my hotel and into their homes. I went to church one day and heard the most eloquent sermon I ever heard in my life. After the services they introduced me to the rector. I said to him 'I'm pretty much of a barbarian, Doctor Renshaw; maybe I haven't been as good a man as I ought to have been, though I have always been too busy to think much about it one way or the other—but I just want to say to you, sir, that the sweetest and most touching thing in my life happened to me

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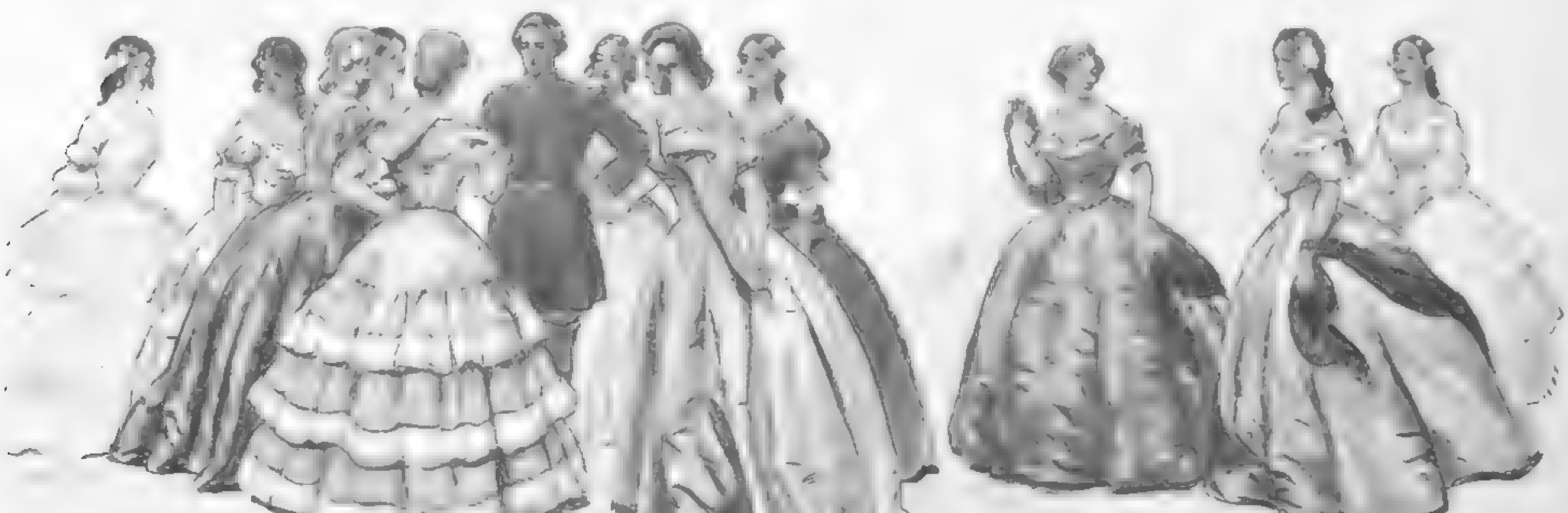

"I AM DAZED AND CONFUSED OVER IT EVEN TO-DAY"

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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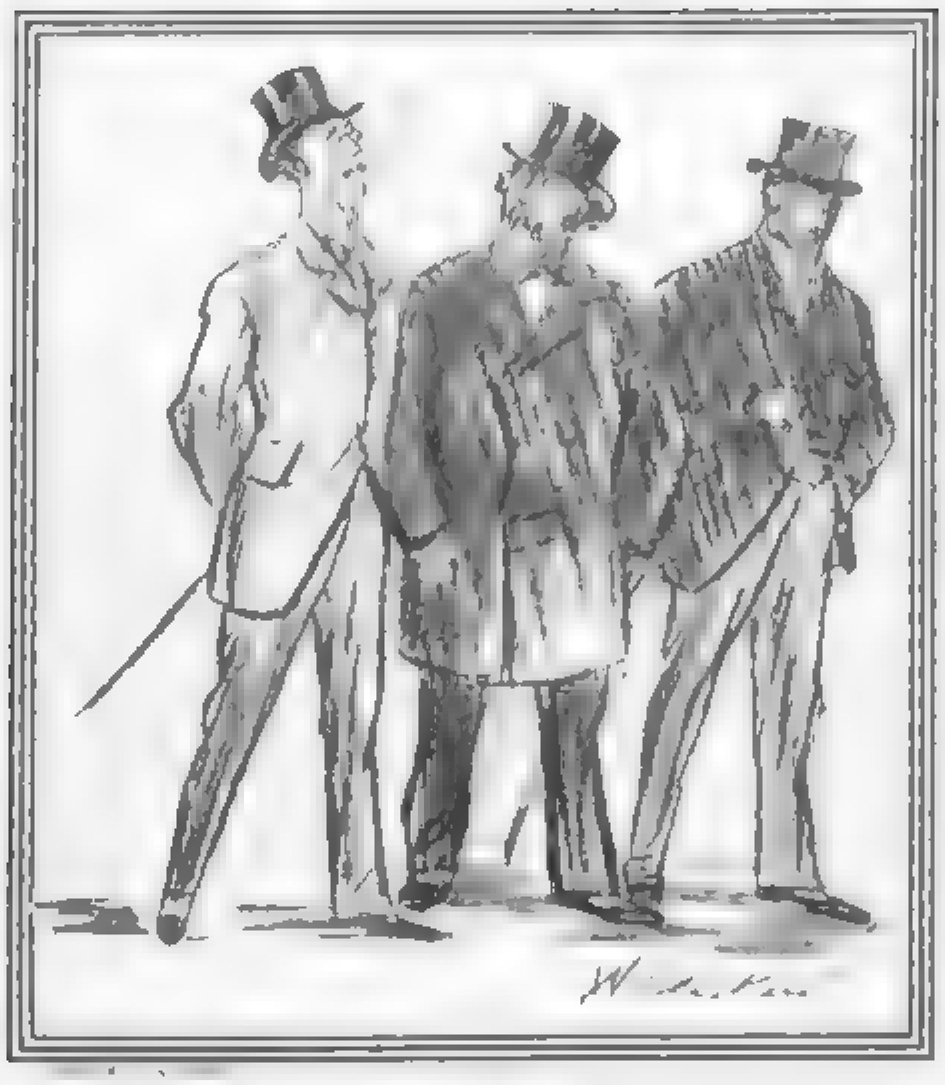


"BUT I SAY, FATHER, IT ISN'T A MESS OF POTTAGE, DON'T Y' KNOW!"

CHAPTER XV—(Concluded)

"THERE'S one last suggestion, however," continued Big Kennedy as Morton rose to leave: "I take it, you're on to th' fact that th' Blackberry Traction will lock horns with us over this franchise. We parallel their road, d'ye see, an' they'll try to do us up." Then to me: "Who are th' Blackberry's pets in th' Board?"

"McGinty and Doloran," I replied

"Keep your peepers on them pirates. You can tell by th' way they go to bat whether th' Blackberry has signed up to them to kill our franchise."

"I can tell on the instant," I said

"That has all been anticipated," observed young Morton "The president of Blackberry Traction is a member of my club; we belong in the same social set. I foresaw his opposition and I've provided for it. McGinty and Doloran, you say? Please post me if those individuals move against us."

And now we went to work. Whatever was demanded of the situation as it unfolded found instant reply, and in the course of time the Mulberry Traction was given its franchise. The Blackberry at one crisis came forward to work an interruption; the sudden hot enmity of McGinty and Doloran was displayed. I gave notice of it to young Morton.

"I'll arrange the matter," said he. "At the next meeting of the Board I think they will be with us

It was even so; and since Big Kennedy, with my aid, had discharged every responsibility that was his, the ordinance granting the franchise went roundly through, McGinty and Doloran voting loudly with the affirmative. They were stubborn caitiffs, capable of much destructive effort, and their final tameness so greatly won upon my surprise that I put the question of it to young Morton.

"This is the secret of that miracle," said he: "The president of the Blackberry has been a Wall Street loser for more than a year—has lost more than he could pay. And yet he paid. Where did he get the money? At first I asked myself the question in a feeling of lazy curiosity. When I decided to organize our Mulberry Traction I asked it in earnest I foresaw our friend's opposition, and was seeking a weapon against him. Wherefore I surveyed him with care, trying to determine where he got his loans. He was the president, and incidentally a director, of the Confidence Trust Company. I bought stock in the Confidence. Then I drew into my interest that employee who had charge of the company's loans. I discovered that our Blackberry president had borrowed seven millions from the Trust Company, giving as security a collection of dogs and cats and chips and whetstones. This was wrong; considering his position as an officer of the company, it was criminal. I made myself master of every proof required to establish his guilt in court. Then I waited. When you told me of those evil symptoms manifested by McGinty and Doloran, I took our president into the Fifth Avenue window of the club and showed him those evidences of his sins. He looked them over, lighted a cigar, and after musing for a moment, asked if the help of McGinty and Doloran for our franchise would make toward my gratification. I told him I should be charmed. You know the rest Oh, no; I did not threaten an arrest. Our president is a highly intelligent man. Besides, it wouldn't have been clubby; and it would have been bad form And," concluded young Morton, twirling his little cane and putting on his look of radiant idiocy, "I've an absolute mania for everything that's form."

CHAPTER XVI

YOUNG Morton was president of Mulberry Traction When the franchise came sound and safe into the hands of the Mulberry, young Morton evolved a construction company and caused himself to be made president and manager thereof. These affairs cleared up, he went upon the building of his road with all imaginable spirit. He was still that kid-gloved, eye-glassed exquisite of other hours, but those who dealt with him in his road-building knew in him a hawk to see and a lion to act in what he went about. Big Kennedy was never weary of his name and glowed at its merest mention.

"He's no showcase proposition!" cried Big Kennedy exultantly. "To look at him, folks might take him for a fool. They'd bring him back, you bet! if they did. You've got to see a party in action before you can tell about him. A mud scow will drift as fast as an eight-oared shell; it's only when you set 'em to goin' endwise, an' give 'em a motive, you begin to get on to th' difference."

One day young Morton told me how the Gas Company had lodged suit against the Mulberry.

"They've got a beastly injunction,' said he. "They say we're digging among their pipes and mains The hearing is put down for one week from to-day."

"The Gas Company goes vastly out of its way in this' observed the reputable old gentleman indignantly.

He had arrived in company with young Morton. When now the franchise was obtained, and the more devious steps for Mulberry advancement had been taken, the reputable old gentleman was feeling a vigorous interest in his son's enterprise. The reputable old gentleman had grown proud of his son.

"Let us go over to Tammany Hall," said I, "and talk with Big Kennedy."

We found Big Kennedy in cheerful converse with the Reverend Bronson over the latter's Five Points Mission He and the dominie were near Big Kennedy's desk; in a far corner sat a drunken creature, tattered, unshorn, disreputable, asleep and snoring in his chair. As I entered the room, accompanied by the reputable old gentleman and young Morton, Big Kennedy was giving the Reverend Bronson certain hearty assurances of his good will.

'I'll see to it to-day," Big Kennedy was saying. "You go back an' deal your game. I'll have two cops detailed to every meetin', d'ye see, an' their orders will be to break their night sticks over th' head of th' first duck that laughs or makes a row. You always come to me for what you want; you can hock your socks I'll back you up. What this town needs is religious teachin' of an elevated kind, an' no bunch of Bowery bums is goin' to give them exercises th' smother."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," murmured the Reverend Bronson, preparing to take himself away.

Big Kennedy called one of his underlings and gave him directions to have the sleeping drunkard conveyed instantly to a bathhouse.

"Get th' kinks out of him," said he, "an' bring him back to me in four days. I want to see him as straight as a string an' dressed as though for a weddin'. I'm goin' to need him to make a speech, d'ye see, at that big ratification meetin' in Cooper Union. He used to be a lawyer and he's a great talker when he's sober"

When the Reverend Bronson and the drunken Demosthenes, in care of his keeper, had gone their several ways, Big Kennedy wheeled upon us. He was briefly informed of the troubles of Mulberry Traction

"If them gas crooks don't hold hard," said he when young Morton had finished, "we'll have an amendment to th' city charter passed at Albany, puttin' their meters under th' thumb an' th' eye of th' Board of Lightin' an' Supplies. I wonder how they'd like that! It would cut sixty per cent. off their gas bills. However, mebby th' Gas Company's buttin' into this thing in th' dark. What judge does the injunction come up before?"

"Judge Mole," said young Morton.

"Mole, eh?" returned Big Kennedy thoughtfully. "We'll shift th' case to some other judge. Mole won't do; he's th' Company's judge, d'ye see."

"The Company's judge!" exclaimed the reputable old gentleman in horrified amazement

Big Kennedy, at this, shone down upon the reputable old gentleman like an amused, benignant sun.

"Slowly but surely," said he, "you begin to tumble to th' day an' th' town you're livin' in. Don't you know that every one of our giant companies has its own judge?"

"In what manner," snorted the reputable old gentleman, "does one of our great corporations become possessed of a judge?"

"Simple as sloppin' out champagne!" returned Big Kennedy. "It asks us to nominate him. Then it comes up with his assessment, d'ye see!—an' I've known that to run as high as one hundred thousand—an' then every year it contributes to our various campaigns, say fifty thousand dollars a whirl. Oh! it comes high to have your own private judge, but if you're settin' into a game of commerce where th' limit's higher than a cat's back, it's worth a wise guy's while."

"Come, come!" interrupted young Morton, "we've no time for moral and political abstractions, don't y' know! Let's get back to Mulberry Traction. You say Mole won't do for us. Can you have the case set down before another judge?'

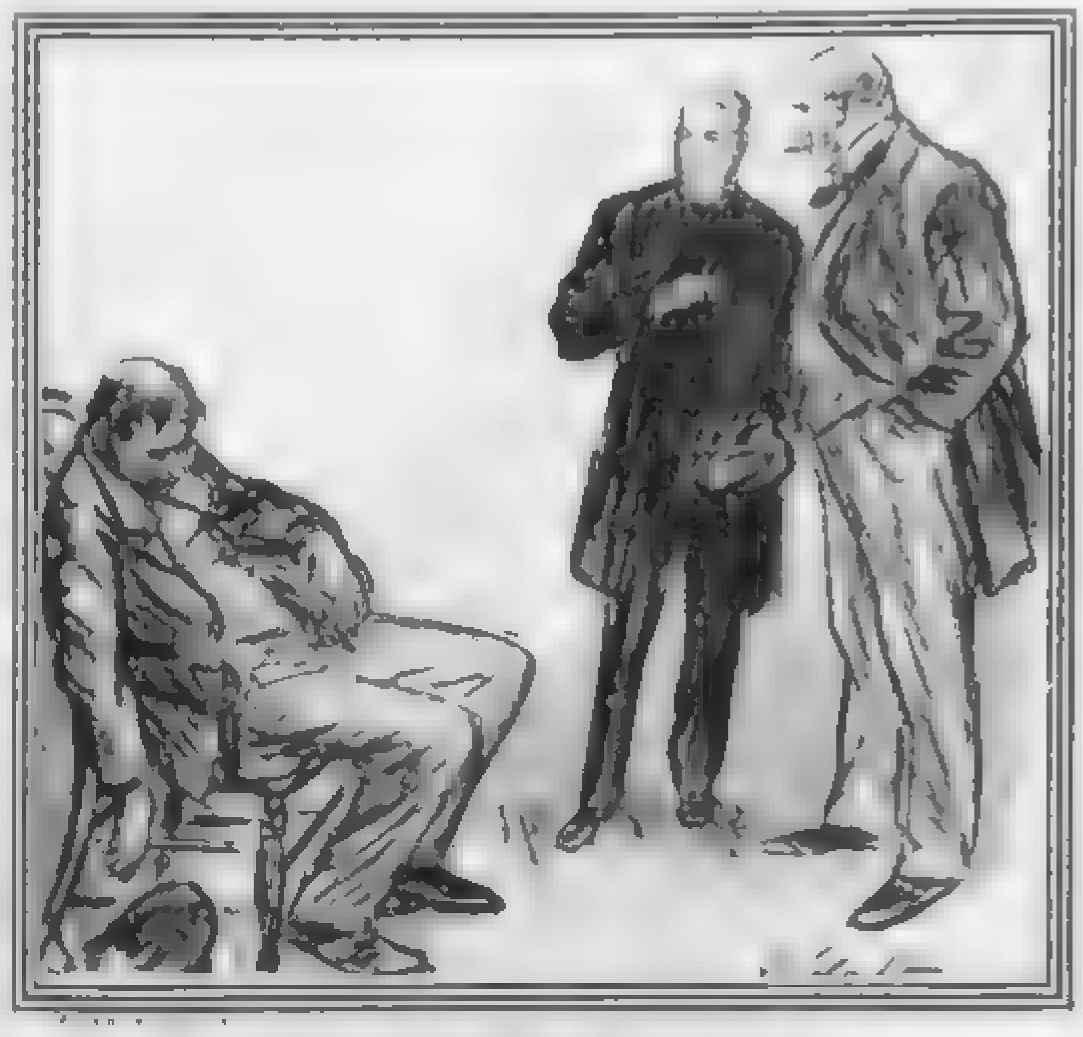
Easy money!" said Big Kennedy. "I'll have Mole send it over to Judge Flyinfox. He'll knock it on th' head all right when it comes up, an' that's th' last we'll ever hear of that injunction."

You speak of Judge Flyinfox with confidence," observed the reputable old gentleman stiffly, breaking in "Why are you so certain he will dismiss the application for an injunction?"

"Because," retorted Big Kennedy in his iron way, "he comes up for renomination within two months. He'd look well throwin' th' harpoon into us right now, wouldn't he?" Then, as the double emotions of wrath and wonder began to make purple the visage of the reputable old gentleman: "Look here: you're more'n seven years old. Why should you think a judge was different from other men? Haven't you seen men crawl in th' sewer of politics on their hands an' knees, an' care for nothin' only so they crawled finally into th' State House at Albany? Is a judge any better than a governor? Or is either of 'em any better than other people? While Tammany makes th' judges, do you s'ppose they'll be too good for th' organization? That last would be a cunning play to make!"

"But these judges," said the reputable old gentleman. "Their terms are so long and their salaries so large I should think they would defy you and your humiliating orders."

"Exactly," returned Big Kennedy with the pleasant air of one sure of himself, "an' that long term an' fat salary works just th' other way. There's so many of them judges that there's one or two to be reelected each year. So we've always got a judge whose term is on th' blink, d'ye see! An' he's got to come to us—to me, if you want it plain—to get back. You spoke of th' big salary an' th' long term. Don't you see that you've only given them people more to lose? Now th' more a man has to lose, th' more he'll bow an' scrape to save himself. He's the softest mark you can find."



ASLEEP AND SNORING IN HIS CHAIR

The reputable old gentleman expressed unbounded indignation, while Big Kennedy laughed.

"What're you kickin' about?" asked Big Kennedy when he had recovered somewhat. "That's the 'Boss System' Just now, d'ye see! it's water on your wheel, so you oughtn't to raise th' yell. But to come back to Mulberry Traction we'll have Mole send th' case to Flyinfox; an' Flyinfox will put th' kybosh on it if it comes up. But I'll let you into a secret. Th' case'll never come up; th' Company will go back to its corner

"Explain" said young Morton eagerly. "What makes you so sure?"

"Because I'll tell 'em to"

"Do you mean that you'll go to the Gas Company," sneered the reputable old gentleman, "and give its officers orders the same as you say you give them to the State's and the city's officers?"

"Th' Gas Company'll come to me an' ask for orders."

The reputable old gentleman drew a long breath while his brows worked up and down

"And do you tell me," he cried "that men of millions—leading men of business, will come to you and ask your commands?"

"My friend," replied Big Kennedy gravely, "no matter how puffed up an' big these leadin' men of business get to be, th' Chief of Tammany is a bigger toad than any. Listen: th' bigger the target th' easier th' shot. If you'll come down here with me for a month, I'll gamble you'll meet an' make th' acquaintance of a bunch of business kings. An' you'll notice, too, that they'll take off their hats, an' listen to what I say; an' in th' end they'll do what I tell 'em to do." Big Kennedy glowered impressively upon the reputable old gentleman. "That sounds like a song that is sung, don't it?" Then turning to me: "Tell th' Street Department not to give th' Gas Company any more permits to open streets until further orders. An' now" coming back to the reputable old gentleman can't you see what'll come off?

The reputable old gentleman looked mystified. Young Morton, for his part began to smile.

"*He* sees!" exclaimed Big Kennedy, pointing to young Morton "Here's what'll happen. Th' Gas Company has to have two hundred permits a day to tear open th' streets. After that order reaches th' Street Commissioner it won't get any.

"'Better see th' Boss!' th' Street Commissioner will whisper when th' Gas Company asks what's wrong.

"The next day one of th' deck hands will come to see me I'll turn him down; th' Chief of Tammany don't deal with deck hands. The next day th' Gas Company will send th' first mate. The mate'll get turned down; th' Chief of Tammany deals with nobody less'n a captain, d'ye see! On th' third day, or to put it like a prophet, say next Friday—since this is Tuesday—th' President of th' Gas Company will drive here in his brougham. I'll let him wait ten minutes in th' outer room to take th' swell out of his head an' th' bluster out of his system. Then I'll let him in, an' givin' him th' icy eye, I'll ask: 'What's th' row?' Th' Gas Company will have been three days without permits to open th' streets; its business will be at a standstill; th' Gas Company'll be sweatin' blood. There'll be th' Gas Company's president, an' here'll be Big John Kennedy. I think that even you can furnish th' wind-up. As I tell you, now that I've had time to think it out, th' case will be withdrawn. Still, to make sure, we'll have Mole send th' papers over to Flyinfox, just as though we had nowhere except th' courts to look for justice."

On Monday, the day before the case was to have been called, the Gas Company, humbled and made penitent with a stern paucity of "permits," dismissed its petition for an injunction against Mulberry Traction, and young Morton returned to his career unchecked of a court's decree

"Father," said young Morton as we came from our conference with Big Kennedy, "I'm not sure that the so-called Boss System for the government of cities is wholly without its advantages." And here young Morton puffed a complacent, not to say a superior, cigarette.

"Humph!" retorted the reputable old gentleman angrily. "Every Esau, selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, would speak the same."

"Esau with a cigarette!" murmured young Morton, giving a meditative puff. "But I say, father, it isn't a mess of pottage, don't y' know! It's a street railway."

As Mulberry Traction approached completion the common stock reached forty. At that point Big Kennedy closed out his interest. Snapping the catchlock behind us, to the end that we be alone, he tossed a fat gray envelope on the table:

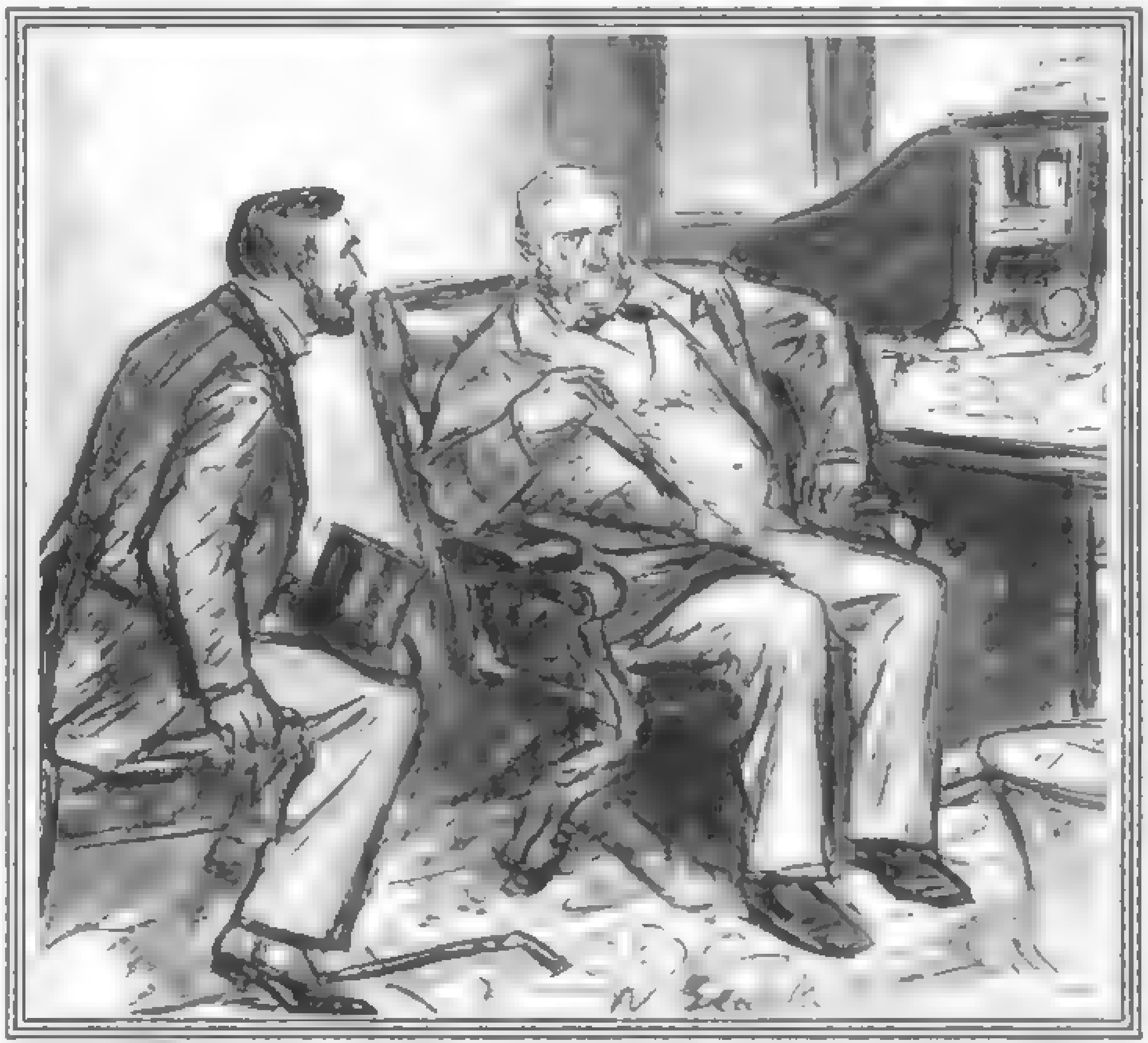
"There's two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's bonds," said he. "That's your end of Mulberry Traction."

"You've sold out?" I asked

"Sold out an' got one million two hundred thousand."

"The stock would have gone higher," said I. "You would have got more if you'd held on."

"Wall Street," returned Big Kennedy with a cautious shake of the head, "is off my beat. I'm afraid of them stock sharps; I feel like a come-on th' minute I begin to talk with one, an' I wouldn't trust 'em as far as I could throw a dog by th' tail. I break away from 'em as fast as ever I can, an' I chase back to Fourteenth Street, where I'm wise to th' game. I've seen suckers put a million dollars into Wall Street an' take out a pocketful of canceled postage stamps."



"IF IT'S THE BEST THEY CAN DO, WHY, LET HER ROLL!"

"I've been told," said I with a laugh, and going with Big Kennedy's humor, "that two hundred years ago Captain Kidd, the pirate, had his home on the site of the present Stock Exchange."

"Did he?" said Big Kennedy. "Well, I figger that his crew must have lived up an' down both sides of th' street from him, an' their descendants are still holdin' down th' property. An' to think," mused Big Kennedy, "that Trinity Church stares down th' length of Wall Street, with th' graves in th' Trinity Churchyard to remind them stock wolves of th' finish. I'm a hard man, an' I play a hard game, but on th' level! if I was as big a robber as them Wall Street sharps I couldn't look Trinity Church in th' face!" Then coming back to Mulberry Traction and to me: "I've put it in bonds, d'ye see! Now, if I was you, I'd stand pat on 'em just as they are. Lay 'em away, an' think to yourself they're for that little Blossom of yours."

At the name of Blossom, Big Kennedy laid his heavy hand on mine as one who asked a favor. It was the thing unusual. Big Kennedy's rough husk gave scanty promise of any softness of sentiment to lie beneath. Somehow, the word and the hand brought the water to my eyes

"It was precisely what I meant to do," said I. "Blossom is to have it, an' have it just as it is—two hundred thousand dollars in bonds."

Big Kennedy, with that, gave my hand a Titan's grip in wordless indorsement of my resolve. Blossom was growing up a frail, slender child, and still with her frightened eyes. Anne watched over her; and since Blossom lacked in sturdiness of health, she did not go to a school but was taught by Anne at home. Blossom's love was for me; she clung to me when I left the house and was in my arms the moment the door opened upon my return. She was the picture of my lost Apple Cheek, wanting her roundness, and my eyes went wet and weary with much looking upon her

My home was very quiet and, for me, gloomy. Anne, I think, was happy in a manner pensive and undemonstrative. As for Blossom, that terror she drew in from her mother when the latter was struck by the blow of my arrest for the death of Jimmy the Blacksmith still held its black dominion over her fancy; and though with time she grew away from those agitations and hysterias which enthralled her babyhood, she lived ever in a twilight of melancholy that nothing could light up, and from which her spirit never emerged. In all her life I never heard her laugh, and her smile, when she did smile, was as the soul of a sigh. And so my house was a house of whispers and shadows and silences as sad as death—a house of sorrow for my lost Apple Cheek and fear for our Blossom whose life was stained with nameless mourning before ever she began to live at all.

Next door to me I had brought my father and mother to dwell. Anne, who abode with me, could oversee both houses The attitude of Big Kennedy toward Old Mike had not been wanting in effect upon me. The moment my money was enough I took my father from his forge and set both him and my mother to a life of ease. I have feared more than once that this move was one not altogether wise. My people had been used to labor, and when it was taken out of their hands they knew not where to turn with their time. They were much looked up to by neighbors for the power and position I held in the town's affairs; and each Sunday they could give the church a gold piece, and that proved a mighty boon to their pride. But on the whole, the leisure of their lives, and they unable to employ it, carked and corroded them, and it had not a little to do in breaking down their health. They were in no sense fallen into the vale of years when one day they were seized by a pneumonia, and—my mother first, with her patient, peasant face, and my father within the week that followed—passed both to the other life

And now when I was left with only Blossom and Anne to love, and to be dear and near to me, I went the more among men, and filled still more my head and hands and heart with politics. I must have action, motion; grief walked behind me, and, let me but halt, it was never long in coming up

Sundry years slipped by, and the common routine work of the organization engaged utterly both Big Kennedy and myself. We labored heartily, and had our ups and our downs, our years of black and our years of white. The storm that wrecked Big Kennedy's predecessor had left Tammany in shallow, dangerous waters for its sailing. Also, Big Kennedy and I were not without our personal enemies. We made fair weather of it, however, particularly when one considers the broken condition of Tammany

Now ensued a great heave upward in my destinies. One evening I came upon Big Kennedy, with face gray and drawn sitting as still as a church. Something in the look or the attitude went through me like a spear.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"There was a sawbones just here pawin' me over for a life insurance game that I thought I'd buy chips in. He tells me my light's goin' to flicker out inside a year. That's a nice number to give a man! Just as a sport finds himself on easy street along comes a scientist an' tells him it's all off an' nothin' for it but th' boneyard. Well," concluded Big Kennedy wearily, lighting a cigar, "if it's up to me, I s'ppose I can hold down a hearse as good as th' next one. If it's th' best they can do, why, let her roll!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Nuts as Food

ANALYSIS of nuts reveals important dietary facts. The kernel or edible part of the black walnut is only 18 per cent. of the whole, of the almond 27.5, the small pecan, 38 2, but of the peanut the edible part is 73.8 per cent.

Considering the question from a purely economic standpoint, the scientists state that the peanut is the cheapest nut in the whole list. Compared with the small pecan, for example, which sells for one third more the pound, the actual value to the consumer, on a food basis, is over fifty per cent. in favor of the peanut. Experiments showed an average of two hundred and fifty peanuts to the pound. The percentage of shell, or waste, was 26.4. Of the small pecans there were two hundred and sixteen to a pound and the percentage of waste was 61 8. One of the most expensive nuts, from a dietary standpoint, is declared to be the almond at twenty cents a pound. It took only eighty three to weigh that amount and the waste was 72.5 per cent

The butternut stands very low in the percentage of edible matter, the waste being 79.4 per cent., yet the kernel is highly nutritious, containing no less than sixty per cent. of fat. The black walnut has fifty per cent. of fat and the American chestnut fifteen per cent.

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

ℭIt is easier to please critics than ancestors.

ℭWorry may have killed a cat, but it wasn't a city cat.

ℭIn buying spring lamb one should make inquiries regarding which spring.

ℭThe fish left in the sea are better than those which have been caught a long time.

ℭA ten-thousand-dollar reward is often offered for the ten-dollar clerk who has proven to be a defaulter.

ℭAn abuse to be corrected is ofttimes a better campaign cry than a good service already rendered.

ℭThe father usually gives the bride away. The groom can usually be depended on to give himself away, if sufficient time is allowed.

ℭAfter his suggestion that automobiles replace cavalry horses, General Miles may be accused of another attempt to wreck the Administration.

ℭ"A friend in need is no doubt a good institution," said the nail-keg philosopher, "but I like the friend who remains a friend after his need is supplied."

A Second-Hand World

THE old question, "What becomes of all the pins?" may be superseded before long by the much more important one, "What becomes of all the iron and steel?" It is estimated that the supplies of iron ore at present known in the United States will supply our needs for sixty years at the present rate of consumption, but as our output of pig iron has increased from 2,897,000 to almost 20,000,000 tons in the last thirty years, there is no reason to suppose that the present figures will mark our limit for any length of time. If we increase our production at anything like our recent rate we shall exhaust our supplies long before the end of the allotted sixty years. Unless new deposits of ore are discovered, President Corey, of the United States Steel Corporation, may live to see the mills shut down for lack of material.

It is easy to understand the exhaustion of the coal beds, for when coal is burned it is gone. But iron is not burned. A certain amount is oxidized and disappears in the form of rust, but with a little care most of it can be preserved indefinitely. It would seem, then, as if a time ought to come when the amount already extracted would supply our needs, without drawing on the mines at all except for the small amount of ore needed to make good the waste by rust.

Perhaps things may turn out this way, after all. In the past thirty years we have been creating an enormous new plant of iron and steel. We have built a new railroad system, a new naval and merchant marine, a new stock of steel-frame buildings, for all of which the material has had to come out of the ground. This material is all on hand now, and can be worked over when the old constructions have to be renewed.

Even the iron that has gone to rust is not hopelessly lost. It is an oxide — in other words, a sort of ore. It can be reduced to pure metal again if we ever find the operation commercially worth while. Perhaps the day may come when we shall have worked over all the materials on the surface of the earth again and again as angleworms work over the soil of a garden — when we shall drag the ocean bed for the steel plates and copper fittings of wrecked ships.

Our generation is exploiting the virgin treasures of the earth at a rate that will soon leave nothing more to find. But it ought to comfort us to reflect that everything is still here, and that as long as the sun pours its stream of energy upon us science will always have the means of making old things new.

Contraband of Common-Sense

DOES travel broaden a man? Not necessarily. Not usually. It has been said that what a man gets in his travels depends wholly upon what he takes with him. And before a man can be certain of benefiting by going up and down in the earth and to and fro therein, he must have a special education — not a college education, but one in human nature.

Foreign travel thus far has ruined thousands of Americans. They have gone abroad with an imperfect knowledge of their own country, of its history, of the genius of its institutions. Nor have they known much that was important about the peoples among whom they traveled. And so they have returned violently prejudiced one way or the other, and therefore more ignorant than when they started. For prejudice is ignorance that glories in its ignorance.

It might be a good idea to issue passports only to those Americans who can show an intelligent board of examiners that they are fit to go abroad; also, to readmit only those returning Americans who can show that they have acquired and are trying to smuggle into the country in their brains no contraband mental goods.

The Value of the Odds and Ends

WE HAVE in recent publications interesting letters — hundreds of them — in which the writers give accounts of how they have done the things that are really worth while in substantial results.

There is a wide diversity, but most of them illustrate the value of odds and ends. This one began by saving the odd pennies, that one by turning to practical use the fag ends of the day's work. The little extras started the big purposes and by and by the hundred dollars was in bank, or the home was built, or the aspiration was accomplished. Odds and ends of luxuries gave way to economies. It is astonishing how many different ways they made the odds and ends yield.

There are odds and ends in education as well as in finance. A railroad president whose influence controls the destinies of a score of great corporations is often described as one who does the work of a dozen men. And yet he seems never to work. There is about him a cheerful buoyancy which makes him almost boyish. When very young he was in the army. He used the odds and ends of camp life in reading. After the war he was ready for admission to the bar. He lost no time even when the cases were few. He kept on reading. He laid in a store of valuable knowledge, and more than that, he drilled himself to utilize his minutes as well as his hours. After he rose to financial prominence he astonished his friends by familiarity with French. They wondered when he had studied it, and they found that while he dressed in the morning he glanced at the open page of a French lesson book and thus learned. He does not tire, because he has a constant change of thought and interest. The idle moments do not bother him, because he has none — not even any for worry.

"Dost thou love life?" asked Benjamin Franklin. "Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

Odds and ends are the small change of time. Save the pennies and there will be no trouble about the dollars.

Columbia the Good HouseKeeper

IN EXPLANATION of the comparative peacefulness of most strikes in America it is often said that the American workingman has a wholesome fear of and respect for the strong arm of authority, and that it is the several prompt and impressive assertions of authority by Presidents, Governors and the like that have produced this fear and respect.

May be so, but probably not. Let us hope not. If order in the United States had no deeper foundation than fear of force, or even than respect for the statute books, things would not be so well as they are with us. No democratic republic could possibly live long unless an overwhelming majority of its citizens had intelligence and common-sense enough to recognize the vital necessity for order, the disastrousness of disorder, had the political capacity for self-restraint.

We of the great democracy must rule ourselves, each man himself, or we are lost. And to a degree which would be the wonder of the rest of the world and the chagrin of our bumptious politicians were the truth inescapably visible, we do rule ourselves. And that is why we do not on the one hand exaggerate the importance of public servants who do their duty, or on the other hand burst into a sweat of fear when some demagogue in office panders to a noisy but insignificant mob.

The Submerged Better Half

IT WAS a woman, George Eliot, who said that the pettiness of women was one of the great retarding forces because they controlled the men and were constantly shrinking and narrowing them. Whether or no she was right, certain it is that a man whose mother or dearest sister or wife is a woman of high ambitions and broad ideas has his chances for a truly successful career at least doubled. There are men strong enough, self-centred enough, to push ahead alone, men who are wholly independent of associations in forming their lives. But these are few.

The vast majority of us need, cannot do without, assistance, advice, encouragement, sympathy. And for all this a woman is a man's natural and usual source. That is why the education, the higher education, of women is so important. That is why feminine crazes for slothful luxury, for social position, for the petty and incidental things of life are so depressing and even dangerous.

How can the man who hears nothing but foolishness at home and clamor for more money to spend in folly go to his work with high courage and stimulated ambition?

Light in the DarK Places

IT HAS been pretty generally assumed that the modern industrial development, enormously increasing the temptations to crime, has greatly increased crime. And there has been much bemoaning the supposed fact that education was not doing what had been expected from it in the way of promoting morality. But now comes France with the first really thorough and accurate statistics on this subject; and at once it appears that though the newspapers with their telegraphic services and their corps of reporters have been giving the world more and more news of crime, crime has been steadily and rapidly decreasing.

How could it be otherwise? Never before was so large a part of the civilized world so healthy, so well fed, so well housed, so hopeful, so enlightened, above all, so regularly employed. It therefore follows as the night the day that never before was so large a part of it honest and, in the broad sense, moral. The day now dawning is the brightest humanity has ever seen — but by no means the brightest it shall see.

"Where Every Prospect Pleases"

AGAIN immigration is flooding in upon us from all parts of Europe. From the Arctic circle to the Mediterranean, Europeans of all languages, races and nations are flocking toward America as never before.

Why? Because the whole world is full of the noise of the prosperity of the common man in America — his political and mental prosperity as well as his material prosperity. And every man who toils in Europe and finds the products of his toil swept into the coffers of king or noble is dreaming of the land where there is no king and no noble, where rich and poor toil alike, where labor is not disgrace but the essence and vital qualification of honor. And just there is our country's glory.

Some Misrepresentatives Abroad

PROBABLY the unfortunate false report from Turkey which set Washington fists to clinching and Washington teeth to gnashing may not have been due to the condition of our diplomatic and consular services. But the fact remains that those services are sadly in need of an overhauling

We have too many consuls who are political heelers, too many who have been sent abroad directly to represent certain big corporations. We have too many ministers, too many legation and embassy attachés who are holding office because they or their fathers contributed liberally to campaign funds. And not a few are dowhright numskulls, dudes and fops, swollen with superciliousness, the derision of the European kind of gentleman whom they ape and the cause of shame and reproach to the American kind whom they so grotesquely misrepresent.

Sometimes it doesn't much matter what kind of representatives we have abroad — we are big enough to overtop almost anything. But once in a while it does matter, and in the consular service the right sort of men can be highly useful to our exporters. So, why not fill both services with sensible, capable Americans?

The International Association of Brigands

What the American Abroad May Look for from Innkeepers, Shopkeepers and Tradespeople in General

By David Graham Phillips

NEVER before were there so many Americans of the more or less rich and more or less fashionable kinds in Europe as during the past summer. But it has been many years since there were so few of the less pretentious and more serious-minded kinds. Thus, though the summer was very satisfactory to the comparatively few proprietors of fashionable hotels, there is sorrow and even woe among the thousands of English, French, Dutch, Germans, Swiss and Italians who live upon the American tourists of the kind that spends a thousand dollars or so for a four-months' tour

This cruel disappointment was not caused by lack of prosperity among that kind of Americans, nor yet by lack of Americans who have not made the European tour. The cause is European rapacity, plain rapacity, and nothing else. The European tour for the inexperienced traveler has gradually developed into a grand scheme for swindling him, for getting as much money as possible for small and grudging service. And the news of this change of conditions has spread through America and is discouraging European travel. Those who have been don't care to repeat the experience. Those who have not been are being discouraged by the tales of returned travelers.

It is difficult for a European to understand the American. When a European is overcharged or otherwise despitefully used he makes a fearful row and the offense is repaired and is not repeated. But the American who doesn't like the way he has been treated usually says nothing, rarely gives any outward sign. He grins and bears it, goes his way—and doesn't come again. This mode of procedure is so directly the opposite of the European's expectation that he can't understand for the life of him why his good friend and valuable customer, the American, hasn't come back to be swindled again.

When an American of the inexperienced kind lands in Europe he is in high good humor and ready to enjoy everything, to believe in everybody. He is *en fête* and doesn't expect or especially wish to get off cheaply. And he is delighted with and most grateful for the unaccustomed deferential courtesy he receives on every hand. He had had no idea he was such an important person or so attractive to his fellow-beings. Talk to him when he has been in London or Paris two or three days only and he will be full of comparisons to the disparagement of the country and the people he has left behind him at home.

Then—he finds a hand in his pocket. He looks along the arm, the shoulder, until he comes to the face—it is the face of one of the most cordial and helpful of these new foreign friends of his. This gives him a shock, sets him to thinking and watching. And soon he is astounded that any European could ever have had the brazen impudence to accuse Americans of being sordid money-lovers. For, wherever he now looks with his unscaled eyes he sees greedy faces, greedy hands, fingers that fairly twitch.

Never, oh Never Again!

BUT never again is he the same trusting, credulous person he was before he caught that crafty hand. He has passed into the graduate tourist class. He conducts himself not like one journeying for pleasure but like one making a perilous and hateful passage through a land infested with thieves. He buttons his pockets. At sight of a friendly smile he frowns. At an attempt at courtesy he scowls. Where he gave absurdly large tips he now gives none at all and takes a gloomy joy in his meanness. He quarrels with the items in his hotel bill or restaurant bill, certain he is being robbed, though unable to put his finger on the cleverly concealed trap for his money. And he is hot for war between the United States and whatever country he happens to be traveling in. He hates; he is hated; he suffers; he is the cause of suffering in others. He loses sleep, he loses flesh, he loses respect for himself, he loses his naturally sunny disposition.

For many years now Europe has been full of these Americans every summer. Is it strange that there are fewer and fewer of them?

If the American visitor stays long enough in Europe or comes often enough he passes out of this stage. He learns to travel in Europe; he learns to discriminate; he learns to baffle the rogues and to keep his temper. He finds that Europeans of certain kinds are much like Americans of certain kinds in that they are unable to resist the temptation to impose upon those who invite it. He finds that in Europe, as in America, a man cannot have his rights unless he knows what they are and has the intelligence and the firmness to enforce them.

But, after all allowances are made, the fact remains that brigandage is by no means confined in Europe to a few bands in far Eastern and far Southern mountain fastnesses. Brigandage begins at every steamer landing—the brigands are waiting for their prey and pounce as the gangway falls. And brigands patrol every tourist-visited highway of Europe, city, town and country, preying upon strangers without interference from the Government, often with the Government's aid and encouragement.

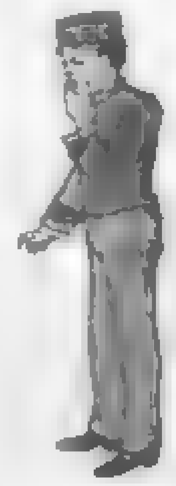
When a foreigner, especially an American, appears, prices at once soar in all but a very, very few of the most respectable shops and hotels and restaurants—perhaps prices would soar there were they not already as high as the proprietors have dared to put them. If the American discovers and tries to get the treatment cheerfully given the native, surliness or open hostility is shown him. If he gives the same tips that the natives give he gets no service, or service that makes him wish he could wait upon himself. And the politeness native shows to native must be paid for handsomely, or he is punished for his stinginess.

Full as exasperating, even to the accustomed traveler, as the persistence of extortion are its pettiness and its slyness.

Extortion as a Fine Art

YOU go to a first-class hotel. In America at such an hotel all the guests would be treated alike—"shaken down" for whatever they might have in their pockets if you will, but still with a large, frank boldness of the "take it or leave it, as you please" kind. Not so in Europe. There, each arrival is a separate case receiving special study with a view to special treatment. And in a score, perhaps fifty, petty ways he will be robbed—the day of his arrival will be charged as a separate day, though he came late in the afternoon; a few cents will be tacked on to his breakfast bill, a shilling or a franc here and there on his luncheon bill, several shillings or francs on his dinner bill. If he has washing done and does not ask prices in advance, prices will be double or treble what they would have been if he had asked. If he sets a day for the return of the washing an extra price will be charged for that, although he could have had it done overnight without extra charge had he so arranged. If he does not ask the price of baths in advance he will not be surprised, when he gets his bill, that so little bathing is done anywhere in the world outside of America—for no one but an Englishman calls the English basin of cold water a bath

He must get a specimen bill for his first twenty-four hours in the hotel, must ask for his bill every few days, must wrangle over it every time, must scrutinize it with the minutest care, or he will surely be swindled. The rich Americans of the pretentious kind who throw money about in public and permit themselves to be swindled for the sake of the grovelings of servants and proprietors have to come to the bill-fighting stage sooner or later. For the bandits grow bolder and more rapacious if they are not resisted.



The other day an American who knew a little something about prices and practices in Europe went into one of the most famous of the first-class restaurants of Paris—one within sight of the Madeleine. As he ordered in English to a head waiter who realized that he was an American, and as he had not been in that particular restaurant for several years, and then infrequently, the management saw, or thought it saw, a chance.

As you may suspect from what has been said above, if you don't happen to know it from experience, the important person in a European hotel or restaurant is the man or woman who makes out the bill. Usually it is the proprietor or his wife. But sometimes the proprietor has no wife and feels that his mind is not subtle enough for the great work. In this particular restaurant—a fashionable establishment, mind you, where thousands of famous people dine from time to time—the proprietor himself does the petty plucking. As the American aforesaid was in a bit of a hurry to get away to the theatre with his companion he ordered a small dinner. The bill, including a $2.50 bottle of Bordeaux, should have been about twenty five francs.

When it was presented, something in the waiter's bland face, something in the pair of eager eyes gazing dreamily in that direction from behind the cash desk made the American say to his companion: "I suspect that this bill is going to be a work of art"

A Price for Every Customer

BUT he was fairly startled when he saw the total—sixty francs! And the wine and the main dish were unchangeable, because their prices were marked on the cards presented in advance. With an ingenuity born of the desperation of a crafty mind working on a dull day well into the dull season, the proprietor had taken items which should have come to eight or nine francs and had inflated them to bear more than five times that amount.

The American, through admiration rather than through anger, studied the bill carefully. In detail it was perfect No single item seemed outrageous, yet there was the scandalous total. Nothing is idler than generalities of criticism.

To be at all effective criticism must be pointedly, sharply detailed. The American paid the bill. The next night but one a French acquaintance of his ordered precisely the same dinner in the same restaurant, and got it for twenty-two francs. He complained of it as excessive and the proprietor took three francs off the price of the wine. Thus, his bill was less than one-third the American's bill.

But this is a small instance. Nor are these things done in Paris alone. It is London and Constantinople. It is Berlin and Rome. It is St. Petersburg and Madrid. It is grand continental, international brigandage. And it is gradually estopping Americans from going abroad.

In fashionable shops there is one price for the native, another somewhat higher for the experienced traveler, a third for the American, whether experienced or inexperienced. If the price happens to be marked on the article, often the clerk pleads that it is a mistake. Or, failing that, he shows that the quality of the article is poor and offers another of alleged better quality at an "American" price. But usually the bandits have no trouble with Americans. They pay if they must have whatever the thing may happen to be—a dinner or a dress. They pay, and they don't come again; or, if they do come, they buy as little as possible.

It has long been recognized in criminology that the criminal conceives a violent hatred for his intended victim and will plot a revenge upon him if he by chance escapes, even though the escape was unconscious. So it is with the European bandits. Their dislike for those by whom they live and upon whom they prey is disguised beneath a veneer of servile politeness that causes the experienced to shudder. It is like the playfulness of the cat with the captive mouse, like the feasting of the missionary by the cannibal king who purposes to eat him.

In England and Germany and other northern countries where the bandits are more brutal and less adroit, the hostile attitude, soon discovered, frightens some Americans, angers others, fills others—they perhaps the most numerous—with a longing to placate at any cost the causeless hatred. In France, Italy and other Southern countries where the bandits, even though they be Germans by birth, are subtle, smooth and as searching and thorough as the best stilettos, one feels as if he were walking on a thin crust of flower-bed over a seething volcano.

In Switzerland—there the bandits are now so bold and open that there is vague talk of government interference to check them. They have made of the most beautiful country in the world a place where only the traveler willing and able to buy peace at any price can journey without feeling somewhat as if he were in the torture chamber of a prison. It is not the innate depravity of the Swiss or of the German hotel keepers of Switzerland that is responsible for this state of affairs. So far as the Swiss are concerned, in their natural state they are about the finest people on earth—independent, simple, free from cant or snobbishness, passionately adoring freedom, singularly honest. No, the shocking conditions are due to the fact that, as more tourists have gone to Switzerland for long or longish stays than to any other country the opportunities and temptations to brigandage have been greater than anywhere else.

If present European developments continue European travel will be undertaken only by those Americans who are very rich and very prodigal. There is hardly a doubt that, if Americans were tempted as Europeans are, they would develop as large and as industrious an army of brigands as Europe has. But this does not change the main facts.

That Americans of the most profitable class for the European business men of all kinds are going abroad less and less.

That, unless the brigands are checked, brigands and honest purveyors to tourists will alike be practically put out of business.

And it is idle for Europeans to say "But you Americans must learn to travel in the European way." We do not care to learn it. We prefer our own easy-going way; we have no fancy for squabbling eternally over trivial sums. And if Europe wants us to come, she must take us as we are.

American Science Abroad

BY HAROLD BOLCE

IN WHAT was then regarded as a reckless fantasy, a prophetic Parisian in 1747 wrote that the amazing spectacle would some day be witnessed of Europe going to America for instruction in science.

To-day, notwithstanding the scope and profundity of research and experimental work abroad, the United States in a number of lines is acknowledged the world's highest authority. Furthermore, foreign nations are sending to this country not alone for instruction, but are reaching out for American scientists themselves, and with offers of big salary and other emoluments are succeeding in luring eminent specialists away. These countries are levying especially on the scientific corps of the United States Government. America pays these men small salaries, and hence the temptation to respond to more liberal offers abroad is not always to be resisted.

A few years ago a boy, a born naturalist, hunted through apple orchards in Southern Idaho for the codling-moth, the woolly aphis and other insects. In the region of his operations there had been little, if any, attempt at extermination of horticultural pests, and he had no difficulty in securing a large collection. He obtained an elementary textbook, began to exchange specimens with other collectors, and before long there opened to him the illimitable field of entomology.

He was a bright, progressive youth with the typical American's readiness in applying newly-acquired knowledge to useful ends. But he realized that to be of permanent benefit to the districts with which he was familiar he must equip himself with a thoroughly scientific education. He went away to college, was graduated with honors, and then returned to the insect-pillaged orchards of his boyhood.

The farmers all knew him and had faith in him, and he was given opportunity to introduce new methods of fighting pests. Within two years he was increasing the net earnings of fruit-raisers nearly fifty per cent.

Doctor Howard, Government Entomologist, heard of the successful Idaho crusade and made inquiries. When he learned that the work was conducted by a youth scarcely of age he became greatly interested, and as this department of the Government is very alert in its scientific work, an offer was made to the progressive specialist.

Mr. C. B. Simpson, the young man in question, began work for the Government. He wrote very little and did no talking at all for publication, but his field work was practical and thoroughly up to date. His reputation began to increase among scientists.

When Colonial Secretary Chamberlain of Great Britain went to the Transvaal recently he was impressed with the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of that land. But one of the serious handicaps there is the frequent recurrence of insect plagues. He referred the matter to British scientists, saying that England ought to have the very best entomologist in the world that could be procured to superintend the beginnings of modern husbandry in that fertile country. Lists of scientists in all lands were examined and their work reviewed, and finally the choice fell upon the young man whom Doctor Howard had discovered doubling the incomes of Northwestern farmers.

For a salary of $5000, four times greater than he was able to get from the limited appropriation of his own Government, Mr. Simpson has accepted service in the British Government. He returned to his home at Moscow, Idaho, to take farewell of his parents and friends, and in July sailed from New York en route for Pretoria, where he will establish his headquarters as Chief Entomologist for the Transvaal.

To Bestir Congress

Acting under authority vested in the President by a clause in the bill creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, President Roosevelt has appointed a commission consisting of Dr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester for the United States; Director Charles D. Walcott, of the Geological Survey; Brigadier-General William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance of the War Department; Rear-Admiral Francis T. Bowles, Chief Constructor of the Navy; and James R. Garfield, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, who are authorized to make an investigation into the needs and present conditions of scientific work in the Government.

The purpose is, so far as possible, to coördinate the various scientific bureaus and to assign to the new Department of Commerce all those branches that might secure more favorable recognition under new auspices.

Acting for this commission, Doctor Pinchot is obtaining from the chiefs of departments a statement as to the scope and character of their work, the number of assistants and the salaries paid. This program, in the hope that it may bestir Congress to more effectual cooperation with the scientific industry of the Government, appeals with especial significance to the President, who has himself devoted much time to scientific studies and is thoroughly alive to the far-reaching economic importance of most lines of research. His friends say that nothing in his public life gives the President greater pleasure than to be able to appoint to some position where he can utilize his gifts and knowledge a scientific man who by earnest labor has made himself an authority in some field of investigation.

Germany is among the countries that are keeping a sharp lookout for available American scientists. Some of the most progressive chemical work in the world has been done by the Bureau of Chemistry in the United States Department of Agriculture. The investigations conducted by Assistant Chief Chemist Dr. E. E. Ewell have been attracting attention in Berlin, and recently he was tendered a very lucrative position with the German Kali Works. This he has accepted, another addition to the long list of American scientists that have been induced to leave the Federal service of the United States.

Science at Private Expense

Experiments for the purpose of discovering improved methods of preserving timber from decay are among the most important of scientific undertakings carried on by the Government. This work includes not only war upon saprophytic fungi—which, unless checked scientifically, will spread from tree to tree in forests—and the crusade against insect and other forest enemies, but it also embraces a comprehensive campaign against the parasites and the gradual attendant corrosion attacking fence posts, railroad ties, piers, telegraph poles, timbers of vessels and woodwork of buildings and bridges.

A few hardy woods, when dead and converted to use, are resistant to the mycelium, or spawn, of even such persistent and omnipresent fungi as *Polyporus versicolor*, *Polyporus destructor* and *Merulius lacrymans*, commonly known as dry-rot. But these and other of the many thousand forms of fungi must be fought to preserve everything of wooden construction from otherwise inevitable and not infrequently swift decay.

To prevent the encroachments of these curious and devastating plants the United States Department of Agriculture, conducting experiments under the direction of Dr. Hermann von Shrenk, has been making such marked progress that the attention of the scientific world has been arrested. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended annually under Doctor von Shrenk's management, but little of the expense incurred is defrayed by Government. Congress makes a small appropriation annually, but it is scarcely enough to cover the limited salaries.

The great sums needed for experiments, which in many instances require the use of big machinery, and new inventions for impregnating timber with preservative fluids, are supplied by railway corporations, ship syndicates, shipbuilders, and bridge and house-building companies. The fact that these progressive, practical, every-day concerns are supporting the Department of Agriculture in one branch of scientific research is regarded as a very flattering tribute to the economic value of the work accomplished.

Nevertheless, the scientists contend that the Government itself should take full responsibility and credit for experimental undertakings of this character. Doctor von Shrenk, who has succeeded in arousing such widespread interest in his investigations, is the Government's plant pathologist in charge of the Mississippi Valley Laboratory, one of the foremost botanists of modern times and yet a young man, considerably under thirty. Before the Government secured his services he was Professor of Botany in a Western college. His investigations led him to work for methods of checking timber decay, and the utilitarian character of his experiments induced the Secretary of Agriculture to persuade him to continue his work in the interests of the general public.

Several months ago an assistant biologist was needed at the Department of Agriculture. His position demanded thorough familiarity with all the birds and mammals of the entire world, knowledge of the history of their geographical distribution, an understanding of taxidermy, photography—including developing work—and the ability to determine, in analyzing the contents of bird stomachs, the species of plants, beetles and other bugs upon which the birds subsisted. In addition to these requirements, the applicant had to be conversant with Greek, Latin and most of the modern languages, and to be thoroughly versed in general history. For a man with this education the Government stood ready to pay $100 a month.

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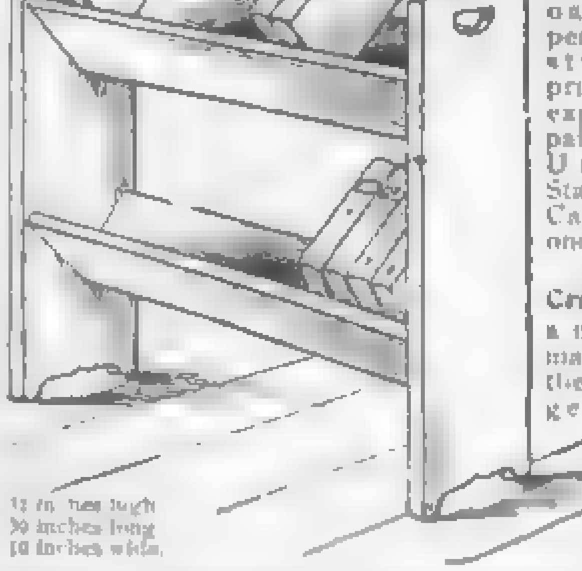

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The Home Study of Science

BIOLOGY OR LIFE SCIENCE

BY WILLIAM T. SEDGWICK

Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Past President of the American Society of Naturalists

IN AN aquarium in my laboratory, every winter, underneath six inches of cold water a number of frogs may be seen lying hour after hour and day after day, as if they were dead. The temperature of the water is about 45° Fahrenheit, and if I gradually warm it the seemingly lifeless animals begin to stir, come to the surface and, as the temperature rises, crawl out and sit upon some bricks provided for their convenience. On the naked boughs of certain trees near Boston, any day last winter, might have been seen brown masses looking like dead, dried leaves which had not yet fallen from the trees. But if we had examined these dried masses we should have found them filled with nests of "brown-tail" moths; and as the spring came on these seemingly dead bunches quickened and gave birth to myriads of caterpillars which fed upon the young and tender buds then just bursting from the trees.

Now here we have two living furnaces, the frog and the insect, which bank their fires, so to speak, in winter, become quiescent and seemingly lifeless, and in the spring grow active once more. This wintering, or "hibernation," is a common habit among many forms of life, and in technical language biologists — students of life-science — call it an "adaptation," which here simply means the yielding of the animal to the pressure of its surroundings. If the frog or insect should refuse to hibernate and should insist on maintaining throughout the winter its summer activity, it would be in danger of perishing from want of food; for the insect life upon which the frog chiefly feeds is wanting in the winter, and the leafage which supports the insect has then also disappeared. It is tempting to suppose that it is the low temperature, merely, which makes the frog and the moth hibernate, for a simple increase of temperature, if prolonged enough, suffices to bring back the activity of the former, and causes the latter to issue from its nest; but experiments of this kind are purely artificial, and in nature the only rise of temperature which suffices to awaken the frog and insect is that associated with the coming of the spring. If other proof is wanted that it is not merely a fall of temperature which leads to hibernation among the lower animals, we need only recall how many fishes, near relatives of the frogs, and like them cold-blooded (that is to say, changing their own temperature to keep pace with changes in the temperature of the things about them), keep up their activity even underneath the ice and swim about all winter, refusing to hibernate. Clearly, we must look elsewhere than to temperature, merely, for an explanation of these various phenomena; and if we do we shall probably find it in the food supply, which for the non-hibernating fish — largely feeding on other fishes — remains adequate, although beneath the ice, but which, for the insect and the frog, vanishes altogether with the first snowfall of the autumn.

It is worth while to consider adaptations like these with care, because it was largely by careful study of just such simple facts that Charles Darwin came to those marvelous conclusions which have caused our age to be sometimes spoken of as the "Age of Darwin." Biologists are proud of the fact that in almost all of the summaries of the great achievements of the nineteenth century it is freely granted that the establishment of Darwinism and of the theory of evolution is probably, on the whole, entitled to the highest place — and why? Simply because by the marvelous discoveries and reasonings of biology within that century the human race has come to regard itself and all other forms of life, as well as many other familiar things, with new eyes, so to speak, and from new points of view.

The Great Phenomena of Life

Consider for a moment some of the great phenomena of life.

(1) The *number* of living things scattered all over the habitable globe: not only the human beings, but the infinitely greater number of plants and lower animals, ranging down the scale of life into the microscopic world; and among these last, the myriads of living forms which dwell in the earth, swim in the waters of the sea, or inhabit fermenting or putrefying substances — scavengers, without whose friendly activity our earth would become a vast charnel house. In the old saying, "A live dog is better than a dead lion," the implication is that the dog is better because he is more alive; but bacteriology teaches us that the decomposing carcass of the lion may contain an almost incalculable number of microscopic microbes, so that it is very doubtful whether, after all, the dead lion is not, in one sense, more alive than the living dog.

(2) The *small size* of living things. The largest are the great trees of California, the whale and the elephant, but forms like these are few and far between. Man, even, small as he is beside many animals, is among the largest things that live, for if we stop to think of the countless numbers of microscopic organisms which dwell in the upper layers of the earth or swim in sewage, we perceive that the average size of living things must be microscopic. In a single gallon of city sewage, for example, there may be ten billions, more or less, of living, individual microbes, and when we remember that from such a city as Boston alone there pass out to sea every day in round numbers a hundred million gallons of sewage, we find that the microscopic population of the sewage, merely, of the cities of the world must be so great as to be beyond all calculation; and consequently the comparatively few forms of life visible to the naked eye are, so to speak, exceptionally large and far above the average size.

This small size of living things is the more interesting and significant because lifeless things, such as mountains, rivers, seas and the heavenly bodies, though capable of infinitely small division, do, nevertheless, exist in enormous masses such as living things never attain. Even the coral islands, made as they are by myriads of coral animals, are alive only at the top, and are composed for the most part simply of the lifeless skeletons, or remains, of the ancestors of the corals now living and at work. Even a live tree, such as one of the big trees of California, is by no means wholly alive, but only at the top, the bottom and around the sides; its central body, composed of wood, being lifeless, as are also many parts of the human body, such as the ends of the hairs, nails, the liquid portions of the blood, much of the bones, teeth, skin and the like. One of the most remarkable things about life is that it occurs only in *small* and *separate* bodies, heaps or masses of matter, such as those described above — never in vast continuous masses, such as lakes of water, mountains of rock, or cloudy aggregates of nebulæ.

Differences Between Men and Machines

(3) Consider also the materials, construction and operation of living things. Here again we find living beings very different from lifeless things. They are never composed of iron or brass or steel, as are many of the machines made by man; nor of clay, sand, loam, rocks or water, as is the earth; nor of gases and vapors, as is our atmosphere; nor yet of gold, silver or platinum, as might perhaps be expected of things so precious; nor of argon, or helium, or any of the rare elements, such as might be expected to be the material basis of a thing so singular as life; but, instead of these, of common non-metallic elements, namely, for the most part, of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. This will readily be seen, as to carbon at least, when we recall the phrase, the "charred remains," often used for human bodies, or when we think of charcoal made from the lately-living trees of the forest.

It is, perhaps, in their *construction and operation*, however, that living mechanisms are most remarkable, for in all the higher forms their machinery consists of independent and yet cooperating parts, called *organs*, which effect a division of labor within the whole — the *organism* — like that which we find in any well-regulated social or political body, such as a family, a community, a state or a nation. Indeed political economists have used this biological term in order to describe the closely similar phenomena of social and political life. Such machinery and such coöperation are found nowhere in nature except in living beings, and do not exist anywhere else, except roughly, and approximately only, in lifeless machines made by living ones — namely, by mankind.

(4) Consider also *reproduction, growth and self-repair:* the special and peculiar properties of living things. Unlike lifeless things, living things are born into the world undeveloped and incomplete, grow up of themselves into adult life, fade away into old age, and finally disappear in death, often leaving behind them new forms, similar to themselves, to travel over the same road and repeat the same story endlessly. No lifeless machines possess these wonderful peculiarities; the little locomotive is not born of older locomotives, but made anew by man: it does not grow up into a locomotive of "adult" form and size; it does not feed, mend or repair itself, and if it does finally break down or wear out, or perish of a kind of old age, as it were, it leaves no descendants behind it capable in themselves of repeating its history. And the same things are true of all lifeless machines, such as watches or steamships.

The Beginning of the Life Sciences

Many of these facts were known to the ancients, for "the proper study of mankind is man" is a very old saying, and the works of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Linnæus and many other famous biologists, who lived and died before the nineteenth century, testify to the profound interest which some of the greatest men of the world's history have felt in life and in the study of life. And yet it was not until the nineteenth century that biology was worthy to be compared in its scientific achievements and developments with astronomy and physics, which were the great sciences of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; or with chemistry and geology, which rose into prominence in the eighteenth century. The reason was that chemistry, physics and geology were necessary for clearing the way before biological discoveries could be made. Moreover, the microscope, the biologist's tool of all tools, was not perfected until the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Thus it happened that until about 1830 it was thought by biologists, as well as by everybody else, that this earth upon which we live had been actually made and furnished in six days, and that man, plants and the lower animals, having been originally placed upon the earth ready made, and almost exactly as we find them to-day, had simply gone on from the beginning until now, living and dying in almost unvarying repetition. But soon after the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century it became evident that if the great theories of astronomers and geologists were correct, the earth had not been created suddenly, but slowly, and that it has had a history reaching far back into the dim recesses of the past; that it was not made in six days, or six years, or even six thousand years, but far more slowly; and biologists, realizing the fact, began to question whether, if this were so, life, likewise, might not have had similarly remote and primitive beginnings, away back beyond the history, and even the traditions, of mankind.

In favor of this idea, at first held almost timidly, was the "testimony of the rocks," and especially of the crust of the earth which, composed of different layers piled one upon another in orderly succession, seemed in many cases to have been deposited slowly, and to have "accumulated" very much as sediment accumulates to-day at the bottom of rivers, lakes and the sea. In addition, the crust of the earth and its rocks included many fossils, of kinds of life both extinct and strange, which seemed to be the unwritten record of an earlier and ancient, though flourishing, life upon our globe. These rocks and fossils rose up and stood like mute witnesses before mankind, and kept men of science thinking — guessing even, as the slang phrase has it — in the years between 1830 and 1860.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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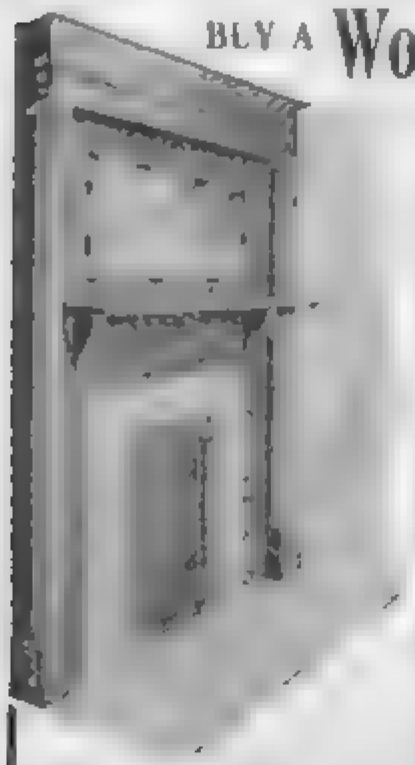

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A Grecian of Sentinel Butte—By Hayden Carruth

AS NO one ever took the trouble to dispute or to apply higher criticism to Mr. Milo Bush's local history it had to be accepted as authentic, however strong its draft on credulity. And like other historians he was fond of placing the scenes of his most stirring happenings some distance back, in a sort of a local heroic age. This he was careful to do in giving a condensed biography of a certain Peleg Bucksnuff who was alleged to have infested the town in an early day.

"This feller Bucksnuff" [quoth Mr. Bush in his capacity of neighborhood Plutarch] "was a man along in years some, though not so far as he might 'a' been. Old enough to know better, however. A short, thick man, like Santa Claus, with an expansive head, hair mostly missing, but whiskers considerable numerous. 'Thought off,' he used to say about his hair; 'eradercated by the heat engendered through the ebbellation of them brains within, which, though domiciled in a cranium of some size, do not find more room than necessary.' Fluent talker, old Buck was.

"The old man was right about thinking he thought a good deal. He was a thinker rather than a man of action, and prided himself on it, though he could act when necessary, too, as he showed when he got up and dusted out of town, which I'm coming to. 'Thought, thought is the stuff which moves this here world,' he used to say. 'Them men of action get the credit, but it's the thinkers that do the business. Whenever you see a man do some great thing you may be sure some other man thunk it out long before. Columbus humped himself acrost the Atlantic in his high-heeled ships, but Marco Bozzaris ciphered it all out before.'

"Deep thinking wasn't old Peleg's only strong p'int. He had character back of it. Sot he was—the sottest man you ever seen. Sot as a Brahma hen. Nothing could move him when he once got his mind made up good and hard. If he started out to do a thing he'd just do it or bust. And independent, too—wouldn't never take no help, nor advice, nor sympathy from nobody. You couldn't safely offer him no charity, though being as he never worked, only thought, and nobody paying a red cent in these parts for thinking, he was always hard up. 'I should 'a' lived in ancient Greece,' says he one day at Shanks'. 'Which you do mostly,' breaks in Jap Bingerford, 'jedging from your kitchen. Always a-frying your pork and sassage in a red-hot skillet, and scattering it around promiscuous, and never being caught washing the same.' Pleasant feller, Jap was. Used to say his motto was 'Kind words will never die.'

"'I referred to the kentry of Greece,' says the old man, puffectly calm, 'that great example of ancient civilization. Thinking was thought well of there. I should 'a' dwelt at Athens. I'd been to home with Sockyertes and Pluto. I'd 'a' jerked the sheet off'n my bed each morning, wrapped it around me and gone downtown and sot in the shadder of the Apocrypha and expounded my system of philosophy to my pupils all day. If I had lived then you would now read of "So-and-so, the great Hellinket philosopher, pupil of Bucksnuff, who flourished 10,000 B. C."'

"'Well,' says Jap, 'because you couldn't flourish yourself in them past days is no reason why you should flourish your frying-pan so like the nation now, and get pork-fat on the ceiling and all over your clothes. Did them ancient skeesicksses know the use of soap?' Wonderful delicate way of putting things, Jap had

"'I should 'a' lived in the days of Perisneeze,' went on the old man, not noticing Jap at all, 'when being a philosopher was a *business*, good as *plumbing* is now. Setting in my academic shadders Alexander would 'a' come snorting up on his hoss Boocephalus to see me, and he'd 'a' stood there a while with his hat in one hand, the critter champing the bit and r'aring up front and kicking up opposite. But now in this crude age what am I? Simply an unknown thinker in a one-hoss town full of heathens. Nobody comes to see me.'

"'Cheer up, cheer up,' said Jap, really touched by seeing how bad the old man felt; 'cheer up—'tain't so bad. More bill collectors come to see you than any other man in town.'

"The old man wasn't always so downcast Generally he was pretty chipper, having some new plan or invention on hand. Said we lived now'days too complicated—we ought to lead simpler lives and get nearder to the great heart of Nature. Mostly he was down on machinery, though frequently he would tell us of some new machine he had thought out and was going to make after all. Got sot agin churns somehow—probably he'd had to jolt one up 'n' down when he was a boy. Took a notion that cream ought to be churned the way some oncivilized scoundrels do in South America, by putting it in a goat-skin bag and yanking it along behind a hoss on a dead run. Asked us all to come out to Abner Blackmark's pasture and see him try it, with improvements. Had a football, not being able to find goat-skin bags in the market

"'Gentlemen,' says old Peleg, 'I shall now give you a practical illustration of a plan for producing butter which will revolutionize the dairy business of the kentry. Here stands Mr. Blackmark's brindle cow which he calls Jumping-jack owing to the freedom of her movements. She produces the milk—well and good. We set the same and through the still snatches of the night the cream rises—well and good. We insert the cream in this rubber sp'ere and then by a long clothes-line we attach it to the tail of the cow thus—well and good. So, gentlemen, we see that every cow becomes her own churn, which seems according to the plan of Nature. Whoa, there, you canine beast, move on! Well and good.' The cow just then starting, and feeling the attachment to her tail she immejitly begun to proceed *some rapid*, being as I should of explained in the first place a Texas cow, three years old and rangey, and not ashamed of it, and now on the present occasion going more like a greyhound than a regular cow, and bellering free, the bag of cream bounding twenty feet into the air at every jump, and fifteen of Al Doty's dorgs follering behind on foot and not gaining an inch. That's about all of it except that *perhaps* I ought to mention that on the third time round, the dorgs being tired out but the cow jest warming up, the football happened to come down and bang old Bucksnuff on the top of the head and explode loud, butter and buttermilk distributing promiscuous and impartial, like the rain on the just and on the general run of fellers.

"After this the old man fit rather shy of practical exhibitions and stuck more to talk and plans. Drawed a picture of a perpetcheral motion machine that you couldn't stop nohow, not even Saturday night. 'Applied to railroads,' says Jap Bingerford, 'I reckon you'd snag on your passengers like mail-sacks, hey? Rough on the aged.' Then he showed us plans for a contraption to shear jack rabbits, it being a long sort of a box business, the rabbit hopping in at one end, operating the machinery by his legs as he went through, and hopping out the other end sheared like a lamb. 'Simple Grecian implement,' says Jap, studying the plans. 'Some like a man hopping into one end of Wall Street, snorting through and hopping out the other, sheared.' Jap was not a silent citizen. If anything, he talked *too much*.

"After the cow experiment the old man got more to turning his attention to far-off things, such as ostriches and giraffes and upas-trees, which it is sure death to approach nearder than a stature mile; and the bluo-gum trees of New Zealand which flop their leaves around edgeways when they see the weary traveler coming and thus euchre him out of his expected shade. He had an idee that if he could get an ostrich he could set her on two hundred hens' eggs at one time. Had a plan for regulating volcainers, too. Said somebody ought to put in a big iron damper, like in a stove-pipe, and let 'em spout day times when nobody cared, and shut 'em off at night when folks wanted to sleep.

"But nothing the old man thought of brought him in a cent of money, and he kept getting poorer and poorer, and the bill collectors more pressing, though he didn't seem to care for 'em much except as they interfered with his thinking. But he stayed just as independent as ever. You couldn't offer him a pipe of tobacco even without his being insulted and going to talking about Diogernes, or some feller you never heard about hardly, and how independent *they* all

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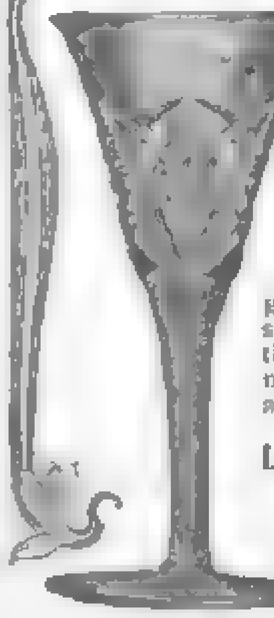

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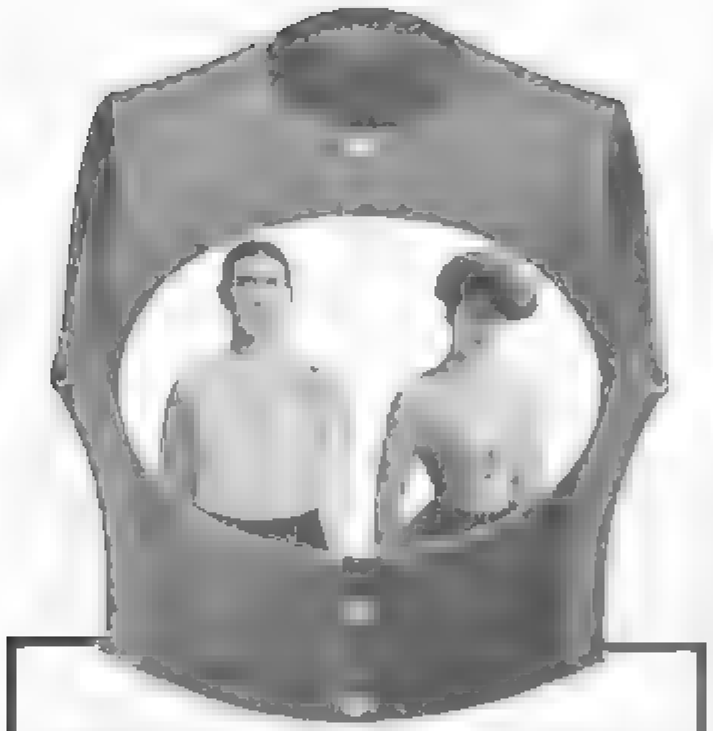

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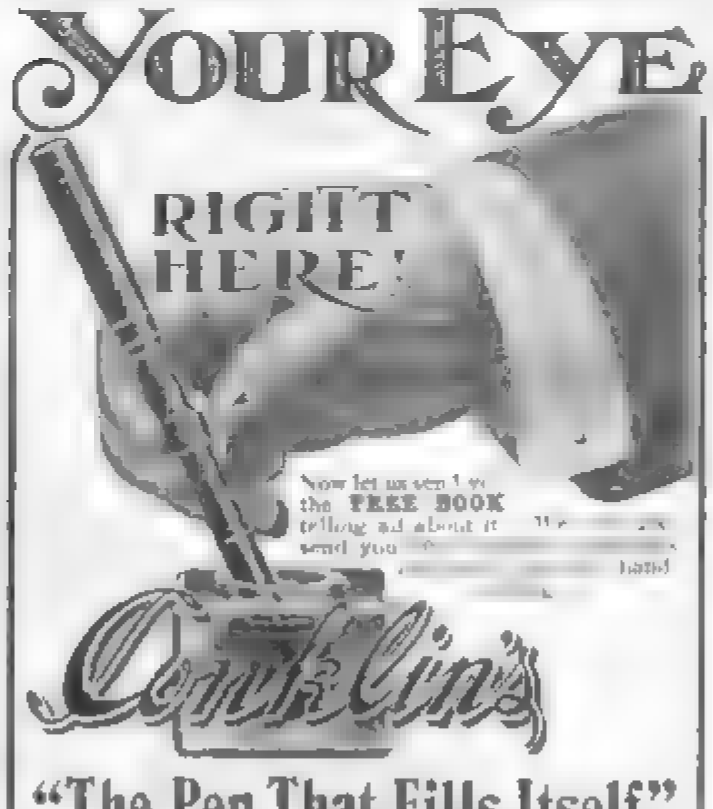

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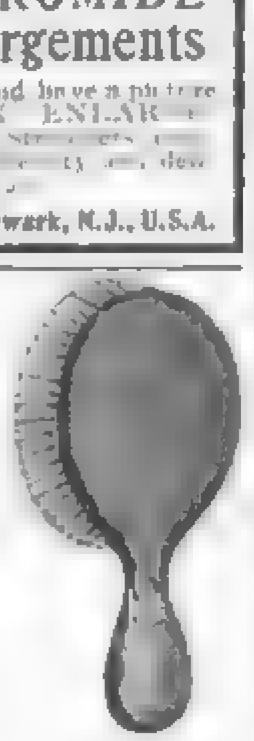

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was a-living in their tubs, and washing-machines, and things. We noticed that he kept talking more and more about Greece, and saying how he wished he'd been a Greecer himself.

It got pretty well along in the fall, and was some cold, when one forenoon Shanks mentioned that we hadn't seen old Bucksnuff for two or three days. 'We ought to go up,' says Jap Bingerford gently, him being always of warm and ready sympathies; 'the old rip may be sick.' So a passel of us meandered up his way. Just as we come to the house the old man stepped out the door with a pan of chicken feathers. 'Good-morning,' says Jap; 'we've come up thinking you might be sick.' 'Thank you,' says Peleg, 'I'm quite well. I can't say how long I may be so, however. The prospect is not cheering. Food is skeerce. I have just killed my last chicken.' 'Hey?' says Jap; 'I thought you had killed the last one a week ago;' and he sort of rolled his eye over toward his own coop. 'No, I had one left,' says the old man. 'I beg your pardon for my crool and unjust suspicions,' says Jap, taking the old man's hand frankly; 'forgive me. Tunk,' he added over his shoulder to his boy who had follered, 'you run home and count them chickens.'

"We was turning to go back when suddenly the old man sets down on the doorstep and bows his head. We seen he was thinking, and stopped. Then after a minute he looks up and says he: 'Alars! I had forgot; I have not a stick of fuel to cook my chicken. I used up the last switch of it last night.' 'That's all right, old man,' says I, 'I'll be glad to lend you an armful of wood.' 'Never,' says he, 'never! I can starve, but I cannot be an object of charity. Do not speak of such a thing again, I beg of you.' He stopped a minute and then went on: 'There must be some way out of the difficulty. Let me think.' He bowed his head again, then he looks up and slaps his leg and says he: 'I have it. A natural way. Our lives are too artificial, anyhow. I will cook my chicken and get near to the great heart of Nature.' He ris up and went into the house. Then he come out with the chicken stuck on the end of a long iron ramrod. 'Come with me,' says he; and he led us out about twenty rods on the prehayrie where the grass was good. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I shall return to first principles. As when our Airieykan ancestors on the plains of Hindoostan, or furder back, when them first primeval stone age men made the glad discovery of fire, I shall cook my fowl by the aid of the dry yerbage of the fields. The breeze is away from the village. I shall start a small prehayrie fire, and, follering leisurely behind it, hold out my bird on the ramrod over the blaze and so roast it to a turn. Behold me!' He knelt down and struck a match and the grass blazed up. The old man held out the chicken over it. The fire started on and he follered. Just then the wind freshened up and the old man went faster. It came harder, and he broke into a trot. Ten minutes later that fire was going faster than the cow, with old Peleg Bucksnuff streaking it behind throwing back a cloud of hot ashes as he kept that chicken right over the blaze. We watched him for a half-hour when he disappeared below the horizon. He never come back. 'Reckon he must have run acrost old Homer, or Neptune, or some of them chaps,' said Jap Bingerford, 'and bunked in with 'em.'

'Is the count of your chickens right?' says I.

'It is,' says Jap. 'I done the old man a grievous wrong. Though one of 'em is mighty thin—reckon it might 'a' been his own a-sneaking over and exchanging it for one of my fat ones.' Bound to be charitable, Jap was, always."

A Cabinet Story

NOT long ago the members of the Cabinet had assembled at the White House offices and were awaiting the arrival of the President who had been detained by a voluble caller. Mr. Roosevelt's courtliness and patience chanced to be mentioned by one of the Cabinet officers.

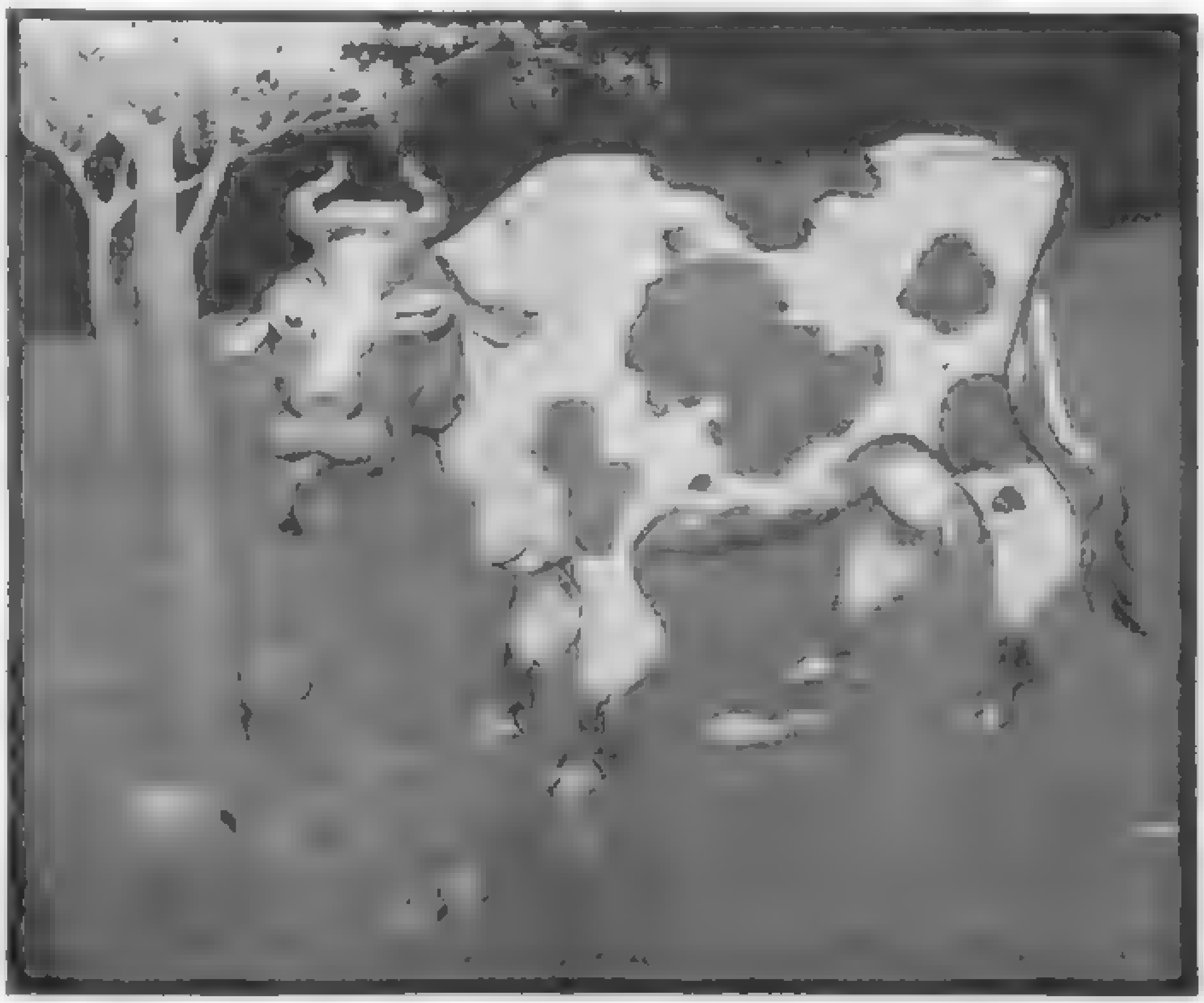
"The President is a remarkable man," said one of the statesmen, "and the polite way in which he will endure a series of vexatious incidents is truly admirable." Emphasis was laid on this because of the temperamental combativeness of the President. It was agreed that Mr. Roosevelt had himself under commendable control, self-mastery being held up as the first necessary achievement of statesmanship. Apropos of that it was pointed out that although a certain element of society had given the Administration a great deal of trouble, the President had not expressed himself on the subject, nor had the matter been broached at Cabinet meetings.

At this point Secretary Hay told a story. The application, he thought, would express the sentiment of the Cabinet toward the troublesome people in question.

An old German farmer and his wife were invited last winter to an informal dinner given by President Roosevelt. It was a great honor, of course, and although the Chief Executive did everything to make his guests feel as if they were at home, they were visibly excited.

Finally they sat down to dinner. As he was about to dip into his plate of soup the farmer dropped his napkin and in reaching for it he struck the edge of the soup plate with his forehead.

The waiters came quickly and quietly to the old man's rescue, but not before he had suffered a baptism of consommé. Emerging from the disaster, the farmer looked across the table and read in the countenance of his wife mortification and rebuke and some contempt. This angered the old man beyond control, and forgetting place and occasion he blurted out: "I vish you vas in h——l, already."



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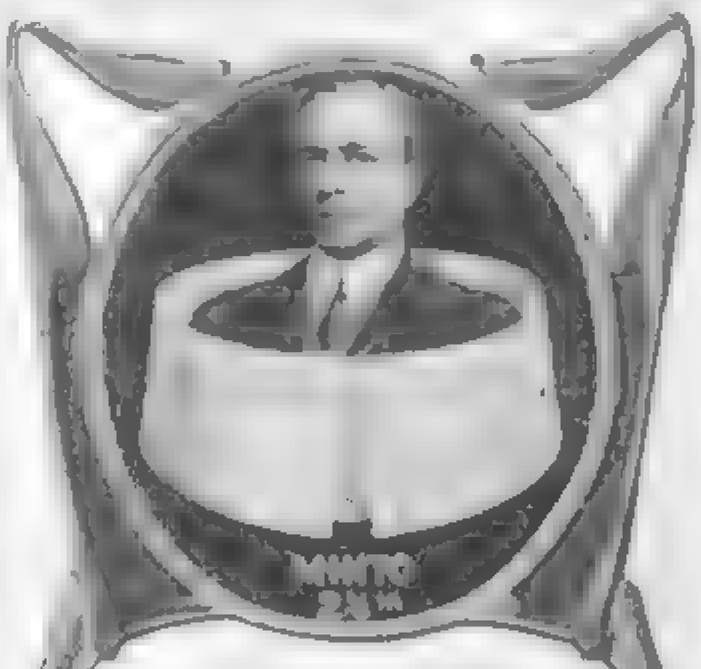

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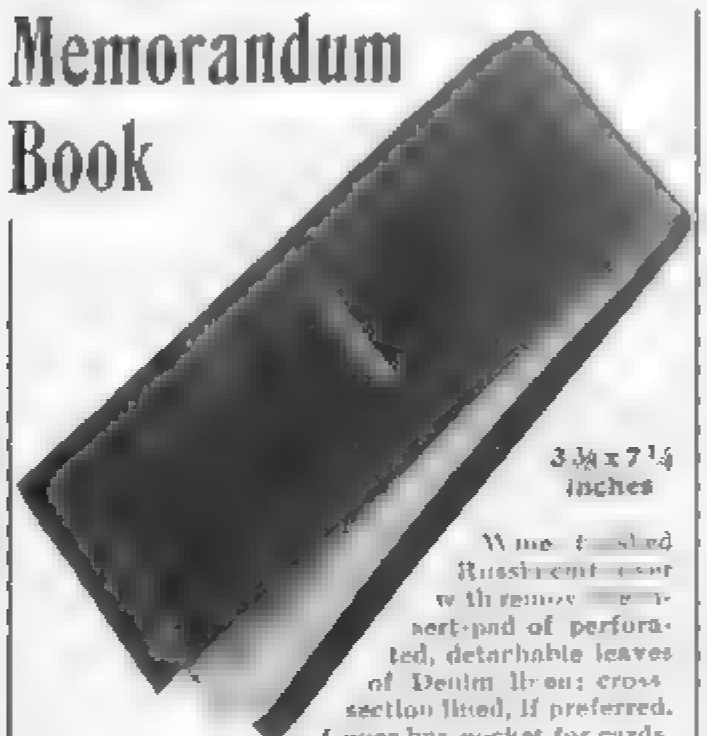

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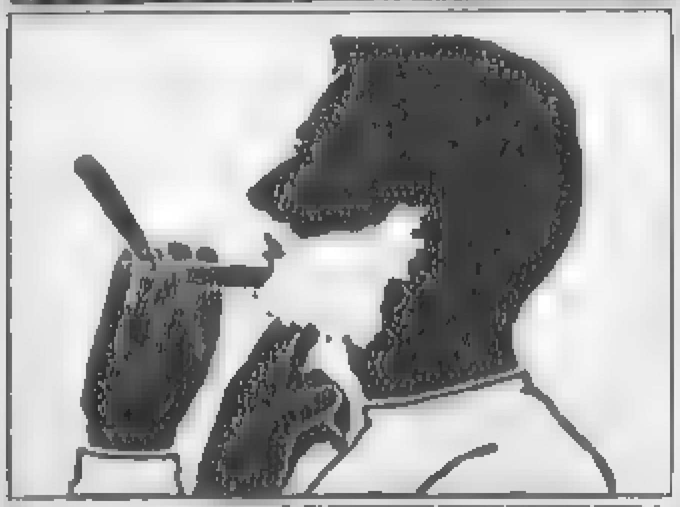

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do this [illegible] to Make Money with Squabs and learn this rich industry Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

The Story of a News Story

By James Keeley

Publisher of the Chicago Tribune

THE night editor has allotted the last column of page 1 and the first column of page 2 to the wreck story. All the other pages of the paper have gone to the stereotyper. As soon as the seventh column on page 1 is filled that page is whirled away to the boy who justifies—that is, who, by inserting and removing leads—thin strips of brass which are placed between each line of stories on page 1—makes the columns even Page 2 follows in five minutes

It is now 12:32.

Stereotype plates, from which the paper is printed, had been in use until 1900 for twenty years, practically without improvement With the linotype compositor doing the work of three or four men, and with each octuple printing press turning out the equivalent of the product of a dozen old fashioned presses, the slow manual method of stereotyping stood at the beginning of 1900 where it was in 1880

The process of stereotyping in itself is simple. Over each page of type the stereotyper places a piece of damp paper, composed of ten or twelve sheets of tissue paper pasted with a peculiar paste one upon another on a base of manilla paper about the thickness of the old-style brown paper in which the butcher used to wrap the meat. These embryo matrices are wet, so that they may more easily receive the impression of the type. In the old days brushes were used to beat them down on to the face of and into the interstices and depressions of type and cuts. Now the beating is done away with. The page and the matrix, with a heavy blanket on top, are placed under a roller, two revolutions of which—so powerful is the pressure applied—forces the soft matrix into every nook and cranny of the page, reproducing with absolute accuracy each mark of type line and shade of drawing and half-tone in the page. From this roller the page is slid along a twenty-foot steam-heated steel table to the drying-table. The drying table is an exact counterpart in mechanism of the ordinary copying-press, only in this case the press is hot and the top of the press is also filled with live steam. Then the top is screwed down and the mat remains rigid for six minutes until it is thoroughly dry. At the expiration of that time the perfect cardboard intaglio of the type is removed as dry as tinder and absolutely impervious to molten metal. It is then shot downstairs to the casting-room where the plates for the press are made.

Eight months ago every stereotype plate made in the Tribune office was cast by hand, to-day a machine does eighty per cent. of the work; in a month from now two machines will do all the work and will do it about twenty-five per cent. better than it can be done by hand. The old method of plate casting was this:

The dried matrix was placed in a semicircular molding-box, type indention inward. A hinged backing, correspondingly convex, was clamped in position. Into this box two men poured a ladle of molten metal. The metal in, they turned on cold water, which flowed between the inner and outer wall of each half of the box. It takes some time to cool fifty pounds of fluid lead, antimony and tin, and while this metal was cooling the men were doing nothing. As soon as the metal was set the box was opened, the cast taken out, the matrix lifted from it and replaced in the box for another cast. Before the plate was ready for the press it was handled by six men, who cut off the ragged ends, beveled the edges, chiseled away the superfluous pieces of metal, and shaved the ridges on the back. Under this system the time of a finished plate from the matrix to the pressroom was at least six minutes.

To-day all this is done by a machine. Matrix making is still necessary, but when the matrix is ready the machine takes it and does the rest four times as fast as four times the number of stereotypers could do it

When the autoplate is ready for business the pot or reservoir contains nine tons of molten metal, kept fluid by enormous jets of natural gas. In this pot is a screw somewhat similar to the propeller of a steamer. This stirs the metal and prevents the component parts of lead, antimony and tin from separating. Leading from this pot is an ascending pipe, at the lower end of which is an

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on the making of a modern newspaper.

Washburn Music Hath Charms

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE WASHBURN BABIES. Major, Minor and Little Pick, lost in the forest. Washburn music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Anyone interested in a Mandolin, Guitar or Banjo may have a very beautiful Washburn Souvenir Catalog (free) by writing to Lyon & Healy, 34 Adams Street, Chicago.

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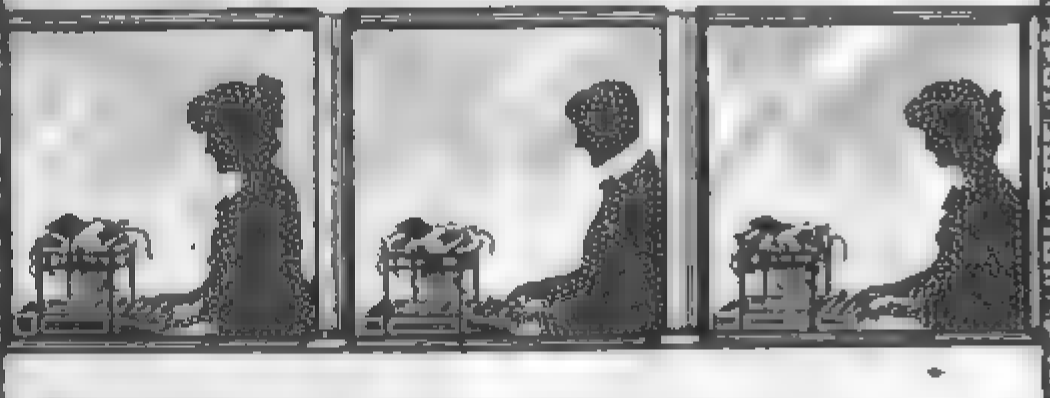
The Typewriter for Busy People



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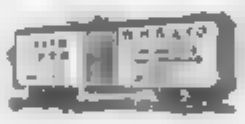

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In TABLET form, also [illegible] to eat as a quick [illegible] luncheon, or in place [illegible] meals. In both natural and chocolate flavor.

Samples of powder or tablet form, or both, will be sent free upon request. All druggists sell it.

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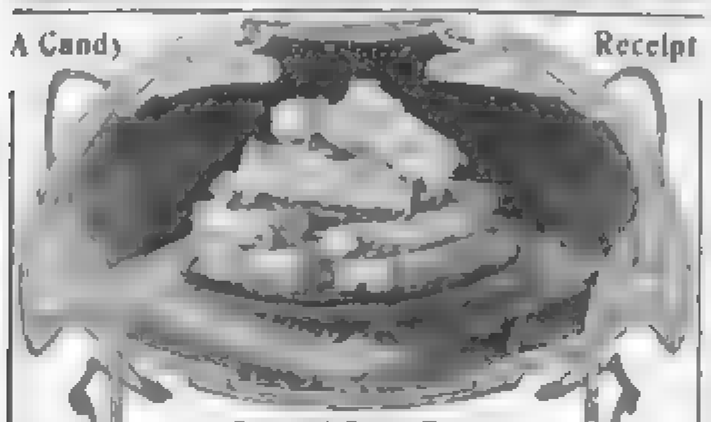

Cocoanut Cream Bars

Dissolve 1 lb. sugar in ½ cup water; boil un[illegible] forms a ball when dropped in cold water [illegible]

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retains all the [illegible] appearance [illegible] is fresh, natural purity, carefully preserved and protected. These trade-marks on our triple cover dust-proof package.

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PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. 2, 150 Nassau St., New York

automatic shutoff and plunger. The other end of the pipe leads into the casting-box of the machine. A man places the matrix in the lower one-half of the mold, touches a lever, and the machine starts casting automatically. The top, the convex part of the mold, drops into position. As this settles into place pressure at the base of the pipe is applied. The shutoff is opened, the plunger descends, and a stream of metal is forced through the flame-encircled pipe into the space left between the face of the matrix and the top of the casting-box. This box, like the old hand-box, is surrounded with water jackets. As a matter of fact, there is a constant stream of water flowing through the machine. The moment the metal is set the casting-box opens automatically, the plate revolves, and finds its place on the top of the upper half of the box. Then it starts on a saddle journey of eight feet, being carried along mechanically. When it has gone two feet it is halted automatically for a moment. Circular saws come apparently from nowhere and trim off the ends. It is pushed along again and stopped by automatic planers which trim and bevel the sides. On it comes, almost ready, and as it travels slowly, lathes trim away the superfluous metal and the rough edges, and a shaver attends to the ribs. It emerges a perfect plate, type high, and ready for the press.

This machine will deliver four plates a minute, or two hundred and forty an hour. With six men it will do the work of twenty mechanics. The plates are better in every way than those made by hand, and, what is extremely important, they are absolutely uniform. The metal is kept at a certain temperature automatically and the same amount of pressure is applied to each plate. This, of course, is impossible in hand work.

What Can be Done in a Half-Hour

We turned over the last page to the stereotyper at 12:32. It took one-half minute to put the page under the metal roller. It was in the steaming-table six minutes. It took one-half minute to remove the matrix from the type, trim it, and send it downstairs.

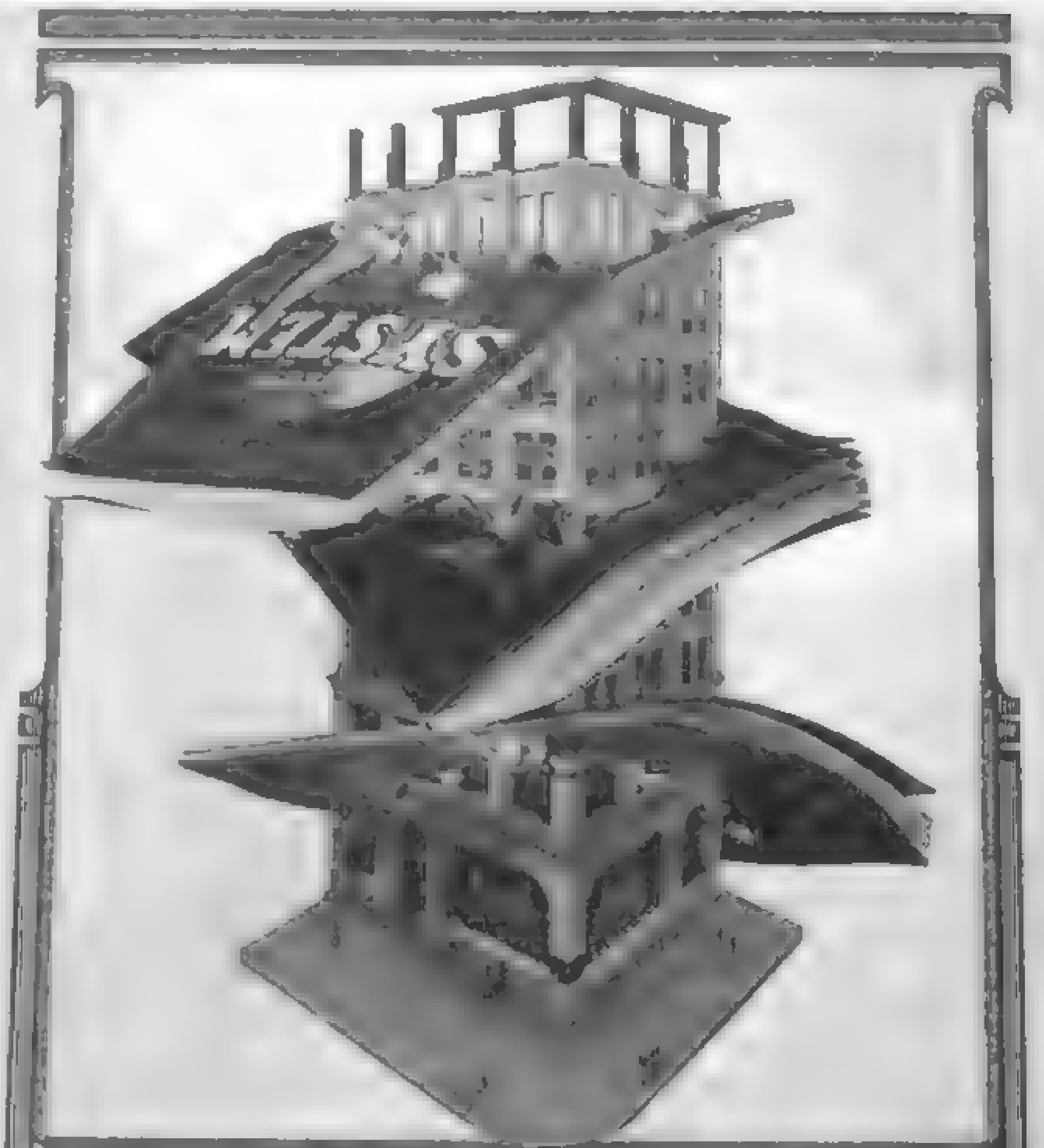
As this was the last "mat" it had a clear track. It was in the autoplate at 12:40. At 12:41 the four casts necessary to start one of the presses have been placed in the cold-water bath, in which it is necessary to immerse them before they can be handled with comfort. They are carried on the run to the pressroom. If we are printing a twelve-page paper it takes forty-eight plates, four for each page, to equip the press. In other words, four papers are printed at once, our presses being "octuples." They have a capacity of 96,000 eight page and 48,000 twelve, fourteen or sixteen page papers an hour, the production decreasing as the size of the paper is increased.

It takes about four minutes to place these last plates on the cylinder, to screw them into position, place the rollers in their sockets, adjust the ink fountains, put the proper tension on the paper, and then our story begins to come from the press.

If things move smoothly and properly, if the paper is not full of electricity, if the pressmen have not placed some of the plates on upside down, the paper will be going to the mailers at 12:50.

In other words, one-half an hour after the last sentence was received by the telegraph operator who passed it to the telegraph editor, who read it and sent it to the copy cutter, who marked it and put it on the spike, from which the printer took it and walked to his machine and put it in type, and then dumped it on the galley, whence it was taken by the proof-boy to the proofreader, who read the proof and sent it back to the compositor for correction, who made the corrections, and turned them over to the man who changed the bad lines for the corrected ones, and then passed the galley to the makeup men, who put it in the form and filled the balance of the column with other type, turning over the page to the justifier, who made the columns even and locked up the forms so that the 2000 lines of type in the page were as solid and rigid and immovable as if made of one piece of metal, he rolling it along to the stereotyper, who placed on the face of the type the mat, pushed page and mat under the roller, reversed his roller, placed form and mat in the steaming-table, where it rested six minutes, at the end of which time it was sent to the man who fed it into the autoplate, which gave forth a cameo from its intaglio, which cameo was placed on the press, the story of the wreck on the M., N., O. & P. was being printed. Can you beat this for action?

Fifteen of the fastest trains that run from Chicago are waiting for this edition of the



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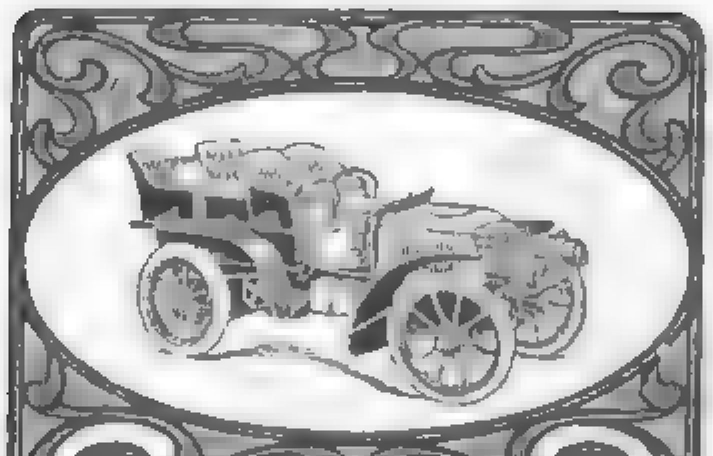

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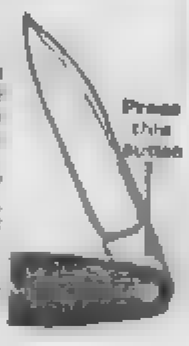

paper. They carry it hundreds of miles away before daylight breaks, and by four o'clock the printed story of the wreck is at Smithville.

Decisions Must be Made Quickly

While this has been going on Brown has been working just as rapidly as the people in the office. He has been securing more facts and has been rushing in whatever is necessary to make his story complete, sending corrections of statements which later investigation has shown to be erroneous. In other words, he has done everything possible to make perfect his story. These corrections, additions and subtractions are made by the telegraph editor, and if necessary the heads and subheads are rewritten for the city edition. The same rush, the same hurry, the same fight against time is again waged, and at 2:30 the city edition of the paper is sent to the press, and, if necessary, extras are taken after that.

This is the story of one piece of news. Each issue of a morning paper contains from 200 to 400 pieces of news. Each represents some problem to be solved, each calls for some decision to be rendered. Custom and office rules sit in judgment on the vast majority, but never a night passes but what some question is raised — and this question has to be decided in a hurry. You cannot sit down at your ease and think it over. The fast mail trains do not wait for the man who cannot make up his mind, and the subscriber who fails to get his paper with his oranges and oatmeal is apt to make a change. Sometimes the man who has to say "Yes" or "No" will say "No" when he should have said "Yes" — unfortunately. He is the first to recognize his mistake, and that error is entered on the tablets of his heart as an ever-present warning to sin no more. A good newspaper man has to have prophetic sense. He must weigh carefully and instantaneously all the circumstances — known and unknown — put the probabilities in the scale against the improbabilities, and once the die is cast there is no turning back. If he is right in his judgment nothing is said — it is to be expected. If his analysis and conclusions are wrong, then the floodgates of criticism, both inside and outside the office, are opened up. Do not think the outer world is the severest critic. It is not. From the inside come the sharpest words of condemnation. Each day's paper tells its own story of competence or incompetence.

The Passing of the Bohemian

The newspaper man has changed in the last decade. He has moved from Bohemia into a steam-heated flat or a cozy suburban home. He has divorced himself from the false delights of the happy-go-lucky life and wedded a wife. The glorified haze of tobacco smoke which often clouded the dawn has been swept away by the fresh air of common-sense. He has learned that to drink during working hours is a mistake and that the flowing bowl at any time is not so much after all. There is no more sitting

> "In the chophouse in the alley
> When the paper's gone to press."

When the paper's gone to press eighty per cent. of the people who make it are in bed.

And here a word should be said about the plan of keeping open all night which the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago is going to put into effect shortly. It is the best thing this institution has ever done. The day worker always has some place in which to seek recreation. The night worker who does not want to go from desk or typewriter or linotype to bed has only one place open to him — the saloon. In two weeks 300 night workers have agreed to join the Y. M. C. A. "all night" department, and of that number eighty per cent. are newspaper men. Isn't this a pretty good illustration of the passing of the Bohemian? He had to pass anyway. There was no room for him. The bright, clean, decent, active young man from college ran him off his feet, passed him in the race, and either caused his regeneration or extinction.

The old-timer prided himself on his ability to write "highfalutin" stuff. To-day "fine writing," florid, ecstatic, hysterical writing, is — well, we call it "tommy rot." A plain, straightforward, condensed story is what a paper wants. The plainer the English and the straighter the story the better

Possibly this change of heart and style has rubbed off some of the old time glamour of the profession. But it is still a business full of excitement, experience and human interest. You sit on the banks of the River of Life and see the world float and rush by. You hold

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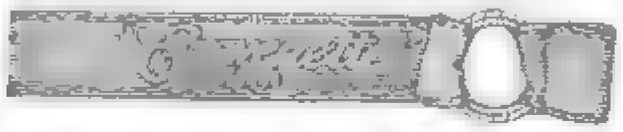

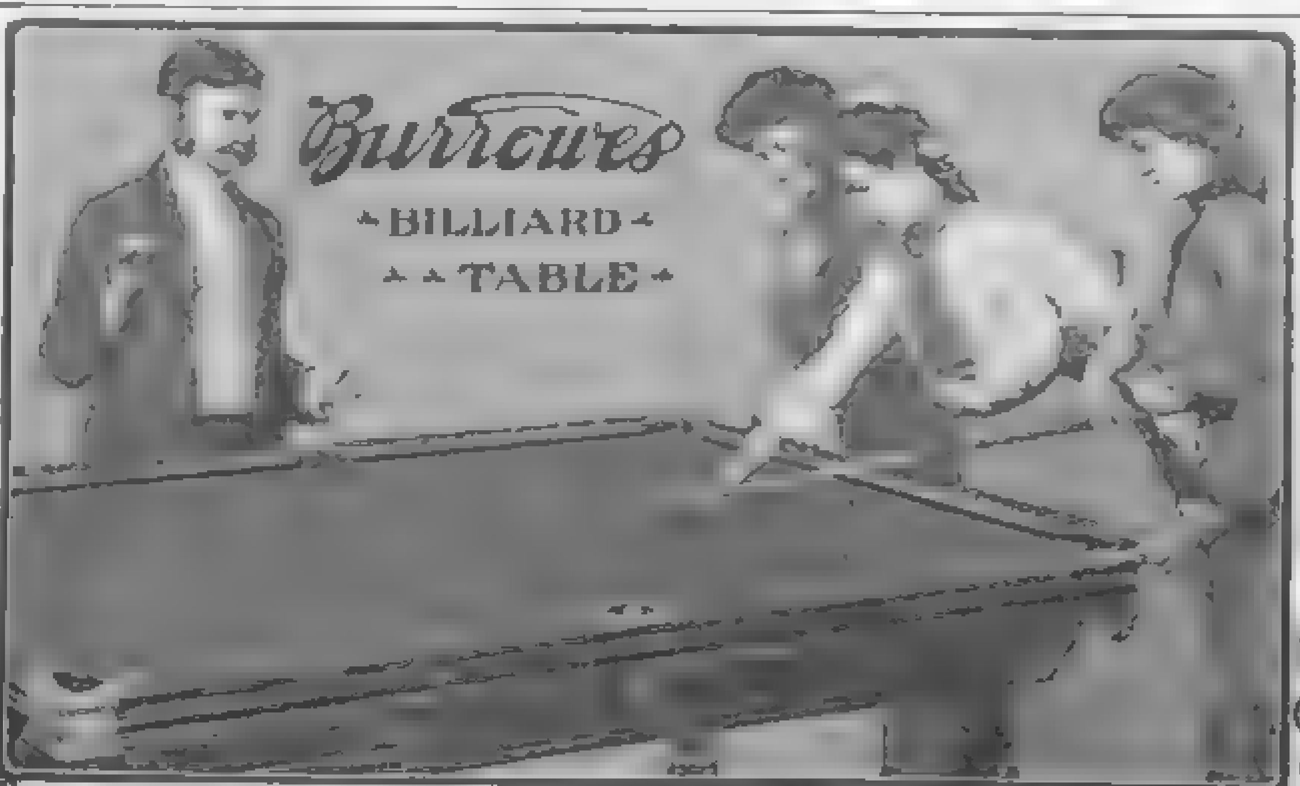

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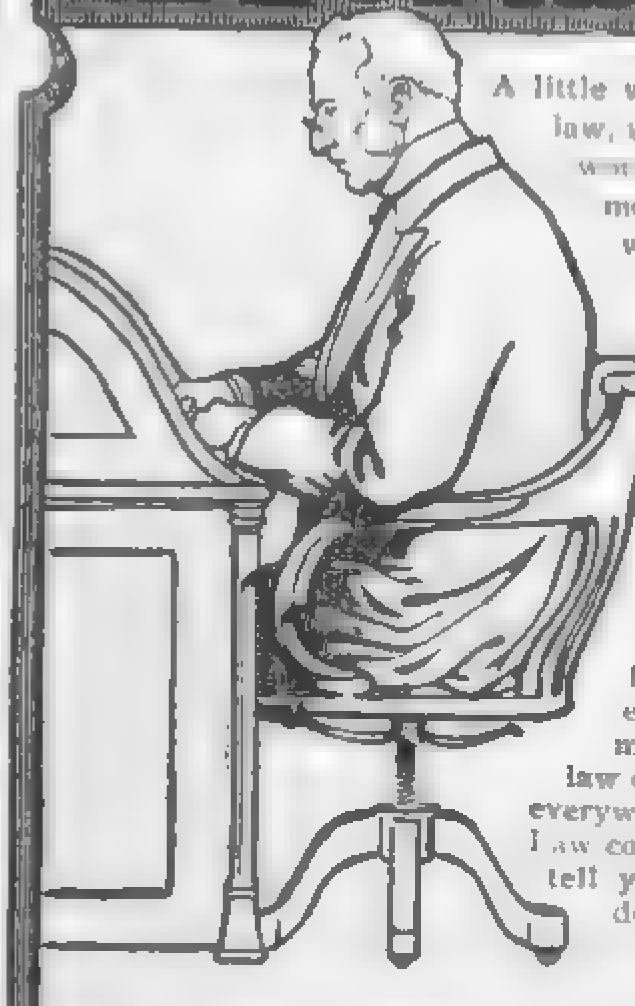

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your finger on the pulse of mankind. You ride with the strenuous knight and halt at the doorway of wasted endeavor. You walk arm in arm with Opportunity—"Master of Destiny," you make and break, create and destroy. You tiptoe into the house of death and dance with those who know no sorrow. You shed the light and paint the gloom and sometimes lift it.

Yesterday I received a letter from a man who has fought life's battles for seventy years. He fought for the Union, he fought for the life of his wife—and lost. He fought for one of life's sad accidents—a baby boy, deformed in mind and body.

The Story of Paul

This pitiful mite was left on his doorstep shortly before his wife died. They were poor, but they took the tiny stranger in. What money they had melted away as Death relentlessly waged his war against the aged woman, given new life for a brief instant by the maternal instinct little Paul—for so they called him—aroused in her breast. Soon Paul was motherless—for the second time. Then the old warrior buckled on his armor anew. But the fingers that had set type so swiftly thirty years ago were getting stiff. They had lost their cunning. "Mother" was not of the present, her care was not a daily burden of love; but little Paul, almost witless, almost motionless, the self-imposed burden of love—what of little Paul? Who would care for little Paul when he had to surrender? The scanty hoard was almost gone. He knew what he was going to do, but not until yesterday did he tell. Fortunately I heard the story and printed it. Three hundred readers of the Tribune have adopted little Paul. He has the medical attention he needed so long. His dwarfed intellect is beginning to show signs of development, his cruelly twisted limbs are becoming human. In a few years, if all goes well, there is a chance that little Paul may become a useful unit in the busy world.

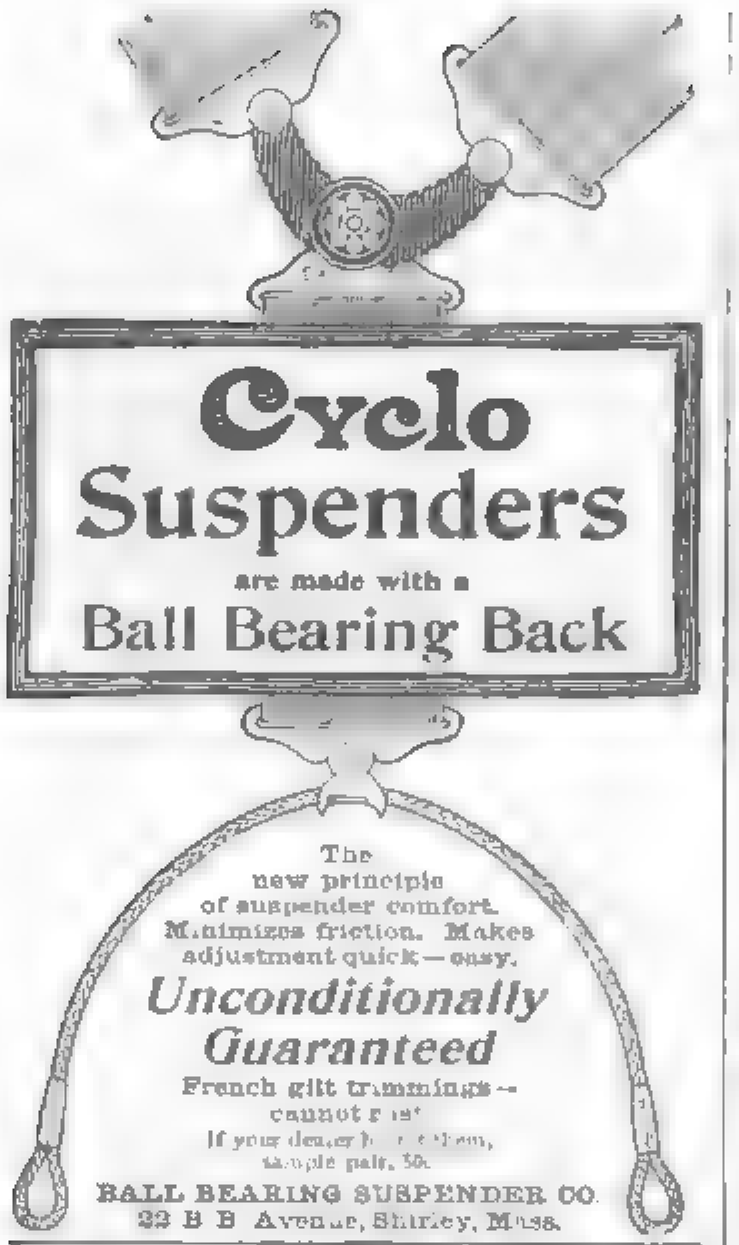
The old warrior is in a home where life's fitful fever will ebb away in such happiness and peace as may be his lot. This is what he wrote to me:

"My life was almost done. I had lived threescore years and ten. I had no fear of death, Paul had no hope in life, so hand in hand we were going to join 'mother.' I shall be with her soon, and together we shall wait many years, I hope, for little Paul."

Some of the Hardships

The newspaper life has its compensations; it also has its rough spots. Within twelve years I have slept on the warm side of a snowbank in Wyoming—twenty below zero, that's all—and have taken what rest I could on the flame-baked earth of Minnesota, still warm, though the fire which swept away millions upon millions of trees and took nine hundred lives had whirled on its devastating course four days before. I have ridden all night for eight successive nights waiting for the train on which I was a passenger to be held up—and it was, which is another story. I have helped to bury the dead and succor the injured—victims of cyclone of wind and tornado of flame. I have used whisky to wash away icicles from the frozen eyelashes of horses and had to drink whisky or go thirsty for thirty hours—for there was no water. I have trailed with and against the noble red man on the war-path, have lain out all night in a drenching rain telegraphing a story of flood disaster—for there were no buildings left after the mighty rush of water had swept onward. I have worked fifty-two hours without sleep—at Homestead; have sat up with election figurers for half that space of time.

I have had men, aged and young, women, white haired and beautiful, weep, plead, and call down curses on my head for that which I had to do. Sometimes the knife is as necessary in public life as in surgery—this is the hardest thing of all. And yet, hard a mistress as Journalism is, you like her, you love her—and when you get a good chance to enter some other business you generally "shake" her.



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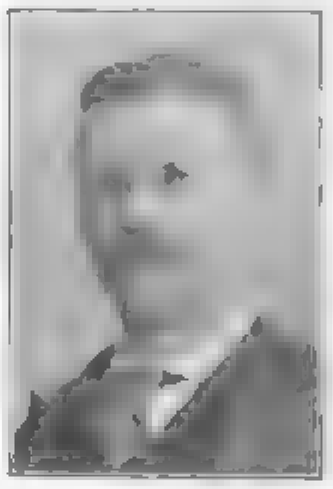

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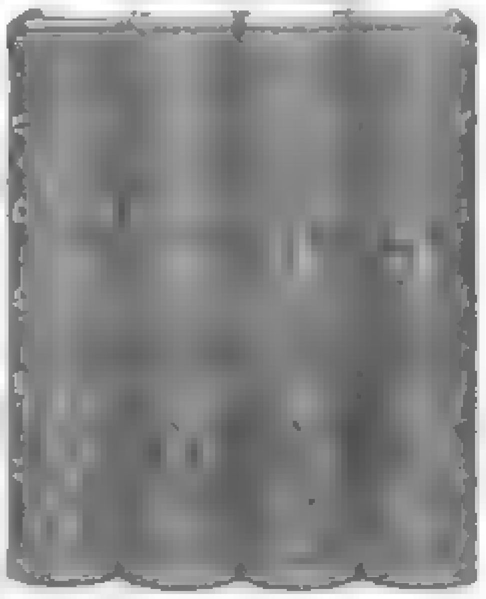

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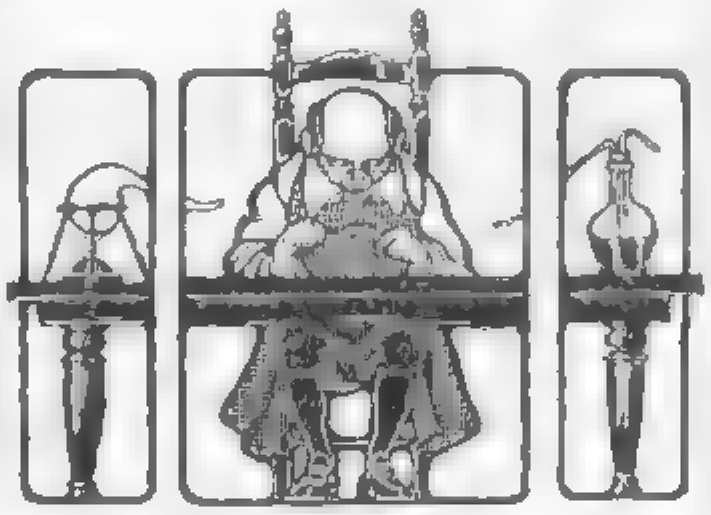

A SOUTH AFRICAN NOVELTY — From the same hedge you gather your salad and pluck your flowers to decorate the table.

FRUIT-BEARING hedges are among the latest novelties for introduction into the United States. The plant comes from South Africa where it is known as the amatungula. It has white flowers, and a red fruit which is edible. The shrub, a thrifty evergreen, makes the finest kind of hedge. *Carissa grandiflora* is the plant's botanical name.

In Durban, the capital of Natal, whence the amatungula is obtained, the fruit is one of the most popular varieties found on the market. It is about the diameter of a large damson plum, but has an elongated form and a distinct point. Europeans in South Africa recommend the fruit of the hedge for use in salads.

A hedge of evergreen amatungula in bloom is described as a beautiful sight, the white, jasmine-like flowers being in marked contrast to the dark green foliage. Later, the conspicuous red of the fruit offers another pleasing sight.

To raise the shrub the seeds are sown in a bed, and when the plants are six inches high they are set in the place chosen for the hedge, and about a foot apart in alternate rows. The more they are trimmed the more they interweave their branches, which are tough and thorny.

A related species with pendant, edible fruit, resembling barberries in shape, is grown in the municipal gardens in Cape Town. It is recommended for ornamentation of lawns and parks in the subtropical regions of America.

Another plant from South Africa which it is hoped will find a place in the warmer sections of the United States is the Kafir plum, a beautiful shade tree that grows so sturdily that strong winds cannot injure it. It produces a wood which botanists say is almost indistinguishable from mahogany. The trunk of the Kafir plum is gray and the foliage very dark and green. The tree grows in the shape of a vase. Its bright red fruits are ornamental and prized by children, but are not valuable for market. For shade and avenue trees in the frostless sections of the United States the Department of Agriculture strongly recommends the cultivation of this Kafir plum.

MOLASSES AS A HORSE MEDICINE — Not only a cheaper food, but it fattens thin horses and makes sick ones well.

SCIENTIFIC tests in substituting molasses for oats and other cereals in feeding horses have yielded surprising results. It is now definitely established that as a horse diet there is magic in molasses. With this syrup on his bill-of-fare the horse rapidly takes on solid weight, develops prodigiously in muscular energy, grows a glossy coat and enjoys uninterrupted health. For these animals, therefore, molasses is declared to be both a tonic and health food. In addition to the many desirable results, a molasses diet reduces the cost of horse maintenance over twenty-five per cent.

For scientific experimentation two abject and unthrifty animals were selected. One weighed 900 pounds, the other 940. No preparation was made for the sudden change of diet, but in place of the usual allowance of hay and oats the horses were given, three times a day, one quart of molasses diluted with three quarts of water and mixed with five pounds of cut hay. A marvelous improvement in the animals resulted. In two weeks one gained forty pounds in weight, the other forty-five. In four weeks from the beginning of the molasses diet horse No. 1 gained ninety-five pounds and horse No. 2 one hundred and two pounds.

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Both of these horses were shedding their coats, and after six weeks of molasses regimen their new coats were glossy and luxuriant. Horse No. 1 at the end of that period weighed 1075 pounds and No. 2, 1086 pounds. All symptoms of decrepitude disappeared. At the termination of the six weeks' experiment the animals could not be recognized as the forlorn creatures with which the tests had been begun. In place of those jaded specimens there were led forth from the stables two fine horses, the scientists describing them to be "full of play, life and energy." The animals are now employed profitably by commercial firms

These and other tests are extending the use of molasses as a food for horses. Firms employing many horses in the hardest kind of contract and truck work are discovering that the animals will perform more service and remain in better condition on a diet of molasses than when fed the choicest and most liberal allowance of cereals. In the United States Artillery Corps there are enthusiastic champions of molasses as a horse diet, and horses in the armies of France, Russia Germany and Austria are being fed on molasses with very satisfactory results

Quite recently tests were conducted in the United States to determine what efficacy molasses might have in restoring invalid horses to health. A brown gelding, greatly reduced as a result of a severe accident, and a lame and ailing truck horse were selected. At the beginning of the experiments the gelding weighed 1250 pounds and the truck horse 1140 pounds. Fed on a diet consisting chiefly of molasses the invalid horses improved with marked rapidity. In fifteen days the gelding weighed 1320 pounds, having gained seventy pounds. In that same period the sick truck horse gained sixty pounds. The total gain of the gelding in one month was 200 pounds and of the truck horse 110 pounds

The conclusions that eminent specialists have arrived at is that good molasses is not only a fattening and energy producing diet for horses, but that in many cases it will restore ailing animals to health. The cost is an important consideration One quart of molasses at three cents takes the place of from three to four quarts of the best quality of oats at from four and a half to six cents.

FARMING THE OCEAN — It is possible to have a profitable garden rent free from Davy Jones.

THERE is reason to believe that money might be made by farming on the bottom of the sea, in the shallows along the Atlantic Coast, if enterprising Yankees would take up the business of cultivating certain marine vegetables. This sort of thing is extensively practiced in Japan, where the people, who know more about ways of utilizing the resources of the waters than any other race in the world, derive from such ocean gardens crops valued at about $1,000,000

Even in our own country marine vegetables are utilized much more largely than is generally supposed. On Cape Cod the gathering of what is known as "sea moss" is an important industry, and the product is widely employed in the making of certain desserts The finest blanc-mange is compounded with the help of this kind of seaweed, no substitute for which is equally esteemed. It may be added that "laver," sea-spinach, which is a seaweed, is much eaten in Philadelphia being cooked like ordinary spinach, and "dulse," which is widely known as an article of diet in Europe, is not without recognition on this side of the water

As yet, however, our crop of seaweeds is exclusively wild and of what is available only a small part is gathered. There are a number of marine plants, common and even plentiful in the shallow waters along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, which are good to eat, and which might furnish a welcome contribution to the tables of many poor people, if their merits were recognized. Nor, indeed, need they be despised by the rich. In Japan similar plants are esteemed as delicacies.

One of the most important food plants in Japan is a kind of seaweed known as Porphyra, which is cultivated in many districts. Bushy twigs are planted in regular rows in shallow and brackish water, enough space being left between to permit the passage of canoes, and late in winter the delicate marine plants gather upon the twigs between tide-marks. They have the form of leaflike sheets, purple in color. Girls pick them from the twigs, wash them to remove mud and sand, and dry them on reed mats in the sun. The pieces adhere to each other by their own gelatine, and, being peeled off in large sheets are folded and sent to market. Usually they are baked for eating

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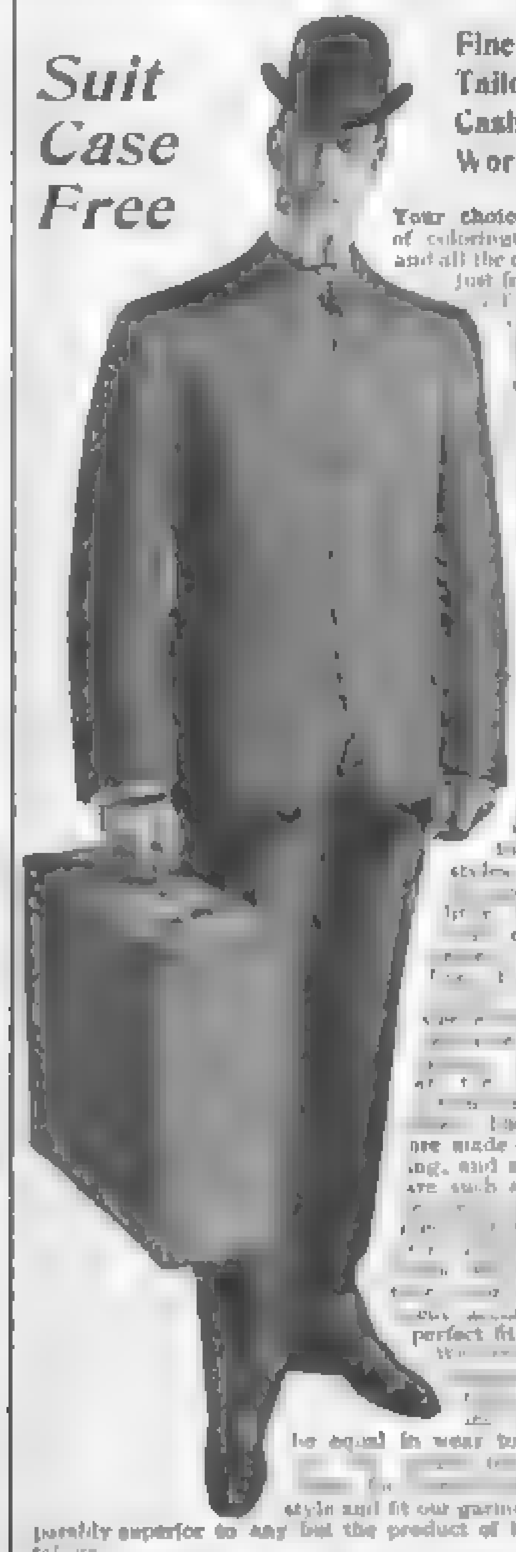

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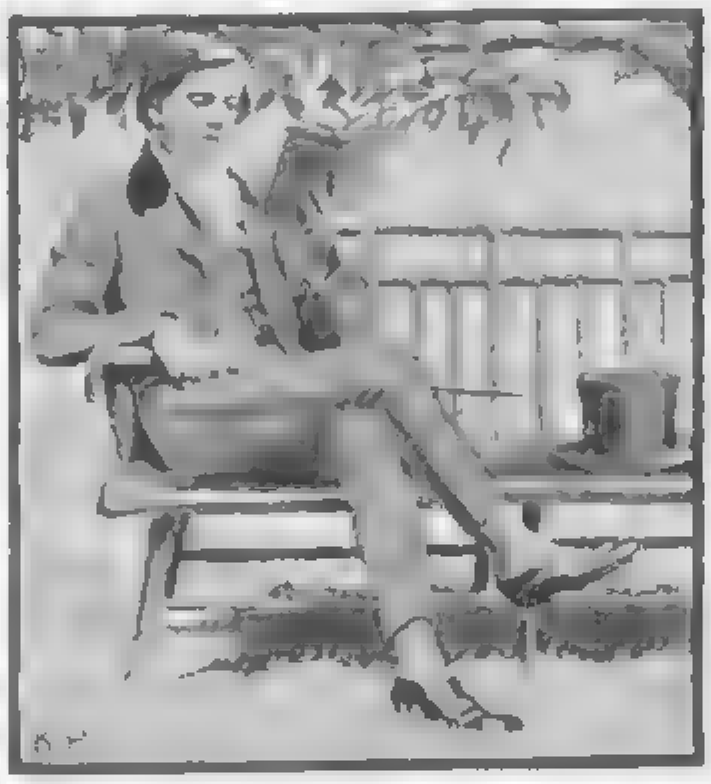

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME — He goes astray in the thickets of The Tradition.

¶ What is it in the Civil War that seems to baffle every book that attempts it? Is it too big, or is it too near? Is it a case of the wrong man? Perhaps, at a guess, a little of all three, but surely a noticeable fact. Even books which begin well and go on strongly, slacken and falter when they come to the war itself. The broad outlines of the composition are swiftly sketched in; you get a good hold of the leading interest and begin to move familiarly with the characters as among friends — when slump! the interest vanishes, the characters become dreams, walking in a mist of dreams; nothing is any longer real or true; a great fog-bank of the trite, the sentimental, the bathetic, shuts down over everything.

Whoever has occasion to delve much in American family records always finds that "in 16— there landed at [illegible] two brothers." Whoever reads a novel or goes to see a Blue and Gray play may be perfectly certain to meet the identical brothers. One will fight with the North and one with the South. The heroine is sure to be Southern and she will have a Northern lover. She must nurse him through a dangerous illness and he for his part must save her life. Such is the tradition in its broader outlines; and it has grown so strong that it seems impossible for even the best intentioned writer to escape it, and it has grown so hackneyed that he cannot by any stretch of imagination be figured as approaching it with a fresh interest. At the best he can only manipulate it to show new situations.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, by John Fox, being a book by an author of recognized merit, is sure to contain much of his quality, but being also a story of the Civil War it cannot escape the deadening influence of The Tradition. His hero Chad is a "woods-colt" with "no mammy, no daddy, no nothin'," as he says in his own language. At the death of his foster-mother he runs away from his prospective guardian to the other side of the mountain, and is taken in by the Turners. He attends the district school, falls under the sway of the schoolmaster's ambitions, goes down with him to the "settle*mints*" in the Blue Grass, finds friends again, takes his degree at the local "university" and, when the war breaks out, enlists with the Union forces. Then he encounters The Tradition.

But up to that moment he is a delightful little figure, unlettered, crude, but apt, earnest and by his lights courteous, in a grave, self-respecting way. Here he is as Major Buford first saw him: . . . "the Major saw something sitting on the stone fence some twenty yards beyond which stirred him sharply from his mood of contemplation.

"'Spirit of Daniel Boone,' he said softly. It was a miniature pioneer — the little still figure watching him solemnly and silently. Across the boy's lap lay a long rifle — the Major could see that it had a flint lock — and on his tangled hair was a coonskin cap — the scalp above his steady black eyes and the tail hanging down the lad's neck. And on his feet were moccasins."

So began a wholly delightful acquaintance. That night they were discussing plans

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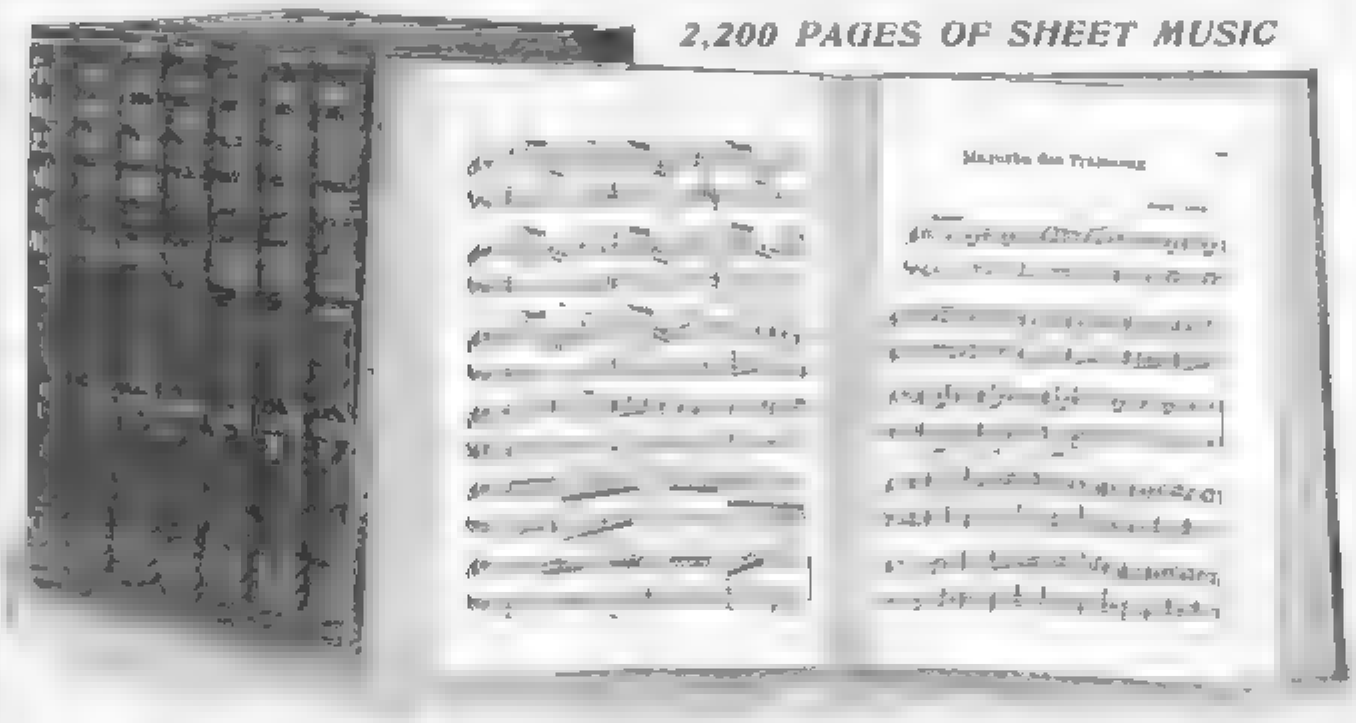
If there is a piano in your home you are constantly buying sheet music — and paying high prices for it. It lies in ragged piles around the house and becomes scattered and torn. You lose money by buying music in that way, to say nothing of your loss of time and temper when searching for a particular selection. Why not buy your music in volumes filled with the best selections, and thoroughly indexed? The "Library of the World's Best Music" is designed for your needs. Its eight volumes — sheet music size, but light and easy to handle — are crowded with the best vocal and instrumental music carefully selected by an experienced corps of music editors. If you were to buy the music it contains, one piece at a time, it would cost you over $200.00. Through our Musical Library Club — for a limited time — the entire set will cost you one-tenth of that amount, and you can pay in easy monthly payments.

2,200 PAGES OF SHEET MUSIC



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IF YOU ARE A PIANIST you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains 300 instrumental selections by the best composers, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic [illegible] represented as Paderewski, Gounod, Sullivan, Mascagni, Wagner, Mozart, Balfe and Liszt.

IF YOU LIKE MUSIC [illegible] self, you cannot make a better present to your wife or daughter than a set of this musical Library. It means evening after evening of [illegible] This collection is to music what the encyclopædia is to knowledge — the best of all, properly proportioned.

IF YOU ARE A SINGER the "World's Best Music" will increase your repertoire. It will place in your hands 350 of the best old and new songs, duets, trios and quartets, arranged for all voices and for piano accompaniment. The [illegible] childhood days, besides the new and popular melodies of the last few years.

IF YOU ARE A STUDENT of [illegible] will find this Library more [illegible] education. The selections [illegible] Reginald De Koven, Victor Herbert, [illegible] a musical cyclopædia [illegible] 500 biographies of musicians [illegible] 400 portraits and illustrations.

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Our Musical Library Club has secured an entirely new edition of the "World's Best Music" at a price slightly above the cost of paper and printing. On this account we are able to offer these sets at about one-half the regular prices — payable $1.00 a month. Through the Musical Library Club — direct from the publisher to the customer — you can secure a set for $21.00 in cloth binding and $25.00 for the half-leather. These sets were previously sold for $35.00 and $40.00. The [illegible] the coupon to-day, sign it, and mail it to us. We will then send you a set express prepaid by us for examination and use. After five days' examination, if you are not satisfied, return the books to us at our expense. But if you decide to keep the set, send us $1.00 at the expiration of five days and $1.00 a month thereafter until [illegible] amount is paid. An additional charge of $[illegible] must be made on Canadian orders to cover cost of duty and royalty.

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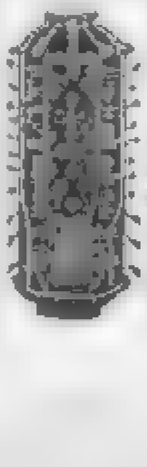

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is made with pure selected bristles, forever secured in pure aluminum — chemically treated — solid wood back. Guaranteed not to split or crack in boiling water. Absolutely antiseptic and thoroughly serviceable.

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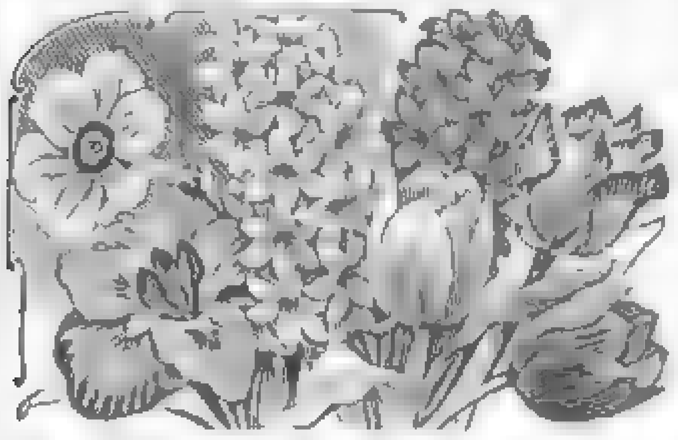

60 Different Bulbs all for 30c.

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- 3 [illegible]
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All different colors and fine flowering hardy bulbs.
Also **Free** to all who apply [illegible] **Fall Catalogue** of Bulbs, Plants and Seeds for [illegible] Choicest Hyacinths, Tulips, [illegible] Vines, Fruits and Rare new Winter-flowering Plants.

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THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

For Eating Only
Imported from Vevey, Switzerland

It is a confection, yet a wholesome food, especially nourishing and sustaining. Delicately flavored and made with purest Cocoa blended with finest fresh milk containing all its cream.

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Insist on Having

Peter's SWISS MILK Chocolate

[illegible] which lack the Richness and Delicate Flavor of the **Original Peter's Chocolate.**

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Lamont, Corliss & Co., Sole Agents
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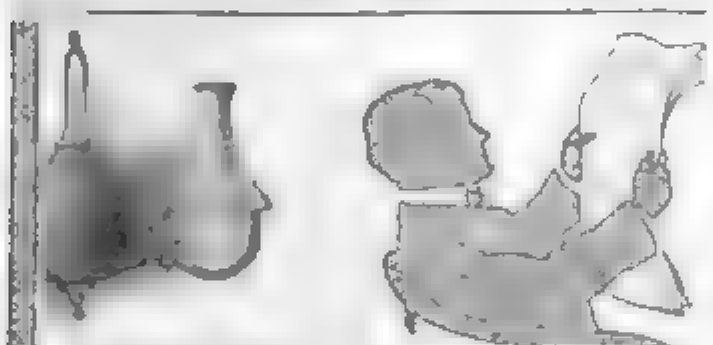


KEROSENE OIL [illegible]

[illegible] Thousands of satisfied customers testify that The Angle Lamp gives the best kerosene light. It throws a soft, brilliant [illegible] we will mail you a catalogue — E P

THE ANGLE LAMP CO., 78 Park Place, New York

"Presently the Major got up and went to the sideboard, poured out a drink of whisky, and raising it to his lips stopped.

"'Will you join me?' he asked half-humorously, though it was hard for the Major to omit that formula even with a boy.

"'I don't keer if I do,' said Chad gravely. The Major was astounded and amused, and thought that the boy was not in earnest, but he handed him the bottle and Chad poured out a drink that staggered his host, and drank it down without winking. At the fire, the Major pulled out his chewing-tobacco. This, too, he offered, and Chad accepted, equaling the Major in the accuracy with which he touched the fireplace thereafter with the juice, carrying off his accomplishment, too, with perfect and unconscious gravity. The Major was nigh to splitting with silent laughter for a few moments, and then he grew grave.

"'Does everybody drink and chew down in the mountains?'

"'Yes, sir,' said Chad. 'Everybody makes his own licker where I come from.'

"'Don't you know it's very bad for little boys to drink and chew?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Well, it is.'

"Chad thought for a minute. 'Will it keep me from gittin' to be a big man?'

"'Yes.'

"Chad quietly threw his quid into the fire.

"'Well, I'll be d——d!' said the Major under his breath. 'Are you going to quit?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"And he did. On his foster-mother's grave before his journey over the mountains he had prayed:

"'God! I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now.'

It is not necessary to follow Chad's fortunes further, though the best of life for him is still to come when the best of the book ends. The Captain has not the charm of the little pioneer. Even that valiant, simple soul could not conquer the tradition which he helped to form.

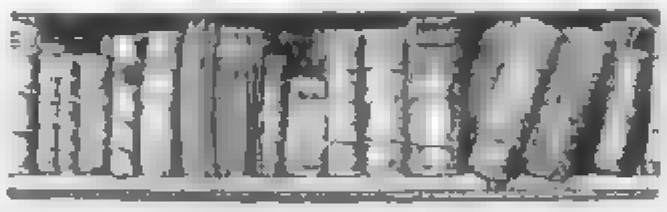
A LITERARY BONIFACE — The proprietor of a well-known New York hotel publishes a book.

¶ Simeon Ford has been some years known for a capital after-dinner speaker, but he did not get the ear of the managing editors until within the past twelvemonth. Then they began to bother him for a book. Mr. Ford, who is the proprietor of a well-known New York hotel, says he always had a tender spot in his heart for newspaper men, anyway. "What," he goes on, "would hotels do without them? Whenever we have a fire or a robbery or a suicide, who is the first to fly to us in our affliction?

"I once had a peculiarly dazzling suicide at my place in which two persons quenched the vital spark and destroyed a new Wilton carpet simultaneously. This accident was splendidly written up in one of our leading journals, with lovely portraits of the principals. My portrait was also printed, together with a brief synopsis of my life. I shall never forget my wife's exclamations of delight when the article was shown her, and her simple and unaffected joy and pride at seeing my picture side by side with the deceased was truly touching."

This tenderness for newspaper men has at last led Mr. Ford, at their instance, to gather his after-dinner speeches into a collection which was first syndicated in the dailies and is now published between covers under the title of A Few Remarks *(Doubleday, Page & Company)*. No doubt the speeches went better after dinner than they do in page. There is nothing to hold them together, and filled though they are with capital sayings, the artifice of their manufacture shows up stronger against white paper than it did through the cigar smoke. Follows a quotation which, undoubtedly clever, is obviously [illegible] a little tiresomely — antithetic:

"The life of the sailor and the landlord have some features in common. Both trim their sails to every favoring gale. Both sail as close to the wind as possible. Both love the water, but love it best 'on the side.' Both are happiest when half seas over and with three sheets in the wind. But while the sailor puts up his nets to repel boarders, the landlord spreads his nets to haul them in."



To the Man who is Bottled Up

In shop or office, in factory or mill, the **I. C. S.** offers the helping hand of education. No matter how closely you are confined to your work, how tightly you are held by home ties, the practical courses, **By Mail,** of the **I. C. S.** give you the opportunity to climb to a higher position in society and influence. Whether you want to select a trade or profession, whether you want to advance to the higher positions in your present occupation; whether you want to change to other and more lucrative work, the **I. C. S.** can help you, where you are and as you are. The cost is small.

Courses from $10 up

The terms are easy. There are no books to buy, no lectures to attend, nothing to hinder or handicap you. If you want to know how to get out of your present condition, send for the Free Book "1001 Stories of Success."

To show you are in earnest, cut out, fill in, and mail

THIS Coupon

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Architect
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French, with
German, Phono-
Spanish, graph

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PORCELAIN ENAMELED
Baths and Sanitary Ware

are beautiful and durable. Most every one knows that, but their moderate cost is not so well known.

The fixtures here illustrated cost approximately $100, not including piping or labor.

You take no risk when installing [illegible] "guarantee label [illegible]

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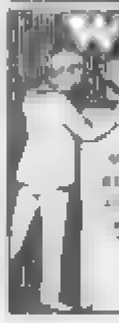
"MODERN BATHROOMS"
MAILED FREE

showing many attractive bathroom interiors costing from $80.00 to $550.00 with approximate costs in detail.

The last touch of comfort for any bathroom [illegible] It can be attached to any regular faucet without any changes in the plumbing. The fixture [illegible] $15.00 complete and gives the same satisfactory results as the more expensive permanent fixtures. [illegible] our new book, "**For Beauty's Sake,**" [illegible] and picture the luxury of Shower Bathing and is free for the asking.

STANDARD SANITARY MANUFACTURING COMPANY DEPT. B, PITTSBURG, PA.



WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

Also Show Card Writing. Only field not overworked. Pleasant and profitable. We teach quickly and thoroughly by correspondence at your home [illegible]

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LE PAGE'S GLUE Strongest in the World

"Hoof Pads? DRYDEN'S of course."

Horse Comfort

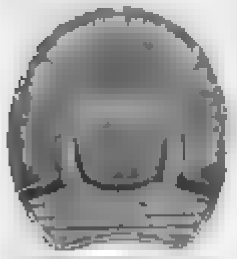
Unless a horse is [illegible] and [illegible] comfortable [illegible] can not do his best. This is as true of the track horse as of the speedy roadster. Make your horse comfortable with the

Dryden Hoof Pads

They fit the foot and form an elastic cushion between the shoe and hoof. This saves the intricate mechanism of the foot, leg and shoulder from much of the jar and pounding of travel. The Dryden Pad will cure many forms of lameness, or better still, prevent it developing. Twelve styles, ten sizes in each, for all needs and uses.

Every first-class horseshoer has them and will put them on if you so instruct.

Our booklet—A Horse Preserver—may set you thinking about the kind of care a horse's feet should have, and it will tell you why the Dryden is the best Hoof Pad. A copy for you. Free if you write.



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CHICAGO

Two of our styles—others next [illegible]

HORTICULTURE

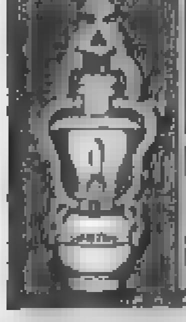
Make Your Spare Time Count
by taking our
Correspondence Course
Horticulture [illegible] Prof. Liberty H. Bailey [illegible] Cornell University [illegible] Fruits of Vegetable [illegible] horticulture [illegible] Modern Agriculture [illegible] Prof. Brooks [illegible] Commercial, Normal [illegible] Academic [illegible]

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

CANTON GASOLINE PRESSURE LAMPS

600 CANDLE POWER
BURN 18 HOURS

at a pumping and hold 2 quarts of gasoline. Magnificent light [illegible] doors or out.



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AGENTS MAKING BIG MONEY

running lighting systems. Write quick for exclusive territory.

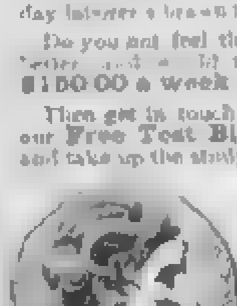
Canton Incandescent Light Co.
Box 302, CANTON, OHIO

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR INCOME?

Are your brains bringing you no better return than does a day laborer's brawn?

Do you not feel that given the opportunity you could do better, and would not the prospect of from $35.00 to $100.00 a week stimulate you to put out your best effort?

Then get in touch with us. Write immediately for our Free Test Blank and other interesting information and take up the study of ADVERTISING.



Know Ads
It sells to conquer

[illegible] put into your life, and by correspondence without interfering with your vocation, the heaped up experience of ten of the leading advertising experts of Chicago the logical advertising center of the United States. Send for FREE TEST BLANK and full information.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
969 Williams Bldg., Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A [illegible] Relief [illegible] PRICKLY HEAT [illegible] CHAFING, and SUNBURN and all afflictions of the skin

Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

GETTING ON

By David E. Goe

Back Orders

BACK orders are the bane of every big shipping department, whether in manufacturing or in merchandizing. The loss through this source is something appalling in large establishments. In fact it is so great and so nearly universal that its general extent can scarcely be exaggerated.

Of course no cut-and-dried system capable of dealing successfully with this problem in any and every kind of a business can be devised. Each business and indeed each house, must modify any general scheme, no matter how sound, to meet its own special requirements and emergencies. However, it is possible to indicate the general principles of a plan that is capable of broad and practical application. That this plan will produce excellent results I can testify from having seen it put to the severest practical tests. Here is the outline of the general scheme.

Enter your back orders on cards and distribute them either alphabetically or under a classification of the goods that are "short." In cases where there is a separate receiving department, each card should be made in duplicate.

When the receiving department checks in a consignment of goods, the receiving clerk picks out the back-order cards which he holds in duplicate and sends a set of them to the shipping clerk with a printed notice reading "goods in."

Of course, when the back-order cards are first made out a set of them goes to the "short" buyer, who determines whether it is expedient at once to send out and buy them "in town," in order to complete the customer's shipment, or to hold the entire order for goods coming in, or to ship that portion of the goods already on hand and let the "shorts" follow.

It is an excellent plan to have the original order sheet (after the till porter has laid out all that he has found in stock) go to the "short" buyer before the back order card is made out. He can then determine proper action.

The "short" buyer must, in a word, have a thorough knowledge of the customer, and of the goods ordered and not yet in. In many cases it will be necessary for him to write or wire the customer asking whether he shall hold all of the order and wait for the missing items to come in, whether he shall ship a part or ship the "shorts" as quickly as they are received, or hold them to be sent with a future order. He must have an intuition of the needs and disposition of the customer, so that he may know when to write, when not to write, and when to ship an order "complete" or "incomplete." A man who can really rise to this emergency is practically invaluable. Next to securing the right kind of goods at the right price, the promptness and completeness with which he receives the goods ordered is the prime consideration with every customer. And no amount of good intentions or plausible excuses will serve as a substitute for promptness in this particular.

A Point for the Factory

THERE is one subject which is certain to go straight to the heart of the practical and progressive "factory man," and that is the topic of how to handle goods returned to the factory for alterations or repairs. If any other accounting transaction in connection with factory routine has been the cause of more trouble than this, I am at loss to name it. Not long since I found that one company had been making the following entries:

(1) When goods were received, the customer's account was credited with the price originally charged for the part.

(2) When sent to a repair shop, the shop was charged with the goods at the same price.

(3) When returned from the shop, a credit was entered for the goods and for the amount of the repairs.

(4) When returned to the customer, he was charged again with the original price plus the cost of repairs and a profit.

How such an absurd, slipshod, trouble-provoking method ever obtained a footing is past comprehension, and can only be explained by the assumption that no person with authority had made it his business to see that a simple transaction was properly handled.

It is interesting, however, to look into the useless complications which resulted from this method. Here are some of the things that happened.

It Does Pay

No longer does the wide-awake business man doubt the value of judicious advertising. That's very evident in the facts presented recently by that authority, the New York Times. Big advertisers of a few years ago are still more liberal purchasers of publicity today. New advertisers in large numbers are in the field seeking business by this comparatively new force—advertising. It is said that

About $80,000,000 a Month

is spent for advertising in this country by the thousands of enterprising manufacturers and retailers. These monied men seek the services of experts on the subject. There's a keen demand today, and it's constantly increasing, for men and women who know how to write effective ads., how to set them and to place them—how to produce the best results.

My graduates are men and women who know how to advertise. They're practical, thorough, many-sided. They're in positions that pay them well, because their work pays their employers well. Here are just a few of the many who have been successful through my help.

Elmer Helms, Instructor, who invites his pupils to ask questions, with the assurance that they will be freely answered.

E. G. Harrison, [illegible] pleted, I have put the knowledge gained from you [illegible] your course. A [illegible] I satisfy a doubting person to refer any one to me.

Caroline E. Field, Ad-writer [illegible] N. J. [illegible] your system [illegible] and connection [illegible] desired. "The course was a constant pleasure to me. Errors were shown in such a way that a repetition [illegible] It gives [illegible] great pleasure [illegible] this course [illegible]

C. Edward O'Neill, Adv. Mgr. Stone & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., says: "I [illegible] work in other schools while enrolled with you. The superiority of your course [illegible] apparent. Your instructions tend to develop an original style. I've me [illegible] time [illegible] tained solely upon the recommendation I received [illegible]

Harold Wright, [illegible] says: "I am glad to state that the advertising instruction I received under Mr. Helms has been thorough and valuable. My dealings with him have always been pleasant and helpful to me. His ad [illegible] ple, yet to [illegible] each step in the [illegible] developed with [illegible] that left no [illegible] satisfactorily.

Another interesting and important fact is that:

My school never lost a student because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. I have enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.

My booklet tells of my superior system of teaching this profitable profession. My instruction is by correspondence, but it's just as direct as if the pupil were seated by my side. Personal letters that suggest, advise and explain are sent with each lesson. Almost any one with just a common school education can be successful under my guidance if they're willing to give me just fair co-operation.

About thirty pupils will graduate during the next two or three weeks. I seek by this announcement to enroll that many to take the places of those who have completed their course. Do you wish to begin now, and try to fit yourself for a good position? Four months will do it if you are willing to be reasonably diligent. Write to me for booklet that tells all about my proposition.

ELMER HELMS, Formerly Ad-Writer for John Wanamaker
ROOM 30, 11 EAST 16th STREET, NEW YORK

Colt Acetylene Gas

CARBIDE-FEED GENERATOR
CHEAPEST AND BEST
Complete Gas Plants from $48 to $5,000

More brilliant than gas or electricity [illegible] than kerosene [illegible]

Write for booklet to
J. B. COLT CO.
21 Barclay St., New York
The largest makers of Acety[illegible]

Boston
Philadelphia
Chicago
Los Angeles

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. Booklet free.
STEUBEN SANITARIUM Hornellsville, N. Y.

DON'T SHOUT!

The Morley Ear Drum

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

The Morley Company, Dept. T,
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

PROFITABLE PUBLICITY

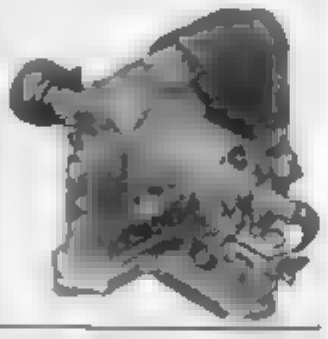
We successfully teach Journalism Story Writing and Illustrating [illegible] privacy of the home. If [illegible] name the course in which [illegible] interested, we will mail you the free booklet fully des[illegible] are achieving. Our free booklet, "Rules of Ma[illegible] Syndicate Dept.," tells how we sell MSS on commission to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers by our syndicate plan, how we criticise, revise [illegible] MSS.

THORNTON WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. FOUNDED 1895.
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

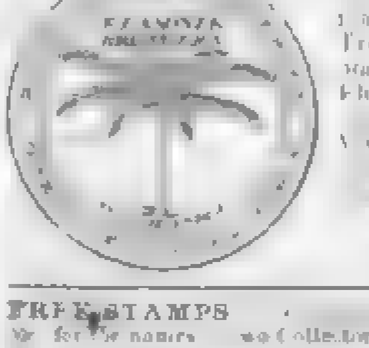
To Owners of Gasoline Engines Automobiles, Launches, Etc.

The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting [illegible] expense. No belt [illegible] batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.



MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.



Splendid, Stocky, well-grown Palms, Ferns, [illegible] plants, etc., for the home. Tropical and Hardy Economic plants and trees, Fruits and Flowers for all countries. We [illegible] to ALL parts of the [illegible] every week in the [illegible] safely. Send for large, [illegible] catalogue.

REASONER BROS.,
Oneco, Florida

FREE STAMPS [illegible] Jubilee Bands. Catalogue [illegible] for the names [illegible] Collectors and 2c Postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign Stamps, 19c. 1000 Mixed U. S., 25c. 15 different U. S., [illegible] 100 all different U. S. Stamps, 25c. Price lists Free. Agents wanted. 50 per cent. comm.
TOLEDO STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

It's a DAISY AIR RIFLE

[illegible] **improved** [illegible] rifle known.

Daisy and Sentinel Air Rifles

[illegible] sale. If your dealer don't [illegible]

No 1	Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times	$1 25
No 2	20th Century Daisy, shoots either shot or darts	1 00
No 3	Daisy 1000 shot Winchester Action	2 00
No 4	Sentinel single Shot, either shot or darts	[illegible]
No 5	Sentinel Repeater, automatic 300 shot	1 25

Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, 20 cents

THE DAISY MFG. CO., Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

A New Idea in Banking By Mail

We issue something entirely new and original in the form of a transferable certificate of deposit (copyright applied for) for 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 years, with **Interest Coupons Attached** paying

4%

[illegible]

KNOW MORE ABOUT IT

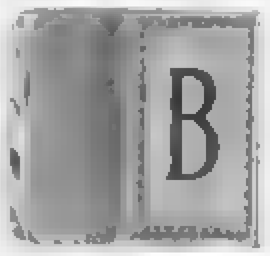
We issue a **Free Book** [illegible] that we believe will convince [illegible] the [illegible]

THE CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK
Toledo, Ohio

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags
SAVE 80% OF A BOOK-KEEPER'S TIME

Steel clips in leather tabs. Instantly applied or removed [illegible] conditions. 500 kinds in stock [illegible] Accounts [illegible] Alphabets [illegible] Numbers, Months [illegible] WRITE [illegible]

Alphabet Tag Style 342



Three other styles in stock

Used by [illegible] Am. Bridge Co. [illegible]

Catalog Free. Sample 5c

Dept. F, CHAS. C. SMITH, Mfr., EXETER, NEBRASKA
[illegible] Ltd., Toronto

DEARBORN JUNIOR Typewriter Table Cabinet

$12.00
DELIVERED

Write now for free illustrated catalogue of Dearborn Typewriter Cabinets

Dearborn Desk Company
1926 First Av., Birmingham, Ala. 916 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

GINSENG

[illegible] 4c. for postage and get our booklet A R telling all [illegible]
McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.

CHEAP RATES and Through Service on Household Goods to and from California, Colorado, Oregon, Washington. Write for rates. Map of California free
Trans-Continental Freight Co., X 325 Dearborn St., Chicago

(a) The customer sent something in for repair, received full credit for it, perhaps didn't need it very much anyhow, and if it was not returned to him simply kept quiet and allowed the company to keep it.

(b) When the thing was sent to a shop it was charged at its invoice value, which was wrong in several ways. Of course no "value" charge should have been made against the shop at all. One result of the fictitious charge was that when the shop tried to collect for work done on various jobs it found itself apparently deeply in debt instead of having a credit.

(c) Again, frequently the thing was returned to the store properly repaired, but no one could tell to whom it belonged and it was left to become "scrap" or to be returned to stock.

Many more annoying complications could be recited, but any person with the slightest imagination can see the possibilities.

Now regarding the remedy for this demoralizing manner of handling repairs and alterations.

A *green* sheet — the same size as the regular order sheets and punched for the binders — was printed, providing a place for recording each operation involved in the transaction, viz.:

1. Goods received from customer
2. Sent to shop for repairs
3. Returned by shop
4. Returned to the customer

No credit was entered to the customer and no charge made against the shop. But spaces were properly arranged for charging the customer for the repairs and also crediting the shop with them. No ledger entries of any kind were made until the "green-ticket" transaction was completed in all its divisions.

These green tickets were kept in a separate binder until the work was completed. The shipping clerk soon learned to watch the green ticket binder with the keenest vigilance. If the shop was delinquent in making repairs and getting the goods back to the shipping department, the shipping clerk at once proceeded to make inquiries which produced results.

A similar condition was found in a factory manufacturing motors and generators at one plant and special iron piping at another. They had an accumulation at both places of machines and pipefittings returned for various reasons. Often they did not know from whom the goods came. This state of things was of course largely the result of the customer's neglect to write a letter explaining his action. But the manufacturer must not only think for himself but *also do a generous amount of thinking for his customers.* The more carefully and graciously he does this extra task of gratuitous thinking the greater will be his success and his popularity with his trade.

As the operations in the above case involved larger values and were of greater importance, a slightly different form of entry sheet was devised. But the sheets were planned to carry a complete history of the receipt of goods, with their authorized disposition.

It was, however, the systematic and definite method of recording the details of "returned goods" that enabled us to keep the trouble-docket reasonably clean. It enabled us, in ninety-eight per cent. of cases, to locate the shipper and to secure "disposition" from him, and at the same time reduced the unidentified junk pile to almost nothing.

❧

Business Maxims

By Joseph H. Manley

1. Adhere strictly to the details of business, giving them every attention that is possible.

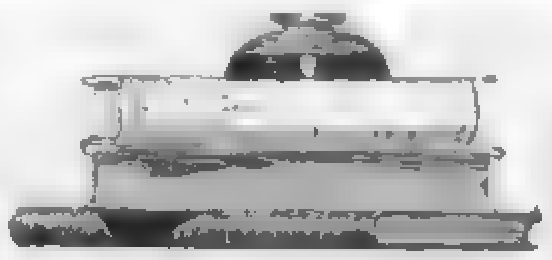
2. Be industrious and carefully watch every expenditure connected with your business.

3. Be prompt and keep sacredly every obligation you make.

4. Be prompt in every engagement connected with your business.

5. Pay promptly all bills due when presented.

6. Keep a careful oversight and thorough knowledge of all business transactions.



Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

ARE KNOWN BY THIS LABEL.

Look in the windows of the best Clothiers and you'll see photo-gravure plates of the Autumn and Winter models of

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

If you want our book on smart clothes—which, besides the fine illustrations, contains information valuable to the man, who wants to dress properly from hat to shoes,

Write for "Number 10" NOW. IT'S FREE.

The Stein-Bloch Co. WHOLESALE-TAILORS ROCHESTER, N. Y.

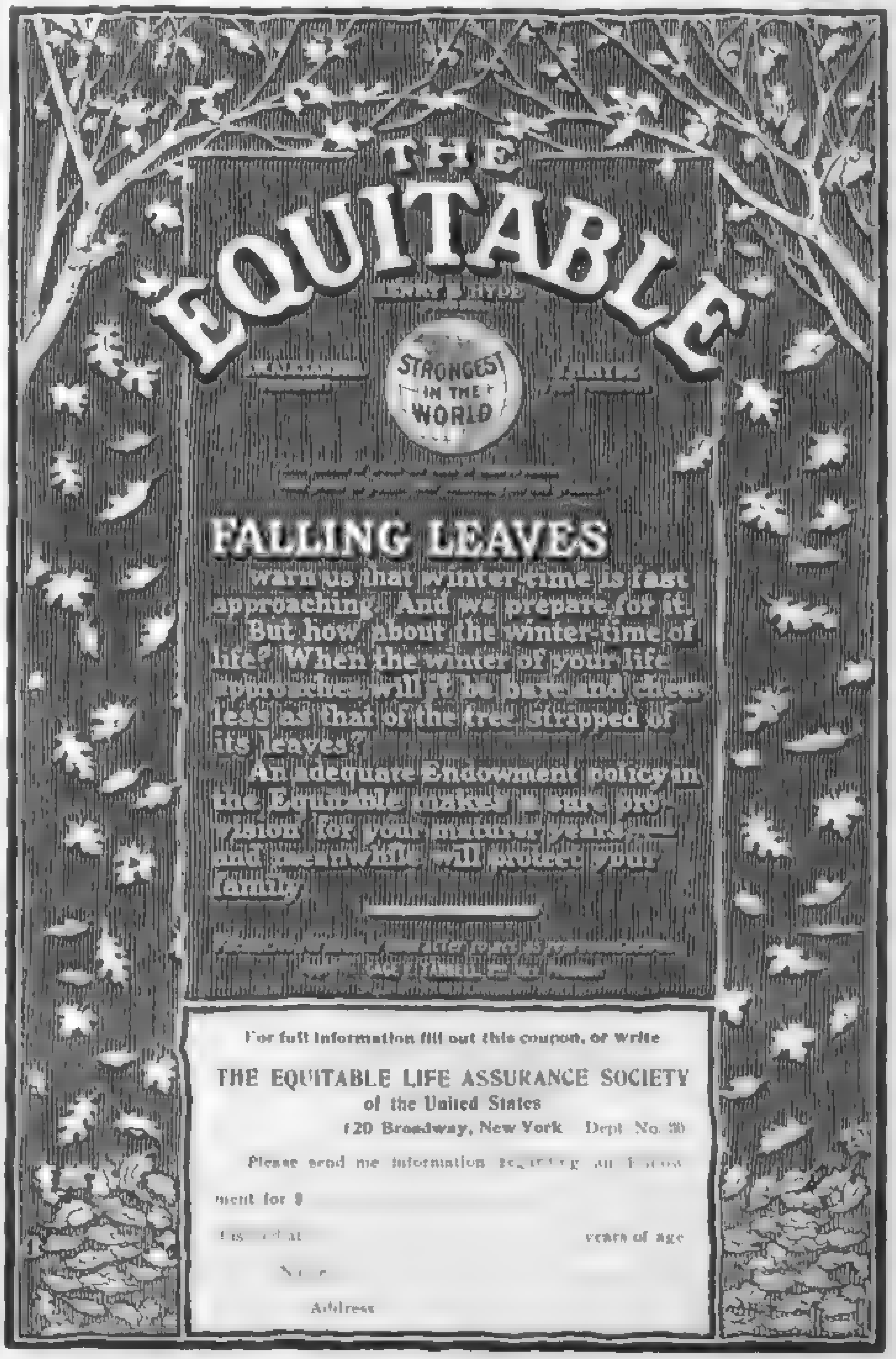
Johnston's Improved Ink Eraser
Finest Crucible Steel with rounded file-cut [illegible]

T. H. Sutton & Co.
3½ Sherwood Ave.
Louisville, Ky.

Do You Write Letters

If so you need a PEN AND INK LETTER BOOK. Use ordinary pen and make perfect letter and copy [illegible] when traveling. [illegible]

P. S. CRICHTON, Allston, Mass.



FALLING LEAVES warn us that winter-time is fast approaching. And we prepare for it.

But how about the winter-time of life? When the winter of your life approaches, will it be bare and cheerless as that of the tree stripped of its leaves?

An adequate Endowment policy in the Equitable makes a sure provision for your maturer years—and meanwhile will protect your family.

For full information fill out this coupon, or write

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of the United States
120 Broadway, New York Dept. No. 30

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $

if issued at years of age

Name

Address

Send $1.00
for 25 Pure
Resagos Havana Cigars

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY

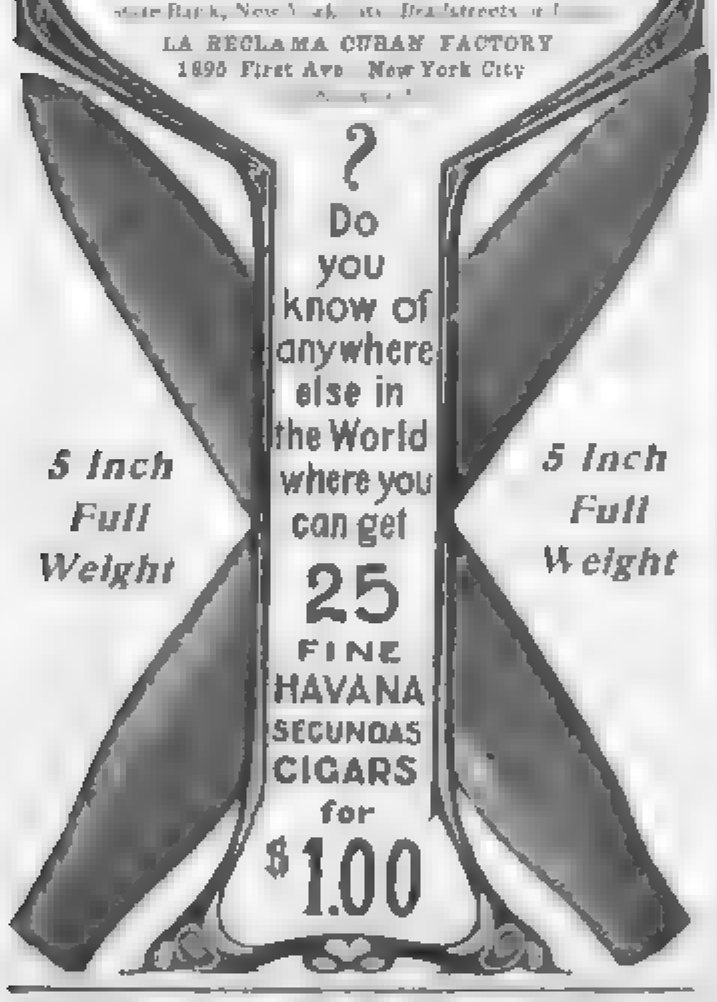
[illegible] the introductory offer for our Resagos H[illegible] cigar. We will send them to you, [illegible] prepaid, and you can Sample Them Free. If [illegible] not fully up to your expectation, re-[illegible] [illegible] We don't [illegible] money unless you're [illegible]

We have built up the largest trade in *genuine* Havana Cigars in this country—selling them at the same price as inferior goods—saving the profits of salesmen, jobber, and dealer—one half

Write for booklet showing our liberal special [illegible]

References
[illegible] Bank, New York [illegible] Bradstreets [illegible]

LA RECLAMA CUBAN FACTORY
1895 First Ave New York City


?
Do you know of anywhere else in the World where you can get 25 FINE HAVANA SECUNDAS CIGARS for $1.00

5 Inch Full Weight

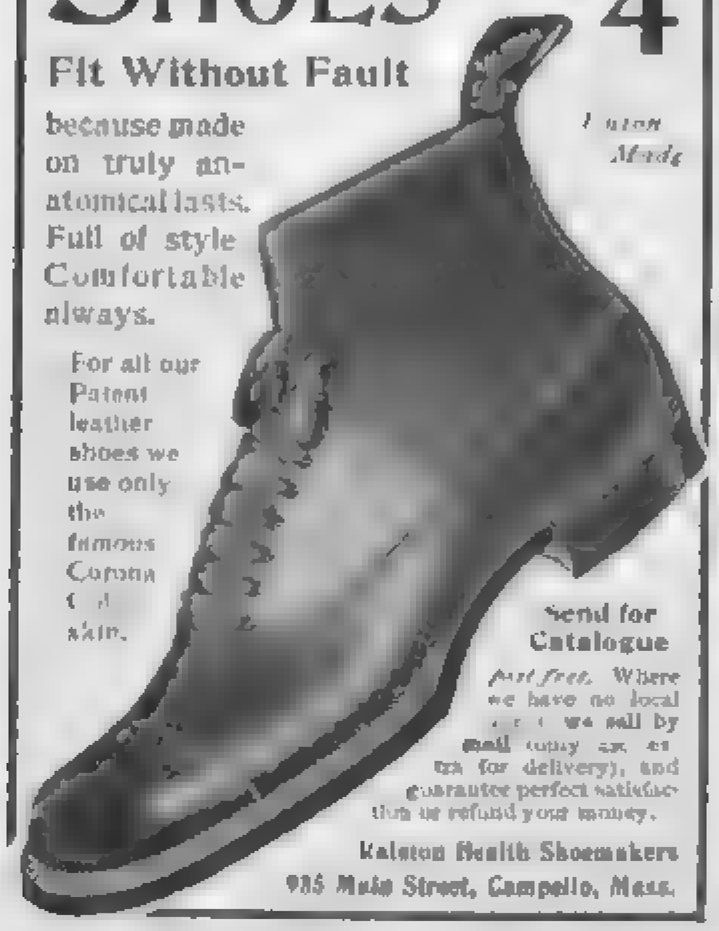
5 Inch Full Weight

Ralston HEALTH
SHOES $4
Fit Without Fault

because made on truly anatomical lasts. Full of style Comfortable always.

For all our Patent leather shoes we use only the famous Corona C[illegible] skin.

Union Made

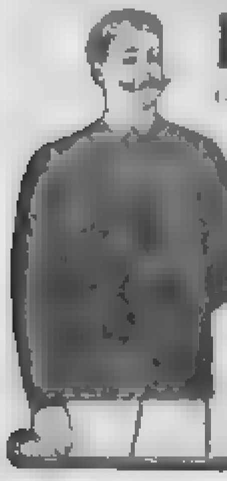

Send for Catalogue

post free. Where we have no local [illegible] we sell by mail (only [illegible] extra for delivery), and guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money.

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street, Campello, Mass.

Good Handwriting
IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY IN OFFICE WORK

[illegible] short time. A few [illegible] you that this is true. Send 25c [illegible] or coin for set (40 sheets) by mail [illegible] Vertical (90°), Intermedial (75°) or S[illegible] Adopted by many public schools.
Patented in United States, Canada and England
Address Walter Thomson, P. O. Box 13, Albany, N. Y.


Blizzard Proof
Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike [illegible] snap fasten [illegible]

PARKER'S
Arctic Jacket

[illegible]
JOHN H. PARKER, Dept. 87,
16 James St., Malden, Mass.

For the Puzzled Customer

How to Buy Books—Why Books Listed at the Same Price Sell Differently.

"BUT I can get books at The Golden Emporium at a discount," exclaims the would-be purchaser of a book. "Yes," patiently exclaims the clerk, "and you also can get them here at a discount; but this is a net book" "It's all Greek to me," the lady responds wearily; "I buy a book marked $1.50 and I pay $1 08 for it. The next day I buy another book also marked $1.50, and I find that I must pay $1.50 for it. It's very puzzling." And it is puzzling; for the book business, perhaps, is the only business (if you except a remnant sale) in which no one expects to pay the full price announced in the advertisement.

To the clerk, versed in the unwritten as well as the written laws of the publishing business, the matter is very simple. Books—that is, books of general interest other than technical books, textbooks, medical books—are broadly divided into two classes: "regular" (which is a trade term) and net books. In the first class are included books of fiction, history, biography, travel, nature and kindred subjects. In the net class books of poetry predominate, although the classification is rather arbitrary. Often works of history, biography or travel are included in the net list. A sweeping differentiation would place fiction, almost invariably, on the regular, and "serious" books (another bit of trade nomenclature) on the net list. On all books the advertised or list price of a book is based, like other manufactured goods, on the cost of production. Estimating the cost of royalty to the author, composition (typesetting), electrotyping, printing, paper, binding, advertising, incidental and proportionate expenses, the cost of an edition is found to be about $750 a thousand copies, we shall say. The average return to the publisher on the sale of a thousand copies of a $1.50 book (a popular price) is from $750 to $800. He therefore fixes the list price of a book costing $750 a thousand copies at $1.50. This is according to the traditional rule of the publishing trade that a book must sell one thousand copies to pay for itself. That seems to be a rather vague, unbusinesslike method of fixing the price of a book, but it is justified to some extent by the fact that a large share of the cost of the first edition (and by an edition usually we mean a thousand copies) comprises typesetting and electrotyping

Take, for instance, a book like David Harum. The typesetting and electrotypes cost, perhaps, about $300. On a basis of one thousand copies this would mean a cost of thirty cents on each book for typesetting alone, almost half the entire cost. It has been stated that the publishers of David Harum printed 500,000 copies from the original set of plates. Charging the initial cost of the production of the plates to the 500,000 copies, we find that each copy has charged against it $.0006, an item of expense which in this case may be eliminated. But it must be considered in fixing the selling price of a book. Should the book succeed, the elimination of this original cost of typesetting, or the cost of plates, as it technically is called, practically means the saving in cost of production of thirty cents a copy. But where one book succeeds hundreds fail; where one sells to the extent of its original edition of one thousand copies, a great many do not sell to more than two-thirds of the edition; many not more than half of the thousand copies.

The advertised or "list" price of the book being thus determined, the question of discounts is to be considered. On regular books the discount to a small dealer who can order but one or two copies is 33⅓ per cent.; to dealers buying, say, five copies, the discount is 40 per cent. An extra 5 per cent. in addition is given to a dealer ordering a quantity of any one book, say 50 copies. On an order for 100 copies (some publishers insist on an

$50,000 IN CASH
To be Divided Among Our Readers

ANYBODY CAN SECURE A SHARE

We shall divide $50,000 among 3000 of our readers who are willing to secure subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in leisure hours during this winter. Each month for the next eight months $5000 will be divided among 325 persons, and at the end of that time $10,000 more among 451 persons.

These are just extra incentives to good work. In addition, we shall pay liberally for every subscription secured during that time. Any reader of THE POST can share in this large division of money. You can secure full information and everything necessary for taking up the work at once by addressing

Circulation Bureau
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

From "ODD JOBS" to a
COMPETENCY

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS was doing "odd jobs" in his town in southern Michigan when he answered an advertisement for agents to represent THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The first month he earned $64.00 in commissions and prize money and dropped the odd jobs.

Through this work he heard of an important position with a Western railroad from several officers of which he had secured subscriptions. They had been pleased with Richards' tact and energy, and he secured the position. He writes: "The subscription work paid me much better than any previous employment and gave me an invaluable knowledge of men and methods. I can recommend it to any ambitious young fellow who is cramped up in a small town"

We are giving

$50,000 in Extra Cash Prizes

this winter to the 3000 agents who do the best work for us—a part each month. Besides this, every subscription secured is liberally paid for. No expense involved. Write for details.

The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TELEGRAPHY Stenography, etc., [illegible] EASTMAN [illegible] for practical work. Positions for [illegible] Home Learner's telegraph outfit. [illegible] hand, by mail, $1.00. Catalogue free
C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY
quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for illustrated catalog.
VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

SHORTHAND AND BOOKKEEPING PREPARE FOR BUSINESS
Learn to Write English

Improve Your General Education

Lunt Library, Northwestern University.

PERTINENT POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

I. An affiliation with a great university.
II. Graduates of the Academic Department can secure university entrance credits without examination.
III. The text matter was prepared expressly for correspondence work by the School's own corps of editors and by members of the faculty of Northwestern University.
IV. Papers are corrected by experienced instructors, who are college and university graduates, giving all their time to our correspondence work.
V. We have over two thousand graduates in our Commercial, Academic, and Normal Departments. **Write for a Graduates' Register.**

Ask for a special circular on any of the following courses: Business, Shorthand; How to Write English, Literature, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Botany, Pharmacy; Normal subjects, including strong review courses in common and high school branches.

Interstate School of Correspondence
AFFILIATED WITH NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
380 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Accident Proof Cribs

with **high sliding sides** and **closely spaced spindles**, prevent **Mothers worrying**, as the **Baby can't fall out**, climb over or stick its head through. Fitted with **high grade woven** wire spring and finished in white enamel or colors. Ask your dealer for **Foster's No. 40 Ideal Crib.**

All our goods bear IDEAL this trade mark

For illustrated booklet address
FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 4 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.
1402 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Manufacturers of **Foster's Ideal Spring Beds** and **Mattresses** and the **"Ideal" line of Iron Beds, Cribs, Divans, etc.**

Learn Shorthand by Mail

SUCCESS is assured to every student enrolling with this School.
SHORTHAND is the best stepping stone to a business accomplishment of great value. Stenographers get more at the start and have better opportunities than average employees.
SYSTEM is the practical principles of the Pitman, Graham and Munson, and is the crystallization of years of study.
SCHOOL is conducted by the largest Shorthand institution in the world.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS, in Chicago *Record-Herald*, November 2, 1902, writes: "Walton, James & Ford is the largest shorthand firm in Chicago, and does more business probably than any other shorthand firm in the world. They occupy a suite of fourteen rooms, have six telephones, as well as telephone connections with all the court rooms in the court house, and employ thirty men and women. They do a business which approximates $100,000 annually."

WALTON, JAMES & FORD, Suite 38—77-79 Clark St., Chicago

PANIC
Trade Mark
Liveliest of Card Games

PANIC is a take-off. A mimic Stock Exchange. Full of delirious excitement—Flurries, Corners, Failures and Fortunes. Fun and Noise from start to finish. Panic is played with a deck of 65 handsome cards representing 8 different kinds of Wall Street stock with 8 cards each and an extra card known as the "Panic." Price 40 cents at your dealers or from us, postpaid. Sample card with instructions FREE. Everyone likes Panic. Ask for it of your dealer today. Copyrighted 1903.
PANIC CARD CO., Detroit, Mich., and Topeka, Kan.

If you have a liking or a natural **Talent for Drawing**, cut this out, mail with your address and receive our Free Sample Lesson Circular with terms.
New York School of Caricature, 85 World Bldg., N. Y. City.

$3.00 COASTER BRAKE

The only Hub Coaster and Brake that can be attached directly to any bicycle without change or fitting of wheel. Screws on in place of the usual sprocket. Made in all sizes. Address
CANFIELD BRAKE COMPANY, Corning, N. Y.

order of 250 copies) an extra 10 per cent. above the 40 per cent. is given. Taking a book listed at $1.50, as an example, the dealer who gets 33⅓ per cent. discount pays $1.00 for the book; 40 per cent. makes the cost 90 cents a copy; 40 and 5 per cent. makes it 85½ cents; 40 and 10 per cent., 81 cents. In lots of 1000, 2500 and 5000 copies the prices are respectively 79 cents, 77 cents and 75 cents.

The other class of books, known as net books, are sold by the publisher to the dealer at a "short" discount, the list or advertised price being fixed as if it were a "regular" book but reduced somewhat to correspond to the smaller discount. On a net book the discount is 20 per cent., increasing to 25 per cent., 30 per cent., and 33⅓ per cent., according to the quantity purchased.

The system of giving discounts to individual purchasers by booksellers grew out of the discount to clergymen and teachers. In the larger centres competition expanded this system and increased the discount. The department store, with its greater resources and economy of organization, lowered the selling price; and the bookseller, to maintain his business, was compelled to meet the competition. In the mad scramble for trade the price was lowered until books bought in large quantities at 81 cents a copy were being sold at 75 cents a copy, at an actual loss to the dealer of 6 cents a copy, without consideration of freight charges and the cost of conducting a business. Thus the actual loss on the sale of a book at this price was about 16 cents or 17 cents a copy. This sweeping reduction was made on the regular books—that is, books sold at the longer discount. But the net books also were sold at a lower price than the published price; usually low enough to leave little margin of profit.

Eventually, the Publishers' Association put an end to ruinous sacrifice of prices in fiction by a resolution to the effect that booksellers should not give a greater discount to their purchasers than 28 per cent. from the published price; in other words, the minimum price at which a bookseller could sell a $1.50 novel would be $1.08. Although he could sell the novel for as much more than $1.08 as he pleased, the inevitable result was a leveling process to the minimum price. Novels, listed at $1.50, are not everywhere sold at $1.08; but in most large centres that is the price for a book which is having a large sale. The profit is not princely; in many instances it barely covers the expense of conducting business. The bookseller must depend upon his sales of miscellaneous books, special bindings, rare editions and standard sets for the modest living he enjoys. Often these do not suffice, and a stationery and engraving department, and bric-à-brac counters become necessary safeguards against failure.

* * *

BLUE

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

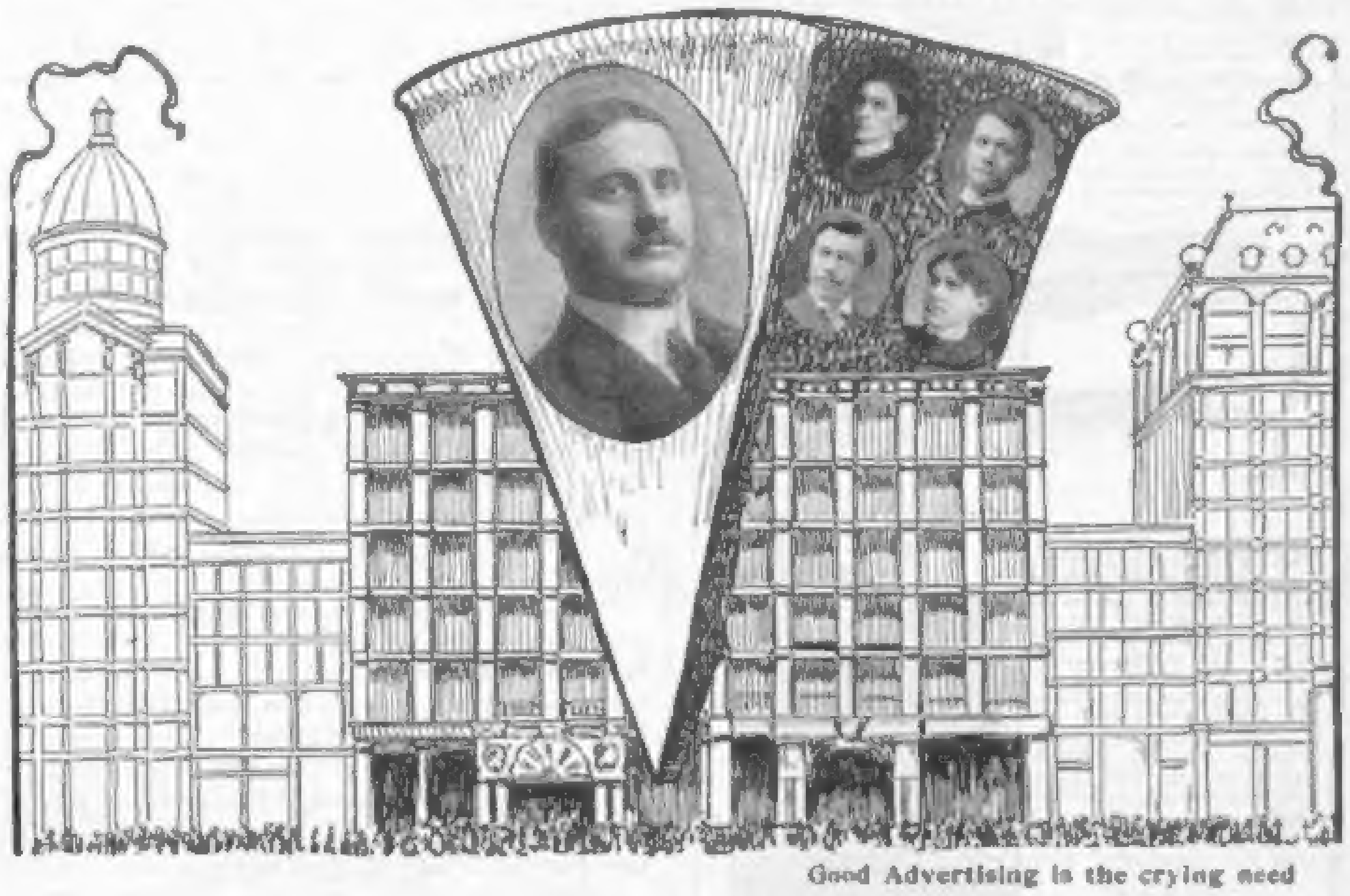
Stannin' at de winder,
  Feelin' kind o' glum,
Listenin' to de raindrops
  Play de kettle drum.
Lookin' crost de medders
  Swimmin' lak a sea;
Lawd 'a' mussy on us,
  What's de good o' me?

Cain't go out a-hoein',
  Wouldn't ef I could;
Groun' too wet fu' huntin',
  Fishin' ain' no good.
Too much noise fu' sleepin',
  No one hyeah to chat;
Des mus' stan' an' listen
  To dat pit-a-pat.

Hills is gittin' misty,
  Valley's gittin' dahk;
Watch-dog's 'mence a-howlin',
  Rathah have 'em ba'k
Den a-moanin' solemn
  Somewhaih out o' sight;
Rain-crow des a-chucklin'—
  Dis is his delight.

Mandy, bring my banjo,
  Bring de chillen in,
Come in f'om de kitchen,
  I feel sick ez sin.
Call in Uncle Isaac,
  Call Aunt Hannah, too,
Tain't no use in talkin',
  Chile, I's sholy blue!

The Entering Wedge Into Money-Making Business



Good Advertising is the crying need

Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month Through Mail Instruction

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THAT advertising writing is becoming one of the most profitable vocations is patent to the majority of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The increase in the volume of advertising in American periodicals is something marvelous when compared with the past, and in no other way can a just and accurate idea be conveyed to the person who has not had the opportunity to see the inside workings of the advertising world.

A few years ago when it was announced that one advertiser would spend half a million dollars within the next twelve months for newspaper space considerable excitement resulted, and even publishers almost stood aghast at such a tremendous campaign. Today the announcement that a well-known specialty manufacturer has laid aside over two million dollars for his next year's advertising is taken without comment.

Still another, and a competitor of the advertiser just referred to, is laying plans for a greatly extended campaign, and only last week was earnestly seeking the services of three more good advertising writers at very large salaries.

All lines of business are responding to the modern development of good advertising, and as a result this fall's total expenditure will, in many respects, double the record of last year. Six months ago conservative estimates showed that the increase in American advertising exceeded one hundred million dollars over any previous year—now the figures must be swelled by at least a third, and probably more.

We are in the midst of the greatest business expansion in the world's history, so far as publicity is concerned, and all along the line—from trust magnate down to the small fry village merchant—the power of advertising will continue to be used in greater and still greater volume.

The young man or woman who is thinking of learning ad. writing will not be surprised, in view of all this, that advertisers from coast to coast are willing to pay from $25 to $100 a week for the services of trained advertising writers who can turn out catchy, intelligent ads.

Every conclusive test has so thoroughly proven that the retailer or manufacturer who advertises wisely and well is pretty certain to absorb competition, that little need be said about it in this space. It is becoming a sort of Hobson's choice to those who want to keep in business and grow with the times.

As the recognized authority and expert, my system of advertising instruction by correspondence has attracted widespread interest, and the great work I am performing—teaching young men and women how to become skillful writers of up-to-date advertising—has borne fruit in endless directions.

In fact, to paraphrase the title or heading to this article, I am the entering wedge for introducing into business worthy Powell graduates, who are forever placed in positions where their trained faculties will command the largest possible salaries.

The first portrait in the above wedge is that of Chas. W. Farrar, ad. writer for the Beadle & Sherburne Co., the great department store of Rochester, N. Y. Next on the wedge is Mr. J. A. Brainard, advertising manager of the four famous stores of Brill Brothers, New York. At lower left on the wedge comes John F. Loyd, head ad. writer for the large J. C. Newitt Agency, Los Angeles, Cal. At his right is J. N. Paige, Troy's best ad. writer.

These four young men are more than living testimony to my teachings, because they stand for progressive manhood, and all that the term implies. A year ago Mr. Farrar was stenographer for the Kodak Co., and became my student on the earnest advice of a large publisher, as he was about to enroll with another school. Mr. Farrar will tell you how glad he is that the advice came in time. Mr. Brainard is in my judgment the most valuable retail ad. writer in New York, and a year ago he left college and drifted about until I took him in hand. Mr. Loyd a year ago was teaching physical culture in the schools of West Chester, Pa. Last week the largest advertising agency in the world wanted to hire him.

What I have done for these young men I can do for others who have an inborn desire to win in business. I teach advertising as no other man has ever attempted to teach it, and as one of the largest publishers recently said "as no other man can teach." But perhaps the testimony I value most is that given by my former students.

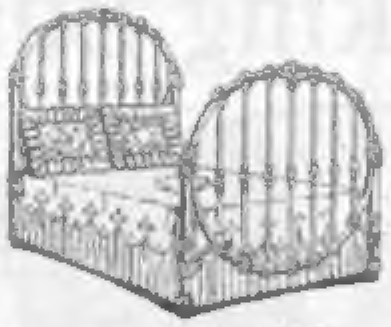
I am constantly locating graduates, and as the wedge of their introduction into business I also receive the added thanks of business men who realize the absolute need of the best ad. writing skill.

The fact that my System of mail instruction can do so much is plainly set forth in my elegant new Prospectus, which is the most interesting and explanatory ever published. The wealth of facsimile testimony, too, is most remarkable, and appeals to those who have their way to make, as well as to business men wanting more profits. If you desire a copy of this Prospectus by mail, merely address me, George H. Powell, 41 Temple Court, New York.

Bishop Furniture Co.

Ship anywhere "On Approval," allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

We prepay freight to all points east of the Mississippi river and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

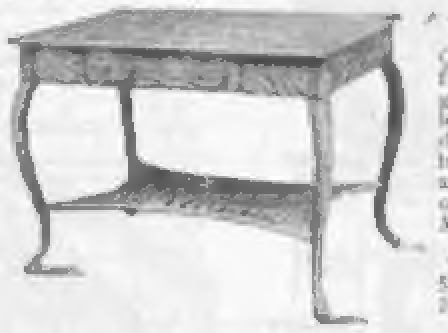


No. 9148 Colonial Metal Bed

Finished White, Cream, Pink, Black, Green or Blue, all Gold trimmed, any width, quite massive but very artistic. Our price, direct on approval, only $8.50

Retails for $12.00

60 other styles of Metal, Wood, Davenport and Folding Beds shown in our FREE Catalogue.



No. 9247 Library Table

Quartered Oak, any finish. Strong, graceful French legs and spacious drawer. Top 27 x 42 in. Price, direct on approval, only . . $8.25 Mahogany $2 more.

Retails for $14.00

50 other tables in our FREE Catalogue.

No. 9869 Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk is made of Quartered Oak, 71 inches high and 30 inches wide, with large oval Mirror and neatly carved top. The Bookcase has an oval glass door and adjustable shelves, will hold 50 volumes. The lid of the Writing Desk is prettily carved and the interior is conveniently arranged with pigeon holes, book stalls, private drawers, pen racks, etc. This handsome Case

Retails at $22.00

Our price, direct on approval, only $14.75

Freight prepaid as stated. 60 other Cases and Desks in our FREE catalogue showing 1200 pieces of high-grade fashionable Furniture. Write for it to-day.

Bishop Furniture Co., 19-31 Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WHITTEMORE'S
GILT EDGE
OIL
SHOE DRESSING

Shines Without Brushing

Thus saving time, labor, and brushes. Has been used over 50 years by millions of ladies with uniform success, and to-day is the most popular shoe dressing in the world. It imparts a beautiful lustre to all black shoes (except patent leather); is warranted not to soil the finest clothing or injure the most delicate leather. It is always ready to use, and guaranteed NEVER to thicken up in the bottle or deteriorate. Demand **Whittemore's "Gilt Edge" Oil Dressing,** and refuse to take inferior substitutes, which may ruin your shoes. Put up in 6 oz. bottles (*not* in 4 oz. or less, as is often the case). Price in durable carton, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep it, send us 25c. postage, and we will send you a full-size bottle prepaid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.

Sole Manufacturers, Dept. "P," CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WHITTEMORE'S "SUPERB" PASTE gives a jet black brilliancy to all patent leather or shiny shoes that is durable and waterproof without injury to the leather. Send 10 cents direct to us, and we will send full-size box postpaid.

The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

Pronounced the best by thousands of users. Highly finished in **solid Golden Oak.** Price per section, with disappearing non-binding door, **$1.75**; without door, **$1.00.** Sent on approval, freight prepaid, direct from factory. Send for Catalog No. 23.

The C. J. Lundstrom Co.
Little Falls, N.Y.
New York Salesroom, 45 West 4th Street.

Manager Wanted

Who can earn from $2,000 to $15,000 per annum, according to territory and ability. Our firm has grown to such magnitude that we now need a competent resident manager in every county in the United States. In associating yourself with us you are entering the employ of the largest, most prominent and wealthiest concern of its kind in the United States, a firm whose references include National Banks and Commercial Agencies. The man we want as manager must qualify in accordance with our requirements; he must be a man of the highest character, able to furnish best of references and bond if necessary; must be thoroughly in earnest, energetic, and a success in his present occupation. Special arrangements can be made by which our work can be done in connection with the applicant's occupation, thus opening up an opportunity to lawyers, physicians, clergymen and persons now holding other positions. Address application to

"MANAGER," Box 1816, New York City.

The Colonel and the Nun

(Concluded from Page 11)

right down in the town of Camden, not far away from here. It had to do with a good woman, and her name was Sister Mary Angela Trent; and, Doctor,' I said to him as I held him by the hand, 'I would give pretty much half my fortune, such as it is, to see Sister Mary Angela Trent once more. Of course that is impossible, but——'

"'Oh, I don't know that it is impossible,' said Doctor Renshaw, smiling. 'Come with me.' And so he took me far down those strange and quiet old Southern streets until we came to the institution they call Queen's Convent of Charleston. And there, identified now with that convent, sweet and saintly as ever, far along in her seventies, but yet a woman sweet, kindly, gentle, he showed me Sister Mary Angela Trent! I took her by the hand before she could help it, and I looked her in the eyes, and I reckon—well, never mind!

"Now, my boy, I'm not going to tell you much more about that meeting with Sister Mary Angela Trent. She is alive to-day, a saint on earth. I pray she may live forever. Indeed, she will live forever, and nowhere more than in my own personal recollections so long as I am spared. I have been pretty busy, but I don't think my life is wholly the worse for having met her.

"But now, wait," said the Colonel, breaking a silence that lasted until the sun had sunk nearly to the distant rim of the forest. "I haven't yet told you quite all of my story.

"Last summer I was up at Bar Harbor, Maine, and my good wife was with me. We were in a public dining-place, sitting together at the same table, when we noticed a lady at another table, who was looking at me somewhat curiously and steadily. I tried to look dignified and composed, but could not. At last the lady got up and came to my table. Said she, 'Are you Colonel Sanson?' I said I was. 'Were you in command of the regiment that occupied Camden, down in South Carolina, some forty years ago?' I told her that I was the same.

"She put her hand on my shoulder. 'Do you remember the reception we gave you under Sister Mary Angela Trent?' I stared at her in wonder.

"'That *you* gave me, Madam?' I said. 'That is to say——'

"'Excuse me, Colonel Sanson,' said she, 'but I just want to kiss you!' And by Jove, she did!"

"God bless 'em. God bless 'em all," said the Colonel, again meditatively reaching for his hat where it lay between his knees. "Well, I talked to that lady for a while, and said she, 'I want you to come over here and meet my husband. I presume this is your wife?' I told her she was right. They looked at each other rather curiously for a while. Then we went over and met Mr. James Black, of Louisville.

"'You don't fully remember me, Colonel Sanson,' said she, after we had talked a while.

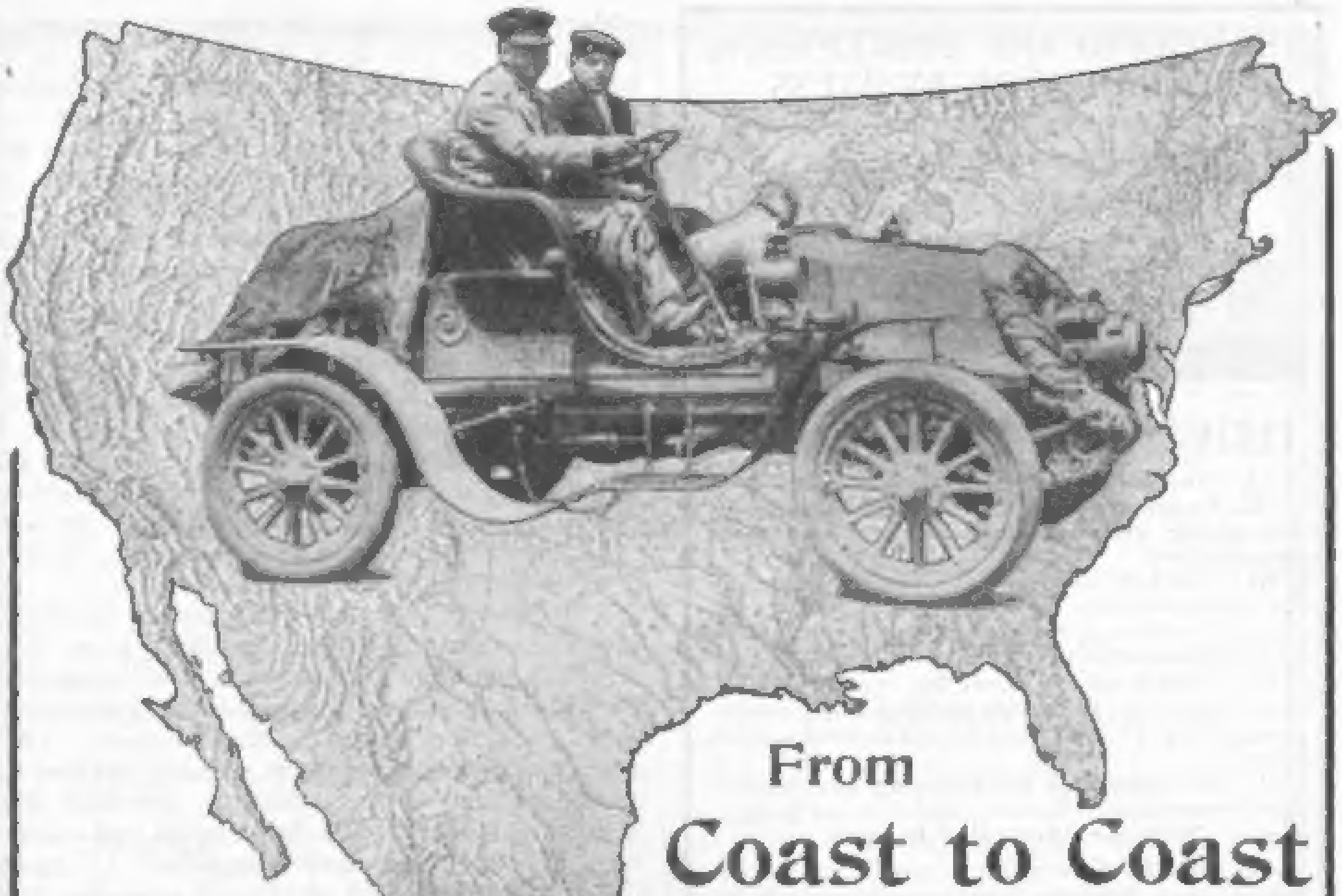
"'Madam,' said I, 'I could never forget you, once having met you, but I do not fully place you in that procession of beauty which came down the staircase of the Sacred Heart Convent, forty years ago.'

"'Why, you shameful man!' said she. 'You ought to remember me. I was the Girl from New Orleans!'

"'Madam,' said I, and I took my good wife by the hand, 'you are as much culprit as myself. Do you forget your old school friend? This was once Miss Sallie Paxton. She was the Girl from Baltimore.'"

The Colonel put his hat on his head. "As near as I can figure," said he ruminatingly, "about every one of those letters which I carried out through the lines at Camden was a letter of acceptance from one of those girls to some young man outside the lines who had proposed marriage. Why, that whole outfit of girls was married before the war was over. We married 'em all off—Sister Mary Angela and I! In fact, Mrs. Black, whom I met at Bar Harbor, told me that she nearly died for fear that I should lose her letter. It was her acceptance of the man now her husband, who has lived with her these forty years.

"God bless 'em. God bless 'em all," said the Colonel, in impulsive reverence once more removing his hat. "In fact, never mind about the muscallonge any more right now. Let's go down to camp. I think the Girl from Baltimore will be waiting for us."



From Coast to Coast

This, when first accomplished by railway travel, marked an epoch in American transportation methods. A **new** record for the same feat has now been established by the 20 horse-power, standard model,

WINTON Touring Car

We could not tell the story better than to quote the following editorial from the Boston Herald of August 4th:

"What is admitted to be the greatest automobile performance of the year was the transcontinental tour of Dr. H. Nelson Jackson and his chauffeur, from San Francisco to New York, which terminated in the latter city last week. The trip was made in a Winton touring car, which underwent no special preparations for the test, nor was it given a factory inspection en route, although it passed through Cleveland, the city of its manufacture. The trip is considered as a signal triumph for this comparatively new means of travel.

It was one that would test the powers of endurance of a railway express locomotive to run an average of 12 hours every day for two full months, but this is the feat performed by the automobile which carried Dr. H. Nelson Jackson and his chauffeur.

That the journey was made without serious mishap or accident, and that the vehicle showed little signs of wear and tear at the end of the trip, speaks highly for the quality of the machinery and workmanship. In crossing Northern California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, some of the worst highways in the United States must have been traversed, roads that would not be wholly compensated for by those of Pennsylvania and New York, which, fortunately for the travellers, gave pleasure to the last stage of the remarkable journey. None but a good mechanical equipment could have stood it.

This journey was made purely for pleasure and to satisfy an enthusiastic motorist that it could be accomplished. But it has demonstrated much more than this. It has shown the possibilities of the automobile, even with the generally disreputable highways which are characteristic of nearly every rural district in the country."

Winton Touring Cars may be inspected at our branch and agency depots in all leading cities. Price of the Winton complete with horn, tools, brass side lamps, etc., is $2500.00.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY, Cleveland, U. S. A.

It Rests With You

Big Money Making I Mean

You can make a careful reading of this article worth thousands of dollars to you. This is literally true, and I don't care what your occupation is so long as you are now or wish to become engaged in any line of intellectual effort. I want you to accept free of cost and postage prepaid our 32-page book entitled

THE SCIENCE OF SALESMANSHIP

The only price we ask for it is a careful reading. This book is of course especially valuable to salesmen and saleswomen. Every commercial traveler, every retail clerk, every specialty salesman, regardless of the line of goods handled, and every promoter throughout this broad land ought to have a copy of this book. But I don't stop there. Every professional man, every business man, every intelligent brain worker in the world ought to own it. And why can't you when all it costs is one cent invested in a postal card to bring it? Why is it valuable to all who are now or who wish to become brain workers? Because it tells about the **science of salesmanship,** and salesmanship in the abstract is the power to influence others. It is no hypnotism, no so-called mysterious forces. It is concentrated common-sense. To master this science means development of that central magnetic force of real manhood and womanhood, positive character, the natural result of which is the power to carry people with you, to make them think as you think and believe as you believe. It means to make you an expert in character reading or the art of sizing people up. It means logical thinkers and speakers. It means an understanding of psychology or the laws of the human mind.

Will you risk one cent for a postal or two cents for a stamp to send a letter so I can send you that book and tell you all about it?

A. F. SHELDON, President

SHELDON SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC SALESMANSHIP

942 McClurg Building, Chicago

ONLY 10c POST PAID

WURLITZER'S
U. S. Lettered Fingerboard

For Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin

Learn without a teacher. Saves time and worry. Attach in a minute. State kind of instrument. **Special Offer** — Fingerboard and celebrated "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price 50c., postpaid, for 25c. Illustrated catalogs, with net prices on every known musical instrument, **Sent Free** if you state article wanted. Write to-day.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

SPARE TIME
STUDY

JOURNALISM

Practical, paying newspaper work, writing short stories, etc.,

TAUGHT BY MAIL

by our successful system in personal charge of Mr. Henry Litchfield West, formerly managing editor of Washington Post. Successful students everywhere. Write for illustrated booklet.

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Thousands of graduates making **big money. Why not you?** Cost small—benefits large. **Original School.** Best courses in Law, Pharmacy, Medicine, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Mechanical Drawing, Penmanship, Letter Writing. Write now for **special offer** — mail or resident.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
30 N. Penna Street Indianapolis, U. S. A.

A MARVEL

CROMIE'S BREATHING TUBE

For Men and Women. Develops chest, throat and lungs. Invaluable for ministers, lawyers, singers and speakers. Postpaid 25c. Cromie's illustrated book of Physical Culture Exercises complete, 25c. **W. J. CROMIE, Physical Director Y.M.C.A., Germantown, Phila., Pa.**

"FROM FACTORY TO YOUR HOME"

No Middleman's Profit. Society Emblems of every description. Many new and exclusive designs. Solid gold and rolled plate emblem Pins, buttons, charms and rings for **all Secret Societies** at less than wholesale prices. Special designs to order. Send for **Free** catalogue No. P 22 of 1000 illustrations.

MASONIC EMBLEM CO., Drawer 803, Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A.

HAMILTON INSTITUTE

45 West 81st St., N. Y. Preparation for College and University. Boarding Department. Boys Received.

N. ARCHIBALD SHAW, JR., M.A., Principal

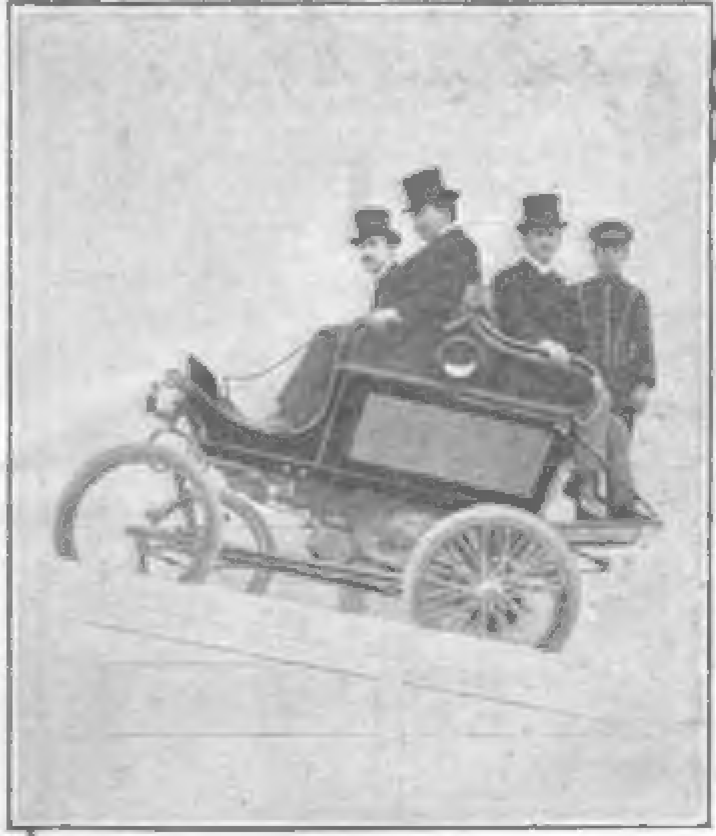
DO NOT STAMMER

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D., M. E. Church, Phila.; Bishop C. H. Fowler, D.D., LL.D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General, Phila., heartily endorse the Phila. Institute — THE PIONEER STAMMERING SCHOOL. Illustrated 80-page book free. EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Pres't and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years. 1033, 1043 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

19th Year

MAKE MONEY with a MODEL PRESS

Men and boys everywhere are earning money printing cards, envelopes, letter-heads, etc., for business houses. Outfit $5 up. Full course of instructions in printing free. Send stamp for Catalog A. **Model Press, 708 Chestnut St., Phila.**



Toledo Steam Dos-à-dos as it appeared at the international exhibition in Osaki, Japan, May 6th, 1903. The only automobile allowed to run in the grounds.

Toledo STEAM CARRIAGES

We can make prompt delivery of our superb Model A steamers, price $800.00, absolutely the best automobile in the world at the price. These carriages have power enough to go where the ordinary runabout dare not venture. We also offer our very successful steam surrey at the attractive price of $1,000.00, and the popular dos-à-dos rigs like illustration.

If you are looking for a moderate priced motor car with ample power, that is easily understood, easily controlled; that costs little to maintain and operate, and that, at the same time, has style, by all means get a Toledo Steamer.

Complete catalogue on request, with address of our depot in your market.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO.

3057 Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

"Who has the right time?" The man who has ELGIN TIME every time

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Toilet Luxury, cleanses and clears the skin and improves the complexion without making it shine. Far better than face powder. **Contains neither grease nor glycerine** and nothing that harms the most delicate skin. Removes blackheads and pimples; unequaled for tan, chapped and rough skin.

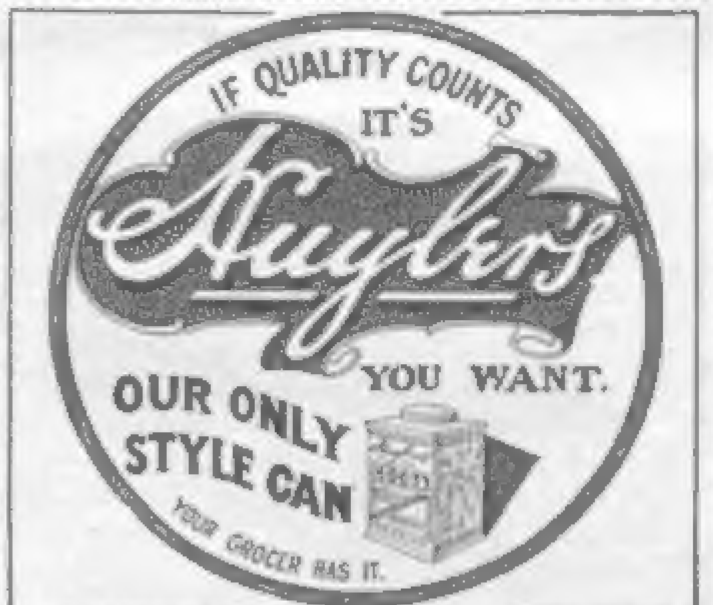
A Generous Sample

with handsome booklet mailed free. For sale by druggists and all dealers in toilet articles. Price 50c. or $1 a jar. Either article postpaid on receipt of price. Send for FREE booklet.

Rubber Complexion Bulb Price 50c.

May be used to advantage with the cream.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 106 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio



U. S. A.

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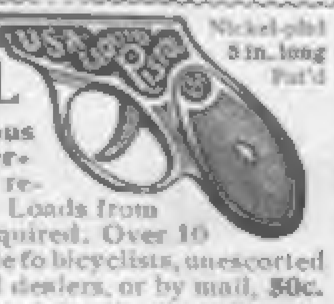
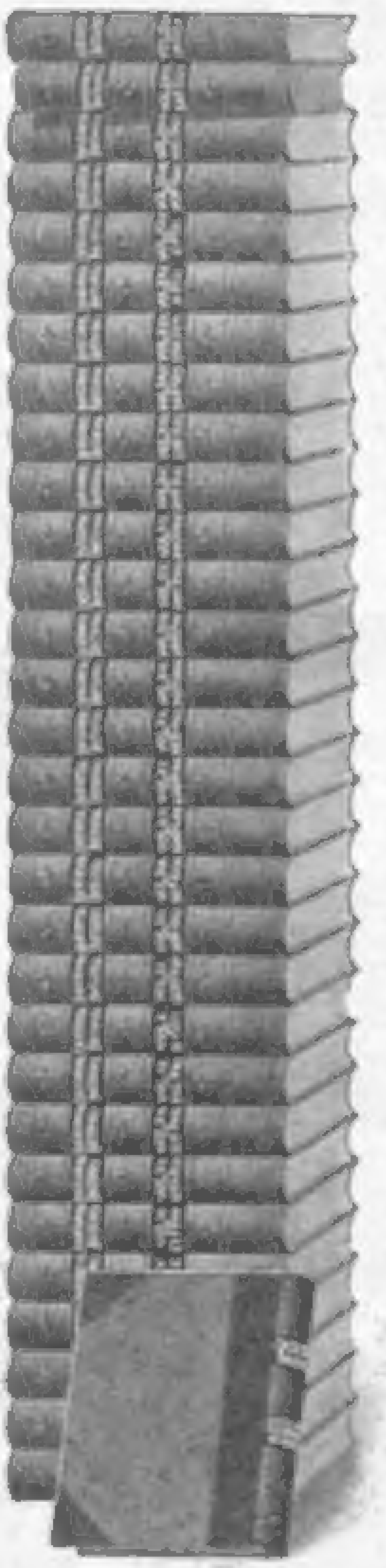


Nickel-plated 5 in. long Pat'd

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Fires and recharges by pulling trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 10 shots in one loading. Valuable to bicyclists, unescorted ladies, cashiers, homes. All dealers, or by mail, 50c.

Parker, Stearns & Sutton, 231 South St., New York, U. S. A.



31 Massive Volumes Weight Over 200 Lbs.

Your Winter Evenings?

How do you intend to use them?

The three or four hours between early candlelight and bedtime are among the best of the twenty-four. Lots of good reading — yes, and of profitable study — can be done in those hours just as well as not.

Two or three evenings a week for two or three months will work wonders in any man's education — whether he be previously well read or ignorant — if he but use that unrivalled home library and college,

The Encyclopædia Britannica

For a century and a quarter this king of compendiums has been the one standard work of its kind. And now the New Twentieth Century Edition represents the latest, most complete, most accurate sum of human knowledge.

BRITANNICA will open up to the seeker mines of thought not to be found in any other single publication. Destroy it — and the greatest libraries in the land would be taxed in vain to supply the deficit. Every one of its hundreds of special articles was prepared by a world-authority — by the best living man qualified for the task. Expense cut absolutely no figure in its preparation. As high as $10,000 was spent for a single article.

It is a matter of no debate that no home library is complete without an encyclopædia. Then

Why Not Get the Best?

Especially when it costs NO MORE than the hastily prepared REFERENCE works made chiefly to sell.

While the present edition lasts it may be obtained at factory prices — which are less than one-half the original terms — and on the small payment plan. So there is no excuse for your being denied the services of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

Read what Judge Bates says about it below, and stop a moment to think if you can afford to do without it.

Send the Inquiry Coupon NOW!

It will bring full particulars and handsome specimen pages without cost. But do not delay. Cut out the Coupon before you lay aside this magazine and send it to us.

IF USED PROMPTLY, it will not only entitle you to the Half-Price Offer, but also to a special bookcase for holding the books.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT

"The most useful reference book for young or old is the Encyclopædia Britannica. Children beginning at ten years old and up need its stories of historical, biographical, mythological, elementary scientific, natural history information. The eager boy can study balloons, kinds of dogs or firearms, locomotives, habits of the butterfly or cockroach. The youth may want information on subjects from geology, or electricity to the settlements of the Fiji Islands, or volcanoes and earthquakes, or a most fascinating story of Napoleon; and for the still older all the fundamental conceptions of law, medicine, theology, ethics, sociology, curves and functions, architecture, art — all the way up, perhaps, to the origin of some fine editorial on Chinese metaphysics. Whether for education or information, no man who once has this book will ever let himself or his children be without constant access to it. If another deluge came, and the ark had room for but one secular book, this is beyond any doubt the one." — CLEMENT BATES, Judge of Court, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOOKCASE FREE A limited number of Bookcases will be given free of charge to The Saturday Evening Post readers who respond promptly. The Coupon below will be known as the Bookcase Coupon and should be mailed at once.

☞ Fill out and mail this Coupon To-Day:

31 Volumes in all.
25 Volumes Ninth Edition.
5 Volumes American Additions.
1 Volume Guide to Systematic Readings of the Whole Work.

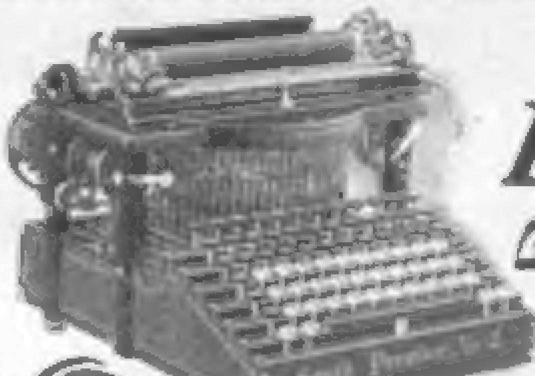
$1 *Secures this entire Set of the* NEW 20th CENTURY EDITION
You can pay the balance at the rate of only 10c. a day for a short time.

The American Newspaper Association
91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of charge sample pages and full particulars of your Encyclopædia offer.

☞ BOOKCASE COUPON ☜

Name..
Street..
Town......................State......................

The Saturday Evening Post Bureau



Types of Endurance

No well-informed person questions the fact that the Smith Premier Typewriter far outwears any other make of writing machine.

The Smith Premier

was invented by the world's foremost typewriter expert to wear not for a day, month, or year, but for many years. The Smith Premier is built on correct mechanical lines. It is strong in every part. Its operation is simple, direct and almost frictionless. The Smith Premier not only does the speediest work, and the most perfect in appearance of any writing machine, but under the severest tests of actual business it wears like an anvil. These facts make The Smith Premier the most economical of all writing machines, and

The World's Best Typewriter

Send for our little book describing every part, or let us send you the machine on trial.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

Factory, Syracuse, N. Y. Executive Offices, 287 Broadway, N. Y.

Branches in all the large cities of the world

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N.Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for our Pocket Encyclopædia.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

WHEATLET

MONARCH OF CEREALS

Thousands Say This:

Have tried many breakfast foods, but never found one equal to Wheatlet—the product of the Franklin Mills Company.

MRS. W. M. AMOS, Columbus, O.

The Consensus of Opinion:

I find Wheatlet one of the very best foods extant and would be almost lost without its aid in catering to a rather hard-to-suit family.

MRS. E. L. WILLIAMS,
West Medway, Mass.

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

The cereal food question ceases to be important unless you discriminate among the mass of worthless cereals on the market. In Wheatlet you obtain the result of 20 years' scientific investigation—a food containing the maximum amount of energy possessed by the World's choicest wheat, from which only Wheatlet is made. Nature commands you to eat Wheatlet morning after morning—constantly and regularly—by endowing Wheatlet with a delicious taste that never palls on even a fickle appetite.

Every POST reader should write us at once for copy of U. S. Government Official Cereal Analyses, showing falsity of the claims of many widely advertised cereal foods and the superiority of Wheatlet

ALL LEADING GROCERS SELL WHEATLET—Be sure of our name on the box

BEARS THE MEDICAL PROFESSION'S SEAL OF APPROVAL
℞

Manufactured by the Originators of Whole Wheat Products

THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY

"All the Wheat That's Fit to Eat"

721 Franklin Square, Lockport, N. Y.